J.CABOT.1786.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

TO

HIS SON,

PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq;

LATE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AT THE COURT OF DRESDEN.

TOGETHER WITH

SEVERAL OTHER PIECES

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY

Mrs. EUGENIA STANHOPE,

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28 JAN 38

LORD CHESTERFIELD's

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

London, March the 29th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now, I ſuppoſe, at Naples, in a new ſcene of *Virtù*, examining all the curioſities of Herculaneum, watching the eruptions of Mount Veſuvius, and ſurveying the magnificent churches and public buildings by which Naples is diſtinguiſhed. You have a court there into the bargain, which, I hope, you frequent and attend to. Polite manners, a verſatility of mind, a complaiſance even to enemies, and the *volto ſciolto*, with the *penſieri ſtretti*, are only to be learned at courts by whoever would either ſhine or thrive in them. Though they do not change the nature, they ſmooth and ſoften the manners of mankind. Vigilance, dexterity, and flexibility, ſupply the place of natural force; and it is the ableſt mind, not the ſtrongeſt body, that prevails there. Monſieur and Madame Fogliani will, I am ſure, ſhew you all the politeneſs of courts, for I know no better bred people than they are; domeſticate yourſelf there while you ſtay at Naples, and lay aſide the Engliſh coldneſs and formality. You have alſo a letter to Comte Mahoni, whoſe houſe I hope you frequent, as it is the reſort of the beſt company; his ſiſter, Madame Bulkeley, is now here, and had I known of your going ſo ſoon to Naples, I would have got you, *ex abundanti*, a letter from her to her brother. The converſation of the moderns in the evening, is full as neceſſary for you, as that of the ancients in the morning.

You would do well, while you are at Naples, to read ſome very ſhort hiſtory of that kingdom. It has had great variety of maſters, and has occaſioned many wars; the general hiſtory of which will enable you to aſk many proper queſtions, and to receive uſeful informations in return. Inquire into the manner and form of that government, for conſtitution it has none, being an abſolute one; but the moſt abſolute governments have certain cuſtoms and forms, which are more or leſs obſerved by

their reſpective tyrants. In China it is the faſhion for the Emperors, abſolute as they are, to govern with juſtice and equity; as in the other oriental monarchies it is the cuſtom to govern by violence and cruelty. The King of France, as abſolute, in fact, as any of them, is by cuſtom only more gentle; for I know of no conſtitutional bar to his will. England is now the only monarchy in the world that can properly be ſaid to have a conſtitution, for the people's rights and liberties are ſecured by laws; and I cannot reckon Sweden and Poland to be monarchies, thoſe two Kings having little more to ſay than the Doge of Venice. I do not preſume to ſay any thing of the conſtitution of the Empire to you who are *juriſperitorum Germanicorum facile princeps.*

When you write to me, which, by the way, you do pretty ſeldom, tell me rather whom you ſee, than what you ſee. Inform me of your evening tranſactions and acquaintances; where, and how you paſs your evenings; what Engliſh people you meet with, and a hint of their characters; what people of learning you have made acquaintance with; and, if you will truſt me with ſo important an affair, what *belle paſſion* inflames you. I intereſt myſelf moſt in what perſonally concerns you moſt; and this is a very critical year in your life. To talk like a virtuoſo, your canvas is, I think, a good one, and *Raphael Harte* has drawn the outlines admirably; nothing is now wanting but the colouring of Titian, and the Graces, the *morbidezza* of Guido; but that is a great deal, You muſt get them ſoon, or you will never get them at all. *Per la lingua Italiana, ſono ſicuro che lei n'è adeſſo profeſſore, ed al punto ch'io non ardiſco dirgli altra coſa in quella lingua ſe non.* Addio.

LETTER II.

London, April the 26th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS your journey to Paris approaches, and as that period will, one way or another, be of infinite conſequence to you, my letters will henceforwards be principally calculated for that meridian. You will be left there to your own diſcretion, inſtead of Mr. Harte's; and you will allow me, I am ſure, to diſtruſt a little the diſcretion of eighteen. You will find in the Academy a number of young fellows much leſs diſcreet than yourſelf; theſe will be your acquaintances; but look about you firſt, and inquire into their reſpective characters, before you form any connections among them; and, *cæteris paribus*, ſingle out thoſe of the moſt conſiderable rank and family. Show them a diſtinguiſhing attention, by which means you will get into their reſpective houſes, and keep the beſt company. All thoſe French young fellows are exceſſively *étourdis*, be upon your guard againſt ſcrapes and quarrels; have no corporal pleaſantries with them, no *jeux de main*, no *coups de chambrière*, which frequently bring on quarrels. Be as lively

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as they, if you pleaſe, but at the ſame time be a little wiſer than they. As to letters, you will find moſt of them ignorant; do not reproach them with that ignorance, nor make them feel your ſuperiority. It is not their faults, they are all bred up for the army; but, on the other hand, do not allow their ignorance and idleneſs to break in upon thoſe morning hours which you may be able to allot to your ſerious ſtudies. No breakfaſtings with them, which conſume a great deal of time; but tell them (not magiſterially and ſententiouſly) that you will read two or three hours in the morning, and that for the reſt of the day you are very much at their ſervice. Though, by the way, I hope you will keep wiſer company in the evenings.

I muſt inſiſt upon your never going to what is called the Engliſh coffee-houſe at Paris, which is the reſort of all the ſcrub Engliſh, and alſo of the fugitive and attainted Scotch and Iriſh: party quarrels, and drunken ſquabbles are very frequent there; and I do not know a more degrading place in all Paris. Coffee-houſes and taverns are by no means creditable at Paris. Be cautiouſly upon your guard againſt the infinite number of fine-dreſſed and fine-ſpoken *chevaliers d'induſtrie* and *avanturiers* which ſwarm at Paris; and keep every body civilly at arms length, whoſe real character or rank you are not previouſly informed of. Monſieur le Comte or Monſieur le Chevalier in a handſome laced coat *et très bien mis*, accoſts you at the play, or ſome other public place; he conceives at firſt ſight an infinite regard for you, he ſees that you are a ſtranger of the firſt diſtinction, he offers you his ſervices, and wiſhes nothing more ardently than to contribute as far as may be in his little power to procure you *les agrémens de Paris*. He is acquainted with ſome ladies of condition, *qui préférent une petite ſociété agréable, et des petits ſoupers aimables d'honêttes gens, au tumulte et à la diſſipation de Paris*; and he will with the greateſt pleaſure imaginable have the honour of introducing you to theſe ladies of quality. Well, if you were to accept of this kind offer, and go with him, you will find *au troiſiéme* a handſome, painted, and p—d ſtrumpet, in a tarniſhed ſilver or gold ſecond-hand robe; playing a ſham party at cards for livres, with three or four ſharpers well dreſſed enough, and dignified by the titles of Marquis, Comte, and Chevalier. The lady receives you in the moſt polite and gracious manner, and with all thoſe *complimens de routine* which every French woman has equally. Though ſhe loves retirement and ſhuns *le grand monde*, yet ſhe confeſſes herſelf obliged to the Marquis for having procured her ſo ineſtimable, ſo accompliſhed an acquaintance as yourſelf; but her concern is how to amuſe you, for ſhe never ſuffers play at her houſe for above a livre; if you can amuſe yourſelf with that low play till ſupper *à la bonne heure*. Accordingly you ſit down to that little play, at which the good company takes care that you ſhall win fifteen or ſixteen livres, which gives them an opportunity of celebrating both your good luck, and your good play. Supper comes up, and a good one it is,

upon

upon the ſtrength of your being to pay for it. *La Marquiſe en fait les honneurs a mieux*, talks ſentiments, *mœurs, et morale*; interlarded with *enjouement*, and accompanied with ſome oblique ogles, which bid you not deſpair in time. After ſupper pharan, lanſquenet, or quinze happen accidentally to be mentioned: the Chevalier propoſes playing at one of them for half an hour; the Marquiſe exclaims againſt it, and vows ſhe will not ſuffer it, but is at laſt prevailed upon by being aſſured *que ce ne ſera que pour des riens*. Then the wiſhed-for moment is come, the operation begins; you are cheated, at beſt, of all the money in your pocket, and if you ſtay late, very probably robbed of your watch and ſnuff-box, poſſibly murdered for greater ſecurity. This, I can aſſure you, is not an exaggerated, but a literal deſcription of what happens every day to ſome raw and inexperienced ſtranger at Paris. Remember to receive all theſe civil gentlemen, who take ſuch a fancy to you at firſt ſight, very coldly, and take care always to be previouſly engaged, whatever party they propoſe to you. You may happen ſometimes in very great and good companies to meet with ſome dexterous gentlemen, who may be very deſirous, and alſo very ſure, to win your money, if they can but engage you to play with them. Therefore lay it down as an invariable rule never to play with men, but only with women of faſhion, at low play, or with women and men mixed. But at the ſame time whenever you are aſked to play deeper than you would, do not refuſe it gravely and ſententiouſly, alledging the folly of ſtaking what would be very inconvenient to one to loſe, againſt what one does not want to win; but parry thoſe invitations ludicrouſly, *et en badinant*. Say, that if you were ſure to loſe you might poſſibly play, but that as you may as well win, you dread *l'embaras des richeſſes* ever ſince you have ſeen what an incumbrance they were to poor Harlequin, and that therefore you are determined never to venture the winning above two Louis a day; this ſort of light trifling way of declining invitations to vice and folly, is more becoming your age, and at the ſame time more effectual, than grave philoſophical refuſals. A young fellow who ſeems to have no will of his own, and who does every thing that is aſked of him, is called a very good-natured, but at the ſame time is thought a very ſilly young fellow. Act wiſely, upon ſolid principles, and from true motives, but keep them to yourſelf, and never talk ſententiouſly. When you are invited to drink, ſay that you wiſh you could, but that ſo little makes you both drunk and ſick, *que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

Pray ſhow great attention, and make your court to Monſieur de la Guériniére; he is well with Prince Charles, and many people of the firſt diſtinction at Paris; his commendations will raiſe your character there, not to mention, that his favour will be of ute to you in the Academy itſelf. For the reaſons which I mentioned to you in my laſt, I would have you be *interne* in

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the Academy for the firſt ſix months; but after that, I promiſe you that you ſhall have lodgings of your own *dans un hotel garni*, if in the mean time I hear well of you, and that you frequent, and are eſteemed in, the French companies. You want nothing now, thank God, but exterior advantages, that laſt poliſh, that *tournure du monde*, and thoſe graces, which are ſo neceſſary to adorn, and give efficacy to, the moſt ſolid merit. They are only to be acquired in the beſt companies, and better in the beſt French companies than in any other. You will not want opportunities, for I ſhall ſend you letters, that will eſtabliſh you in the moſt diſtinguiſhed companies, not only of the *beau monde*, but of the *beaux eſprits* too. Dedicate therefore, I beg of you, that whole year to your own advantage and final improvement, and do not be diverted from thoſe objects by idle diſſipations, low ſeduction, or bad example. After that year, do whatever you pleaſe; I will interfere no longer in your conduct. For I am ſure both you and I ſhall be ſafe then. Adieu.

LETTER III.

London, April the 30th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. Harte, who in all his letters gives you ſome daſh of panegyric, told me in his laſt a thing that pleaſes me extremely; which was, that at Rome you had conſtantly preferred the eſtabliſhed Italian aſſemblies, to the Engliſh conventicles ſet up againſt them by diſſenting Engliſh ladies. That ſhows good ſenſe, and that you know what you are ſent abroad for. It is of much more conſequence to know the *Mores multorum hominum* than the *Urbes*. Pray continue this judicious conduct wherever you go, eſpecially at Paris, where, inſtead of thirty you will find above three hundred Engliſh, herding together, and converſing with no one French body.

The life of *les Milords Anglois* is regularly, or if you will irregularly, this. As ſoon as they riſe, which is very late, they breakfaſt together, to the utter loſs of two good morning hours. Then they go by coach fulls to the Palais, the Invalides, and Notre-Dame; from thence to the Engliſh coffee-houſe, where they make up their tavern party for dinner. From dinner, where they drink quick, they adjourn in cluſters to the play, where they croud up the ſtage, dreſt up in very fine cloaths, very ill made by a Scotch or Iriſh taylor. From the play to the tavern again, where they get very drunk, and where they either quarrel among themſelves, or ſally forth, commit ſome riot in the ſtreets, and are taken up by the watch. Thoſe who do not ſpeak French before they go, are ſure to learn none there. Their tender vows are addreſſed to their Iriſh laundreſs unleſs by chance ſome itinerant Engliſh woman, eloped from her huſband, or her creditors, defrauds her of them. Thus, they return home, more petulant, but not more informed, than

when

when they left it; and ſhow, as they think, their improvement, by affectedly both ſpeaking and dreſſing in broken French.

Hunc tu, Romane, *caveto*.

Connect yourſelf while you are in France entirely with the French; improve yourſelf with the old, divert yourſelf with the young; conform to their cuſtoms, even to their little follies, but not to their vices. Do not however remonſtrate or preach againſt them, for remonſtrances do not ſuit with your age. In French companies in general you will not find much learning, therefore take care not to brandiſh yours in their faces. People hate thoſe who make them feel their own inferiority. Conceal all your learning carefully, and reſerve it for the company of *les Gens d'Egliſe*, or *les Gens de Robe*; and even then let them rather extort it from you, than find you over willing to draw it. You are then thought, from that ſeeming unwillingneſs, to have ſtill more knowledge than it may be you really have, and with the additional merit of modeſty into the bargain. A man who talks of, or even hints at, his *bonnes fortunes*, is ſeldom believed, or if believed, much blamed: whereas a man who conceals with care is often ſuppoſed to have more than he has, and his reputation of diſcretion gets him others. It is juſt ſo with a man of learning; if he affects to ſhow it, it is queſtioned, and he is reckoned only ſuperficial; but if afterwards it appears that he really has it, he is pronounced a pedant. Real merit of any kind, *ubi eſt non poteſt diu celari*; it will be diſcovered, and nothing can depreciate it, but a man's exhibiting it himſelf. It may not always be rewarded as it ought, but it will always be known. You will in general find the women of the *beau monde* at Paris, more inſtructed than the men, who are bred up ſingly for the army, and thrown into it at twelve or thirteen years old; but then that ſort of education, which makes them ignorant of books, gives them a great knowledge of the world, an eaſy addreſs, and polite manners.

Faſhion is more tyrannical at Paris than in any other place in the world; it governs even more abſolutely than their King, which is ſaying a great deal. The leaſt revolt againſt it is puniſhed by proſcription. You muſt obſerve, and conform to all the *minutiæ* of it, if you will be in faſhion there yourſelf; and if you are not in faſhion, you are nobody. Get therefore, at all events, into the company of thoſe men and women *qui donnent le ton*; and though at firſt you ſhould be admitted upon that ſhining theatre only as a *perſona muta*, perſiſt, perſevere, and you will ſoon have a part given you. Take great care never to tell in one company what you ſee or hear in another, much leſs to divert the preſent company at the expence of the laſt; but let diſcretion and ſecrecy be known parts of your character. They will carry you much farther, and much ſafer, than more ſhining talents. Be upon your guard againſt quarrels at Paris; honour is extremely nice there, though the aſſerting of it is exceedingly penal. Therefore

point

poinn de mauvaiſes plaiſanteries, point de jeux de main, et point de raillerie picquante.

Paris is the place in the world where, if you pleaſe, you may the beſt unite the *utile* and the *dulce*. Even your pleaſures will be your improvements, if you take them with the people of the place, and in high life. From what you have hitherto done every where elſe, I have juſt reaſon to believe, that you will do every thing that you ought at Paris. Remember that it is your deciſive moment; whatever you do there will be known to thouſands here, and your character there, whatever it is, will get before you here. You will meet with it at London. May you and I both have reaſon to rejoice at that meeting! Adieu.

LETTER IV.

London, May the 8th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AT your age the love of pleaſures is extremely natural, and the enjoyment of them not unbecoming; but the danger at your age, is miſtaking the object, and ſetting out wrong in the purſuit. The character of a man of pleaſure dazzles young eyes; they do not ſee their way to it diſtinctly, and fall into vice and profligacy. I remember a ſtrong inſtance of this a great many years ago. A young fellow, determined to ſhine as a man of pleaſure, was at the play, called the *Libertine deſtroyed*, a tranſlation of *le Feſtin de Pierre* of Moliere's. He was ſo ſtruck with what he thought the fine character of the Libertine, that he ſwore he would be the *Libertine deſtroyed*. Some friends aſked him, whether he had not better content himſelf with being only the Libertine, but without being *deſtroyed*? to which he anſwered, with great warmth, "No, for that being deſtroyed was the perfection of the whole." This, extravagant as it ſeems in this light, is really the caſe of many an unfortunate young fellow, who, captivated by the name of pleaſures, ruſhes indiſcriminately, and without taſte, into them all, and is finally *deſtroyed*. I am not ſtoically adviſing, nor parſonically preaching to you, to be a ſtoic at your age; far from it: I am pointing out to you the paths of pleaſure, and am endeavouring only to quicken and heighten them for you. Enjoy pleaſures, but let them be your own, and then you will taſte them: but adopt none; truſt to nature for genuine ones. The pleaſures that you would feel, you muſt earn; the man who gives himſelf up to all, feels none ſenſibly. Sardanapalus, I am convinced, never felt any in his life. Thoſe only who join ſerious occupations with pleaſures, feel either as they ſhould do. Alcibiades, though addicted to the moſt ſhameful exceſſes, gave ſome time to philoſophy, and ſome to buſineſs. Julius Cæſar joined buſineſs with pleaſure ſo properly, that they mutually aſſiſted each other; and, though he was the huſband of all the wives at Rome, he found time to be one of the beſt ſcholars, almoſt the beſt orator, and abſolutely the beſt general there. An uninterrupted life of pleaſures is as inſipid as contemptible. Some hours

hours given every day to ſerious buſineſs, muſt whet both the mind and the ſenſes to enjoy thoſe of pleaſure. A ſurfeited glutton, an emaciated ſot, and an enervated rotten whoremaſter, never enjoy the pleaſures to which they devote themſelves; but they are only ſo many human ſacrifices to falſe Gods. The pleaſures of low life are all of this miſtaken, merely ſenſual, and diſgraceful nature; whereas thoſe of high life, and in good company (though poſſibly in themſelves not more moral) are more delicate, more refined, leſs diſgraceful; and, in the common courſe of things, not reckoned diſgraceful at all. In ſhort, pleaſure muſt not, nay, cannot, be the buſineſs of a man of ſenſe and character; but it may be, and is, his relief, his reward. It is particularly ſo with regard to the women, who have the utmoſt contempt for thoſe men, that having no character nor conſideration with their own ſex, frivolouſly paſs their whole time in *ruelles*, and at *toilettes*. They look upon them as their lumber, and remove them whenever they can get better furniture. Women chuſe their favourites more by the ear than by any other of their ſenſes, or even their underſtandings. The man whom they hear the moſt commended by the men, will always be the beſt received by them. Such a conqueſt flatters their vanity, and vanity is their univerſal, if not their ſtrongeſt paſſion. A diſtinguiſhed ſhining character is irreſiſtible with them; they croud to, nay, they even quarrel for the danger, in hopes of the triumph. Though by the way (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) ſhe who conquers only catches a tartar, and becomes the ſlave of her captive. *Mais c' eſt la leur affaire.* Divide your time between uſeful occupations, and elegant pleaſures. The morning ſeems to belong to ſtudy, buſineſs, or ſerious converſations with men of learning, and figure: not that I exclude an occaſional hour at a *toilette*. From ſitting down to dinner, the proper buſineſs of the day is pleaſure, unleſs real buſineſs, which muſt never be poſtponed for pleaſure, happens accidentally to interfere. In good company, the pleaſures of the table are always carried to a certain point of delicacy and gratification, but never to exceſs and riot. Plays, operas, balls, ſuppers, gay converſations in polite and chearful companies, properly conclude the evenings; not to mention the tender looks that you may direct, and the ſighs that you may offer, upon theſe ſeveral occaſions, to ſome propitious or unpropitious female Deity; whoſe character and manners will neither diſgrace nor corrupt yours. This is the life of a man of real ſenſe and pleaſure; and by this diſtribution of your time, and choice of your pleaſures, you will be equally qualified for the buſy, or the *beau monde*. You ſee I am not rigid, and do not require that you and I ſhould be of the ſame age. What I ſay to you, therefore, ſhould have the more weight, as coming from a friend, not a father. But, low company, and their low vices, their indecent riots, and profligacy, I never will bear, nor forgive.

I have

I have lately received two volumes of Treatiſes, in German and Latin, from Hawkins, with your orders, under your own hand, to take care of them for you, which orders I ſhall moſt dutifully and punctually obey; and they wait for you in my library, together with your great collection of rare books, which your mamma ſent me upon removing from her old houſe.

I hope you not only keep up, but improve in your German, for it will be of great uſe to you when you come into buſineſs, and the more ſo, as you will be almoſt the only Engliſhman who either can ſpeak or underſtand it. Pray ſpeak it conſtantly to all Germans, wherever you meet them, and you will meet multitudes of them at Paris. Is Italian now become eaſy and familiar to you? Can you ſpeak it with the ſame fluency that you can ſpeak German? You cannot conceive what an advantage it will give you, in negotiations, to poſſeſs Italian, German, and French perfectly, ſo as to underſtand all the force and *fineſſe* of thoſe three languages. If two men of equal talents negotiate together, he who beſt underſtands the language in which the negotiation is carried on, will infallibly get the better of the other. The ſignification and force of one ſingle word is often of great conſequence in a treaty, and even in a letter.

Remember the *graces*, for without them *ogni fatica è vana*. Adieu.

LETTER V.

London, May the 17th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR apprenticeſhip is near out, and you are ſoon to ſet up for yourſelf; that approaching moment is a critical one for you, and an anxious one for me. A tradeſman who would ſucceed in his way, muſt begin by eſtabliſhing a character of integrity and good manners; without the former, no-body will go to his ſhop at all; without the latter, nobody will go there twice. This rule does not exclude the fair arts of trade. He may ſell his goods at the beſt price he can, within certain bounds. He may avail himſelf of the humour, the whims, and the fantaſtical taſtes of his cuſtomers; but what he warrants to be good muſt be really ſo, what he ſeriouſly aſſerts muſt be true, or his firſt fraudulent profits will ſoon end in a bankruptcy. It is the ſame in higher life, and in the great buſineſs of the world. A man who does not ſolidly eſtabliſh, and really deſerve a character of truth, probity, good manners, and good morals, at his firſt ſetting out in the world, may impoſe, and ſhine like a meteor for a very ſhort time, but will very ſoon vaniſh, and be extinguiſhed with contempt. People eaſily pardon, in young men, the common irregularities of the ſenſes; but they do not forgive the leaſt vice of the heart. The heart never grows better by age; I fear rather worſe, always harder. A young liar, will be an old one; and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older. But

ſhould

ſhould a bad young heart, accompanied with a good head (which, by the way, very ſeldom is the caſe) really reform in a more advanced age, from a conſciouſneſs of its folly, as well as of its guilt; ſuch a converſion would only be thought prudential and political, but never ſincere. I hope in God, and I verily believe, that you want no moral virtues. But, the poſſeſſion of all the moral virtues, *in actu primo*, as the logicians call it, is not ſufficient; you muſt have them in *actu ſecundo* too. Nay, that is not ſufficient neither; you muſt have the reputation of them alſo. Your character in the world muſt be built upon that ſolid foundation, or it will ſoon fall, and upon your own head. You cannot therefore be too careful, too nice, too ſcrupulous, in eſtabliſhing this character at firſt, upon which your whole depends. Let no converſation, no example, no faſhion, no *bon mot*, no ſilly deſire of ſeeming to be above, what moſt knaves, and many fools call prejudices, ever tempt you to avow, excuſe, extenuate, or laugh at the leaſt breach of morality; but ſhow upon all occaſions, and take all occaſions to ſhow a deteſtation and abhorrence of it. There, though young, you ought to be ſtrict; and there only, while young, it becomes you to be ſtrict and ſevere. But there too, ſpare the perſons, while you laſh their crimes. All this relates, as you eaſily judge, to the vices of the heart, ſuch as lying, fraud, envy, malice, detraction, &c. and, I do not extend it to the little frailties of youth, flowing from high ſpirits, and warm blood. It would ill become you, at your age, to declaim againſt them, and ſententiouſly cenſure, a gallantry, an accidental exceſs of the table, a frolic, an inadvertency; no, keep as free from them yourſelf as you can; but, ſay nothing of them in others. They certainly mend by time, often by reaſon; and a man's worldly character is not affected by them, provided it be pure in all other reſpects.

To come now to a point of much leſs, but yet of very great conſequence, at your firſt ſetting out. Be extremely upon your guard againſt vanity, the common failing of unexperienced youth; but particularly againſt that kind of vanity, that dubs a man a coxcomb; a character which once acquired, is more indelible than that of the prieſthood. It is not to be imagined by how many different ways vanity defeats its own purpoſes. One man decides peremptorily upon every ſubject, betrays his ignorance upon many, and ſhows a diſguſting preſumption upon the reſt. Another deſires to appear ſucceſsful among the women; he hints at the encouragement he has received, from thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed rank and beauty, and intimates a particular connection with ſome one; if it is true, it is ungenerous; if falſe, it is infamous: but in either caſe he deſtroys the reputation he wants to get. Some flatter their vanity, by little extraneous objects, which have not the leaſt relation to themſelves; ſuch as being deſcended from, related to, or acquainted with people of diſtinguiſhed merit, and eminent characters. They talk perpetually of their grand-father ſuch-a-one, their uncle ſuch-a-one, and their intimate friend, Mr. ſuch a-one, whom, poſſibly, they are hardly

hardly acquainted with. But admitting it all to be as they would have it, what then? Have they the more merit for thoſe accidents? Certainly not. On the contrary, their taking up adventitious, proves their want of intrinſic merit; a rich man never borrows. Take this rule for granted, as a never-failing one; that you muſt never ſeem to affect the character in which you have a mind to ſhine. Modeſty is the only ſure bait, when you angle for praiſe. The affectation for courage will make even a brave man paſs only for a bully; as the affectation of wit will make a man of parts paſs for a coxcomb. By this modeſty, I do not mean timidity, and awkward baſhfulneſs. On the contrary, be inwardly firm and ſteady, know your own value, whatever it may be, and act upon that principle; but take great care to let nobody diſcover, that you do know your own value. Whatever real merit you have, other people will diſcover; and people always magnify their own diſcoveries, as they leſſen thoſe of others.

For God's ſake, reſolve all theſe things ſeriouſly in your thoughts, before you launch out alone into the ocean of Paris. Recollect the obſervations that you have yourſelf made upon mankind, compare and connect them with my inſtructions, and then act ſyſtematically and conſequentially from them; not *au tour la journée*. Lay your little plan now, which you will hereafter extend and improve by your own obſervations, and by the advice of thoſe who can never mean to miſlead you; I mean Mr. Harte and myſelf.

LETTER VI.

London, May the 25th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yeſterday your letter of the 7th, N. S. from Naples, to which place I find you have travelled claſſically, critically, and *da virtuoſo*. You did right, for whatever is worth ſeeing at all, is worth ſeeing well, and better than moſt people ſee it. It is a poor and frivolous excuſe, when any thing curious is talked of, that one has ſeen, to ſay, *I ſaw it, but really I did not much mind it*. Why did they go to ſee it, if they would not mind it? or why would they not mind it when they ſaw it? Now you are at Naples, you paſs part of your time there, *en honnête homme, de garbato cavaliere*, in the court, and the beſt companies, I am told that ſtrangers are received with the utmoſt hoſpitality at Prince —— *que lui il fait bonne chére, et que madame la Princeſſe donne chére entiére; mais que ſa chair eſt plus que hazardée ou mortifiée méme*; which in Engliſh, means, that ſhe is not only tender, but rotten. If this be true, as I am pretty ſure it is, one may ſay to her in a literal ſenſe, *juvenumque prodis, publica cura*.

Mr. Harte informs me that you are cloathed in ſumptuous apparel; a young fellow ſhould be ſo, eſpecially abroad, where fine cloaths are ſo generally the faſhion. Next to their being fine, they ſhould be well made, and worn eaſily; for a man is only the

leſs

leſs genteel for a fine coat, if in wearing it he ſhows a regard for it, and is not as eaſy in it as if it were a plain one.

I thank you for your drawing, which I am impatient to ſee, and which I ſhall hang up in a new gallery that I am building at Blackheath, and very fond of; but I am ſtill more impatient for another copy, which I wonder I have not yet received, I mean the copy of your countenance. I believe, were that a whole length, it would ſtill fall a good deal ſhort of the dimenſions of the drawing after Dominichino, which you ſay is about eight feet high; and I take you, as well as myſelf, to be of the *Piccolomini*. Mr. Bathurſt tells me, that he thinks you rather taller than I am: if ſo, you may very poſſibly get up to five feet eight inches, which, I would compound for, though I would wiſh you five feet ten. In truth, what do I not wiſh you, that has a tendency to perfection? I ſay a tendency only, for abſolute perfection is not in human nature, ſo that it would be idle to wiſh it. But I am very willing to compound for your coming nearer to perfection, than the generality of your cotemporaries: without a compliment to you, I think you bid fair for that. Mr. Harte affirms, (and if it were conſiſtent with his character, would I believe ſwear) that you have no vices of the heart; you have undoubtedly a ſtock both of ancient and modern learning, which, I will venture to ſay, nobody of your age has, and which muſt now daily increaſe, do what you will. What then do you want towards that practicable degree of perfection which I wiſh you? Nothing, but the knowledge, the turn, and the manners of the world; I mean the *beau monde*. Theſe, it is impoſſible that you can yet have quite right; they are not given, they muſt be learned. But then on the other hand, it is impoſſible not to acquire them, if one has a mind to them; for they are acquired inſenſibly, by keeping good company; if one has but the leaſt attention to their characters and manners. Every man becomes, to a certain degree, what the people he generally converſes with are. He catches their air, their manners, and even their way of thinking. If he obſerves with attention, he will catch them ſoon, but if he does not, he will at long run contract them inſenſibly. I know nothing in the world but poetry, that is not to be acquired by application and care. The ſum total of this, is a very comfortable one for you, as it plainly amounts to this, in your favour; that you now want nothing but what even your pleaſures, if they are liberal ones, will teach you. I congratulate both you and myſelf, upon your being in ſuch a ſituation, that, excepting your exerciſes, nothing is now wanting but pleaſures to complete you. Take them, but (as I am ſure you will) with people of the firſt faſhion, wherever you are, and the buſineſs is done; your exerciſes at Paris, which I am ſure you will attend to, will ſupple and faſhion your body; and the company you will keep there will, with ſome degree of obſervation on your part, ſoon give you their air, addreſs, manners, in ſhort, *le ton de la bonne compagnie*. Let not thoſe conſiderations, however, make you vain; they

they are only between you and me: but as they are very comfortable ones, they may juſtly give you a manly aſſurance, firmneſs, a ſteadineſs, without which a man can neither be well bred, or in any light appear to advantage, or really what he is. They may juſtly remove all timidity, awkward baſhfulneſs, low diffidence of one's ſelf, and mean abject complaiſance to every or any body's opinion. La Bruyere ſays, very truly, *on ne vaut dans ce monde, ce que l'on veut valoir*. It is a right principle to proceed upon in the world, taking care only to guard againſt the appearances, and outward ſymptoms of vanity. Your whole then, you ſee, turns upon the company you keep for the future. I have laid you in variety of the beſt at Paris, where at your arrival, you will find a cargo of letters, to very different ſorts of people, as *beaux eſprits, ſçavants, et belles dames*. Theſe, if you will frequent them, will form you, not only by their examples, but by their advice, and admonitions in private, as I have deſired them to do; and conſequently add to what you have, the only one thing now needful.

Pray tell me what Italian books you have read, and whether that language is now become familiar to you. Read Arioſto and Taſſo through, and then you will have read all the Italian poets, who, in my opinion, are worth reading. In all events, when you get to Paris, take a good Italian maſter to read Italian with you three times a week; not only to keep what you have already, which you would otherwiſe forget, but alſo to perfect you in the reſt. It is a great pleaſure, as well as a great advantage, to be able to ſpeak to people of all nations, and well, in their own language. Aim at perfection in every thing, though in moſt things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and perſevere, will come much nearer it, than thoſe, whoſe lazineſs and deſpondency make them give it up as unattainable. *Magnis tamen excidit auſis* is a degree of praiſe which will always attend a noble and ſhining temerity, and a much better ſign in a young fellow, than *ſerpere humi, tutus nimium timiduſque procellæ*. For men, as well as women,

——— Born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

A man who ſets out in the world with real timidity and diffidence, has not an equal chance for it; he will be diſcouraged, put by, or trampled upon. But, to ſucceed, a man, eſpecially a young one, ſhould have inward firmneſs, ſteadineſs, and intrepidity; with exterior modeſty, and *ſeeming* diffidence. He muſt modeſtly but reſolutely, aſſert his own rights and privileges; *Suaviter in modo* but, *fortiter in re*. He ſhould have an apparent frankneſs, and openneſs, but with inward caution and cloſeneſs. All theſe things will come to you by frequenting and obſerving good company. And by good company I mean that ſort of company, which is called good company by every body of that place. When all this is over, we ſhall meet; and then we will talk over *tête à tête*,, the various little finiſhing ſtrokes, which converſation and acquaintance occaſionally ſuggeſt, and which cannot be methodically written.

Tell Mr. Harte that I have received his two letters of the 2d and 8th, N. S. which, as ſoon as I have received a third, I will anſwer. Adieu, my dear! I find you will do.

LETTER VII.

London, June the 5th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your picture, which I have long waited for with impatience; I wanted to ſee your countenance, from whence I am very apt, as I believe moſt people are, to form ſome general opinion of the mind. If the painter has taken you, as well as he has done Mr. Harte, (for his picture is by far the moſt like I ever ſaw in my life) I draw good concluſions from your countenance, which has both ſpirit and *fineſſe* in it. In bulk you are pretty well increaſed ſince I ſaw you; if your height is not increaſed in proportion, I deſire that you will make haſte to complete it. Seriouſly, I believe that your exerciſes at Paris will make you ſhoot up to a good ſize; your legs, by all accounts, ſeem to promiſe it. Dancing excepted, the wholeſome part, is the beſt part of thoſe academical exerciſes. *Ils dégraiſſent leur homme. A propos* of exerciſes; I have prepared every thing for your reception at Monſieur de la Gueriniere's, and your room, *&c.* will be ready at your arrival. I am ſure you muſt be ſenſible how much better it will be for you to be *interne* in the Academy, for the firſt ſix or ſeven months at leaſt, than to be *en hôtel garni*, at ſome diſtance from it, and obliged to go to it every morning, let the weather be what it will, not to mention the loſs of time too; beſides, by living and boarding in the Academy, you will make an acquaintance with half the young fellows of faſhion at Paris; and in a very little while be looked upon as one of them in all French companies; an advantage that has never yet happened to any one Engliſhman that I have known. I am ſure you do not ſuppoſe that the difference of the expence, which is but a trifle, has any weight with me in this reſolution. You have the French language ſo perfectly, and you will acquire the French *tournure* ſo ſoon, that I do not know any body likely to paſs their time ſo well at Paris as yourſelf. Our young countrymen have generally too little French, and too bad addreſs, either to preſent themſelves, or be well received in the beſt French companies; and, as a proof of it, there is no one inſtance of an Engliſhman's having ever been ſuſpected of a gallantry with a French woman of condition, though every French woman of condition is more than ſuſpected of having a gallantry. But they take up with the diſgraceful and dangerous commerce of proſtitutes, actreſſes, dancing women, and that ſort of traſh, though, if they had common addreſs, better atchievements would be extremely eaſy. *Un arrangement*, which is in plain Engliſh a gallantry, is, at Paris, as neceſſary a part of a woman of faſhion's eſtabliſhment, as her houſe, table, coach, *&c.* A young fellow muſt therefore be a very awkward one, to be reduced

reduced to, or of a very ſingular taſte, to prefer drabs and danger to a commerce (in the courſe of the world not diſgraceful) with a woman of health, education and rank. Nothing ſinks a young man in low company, both of women and men, ſo ſurely as timidity, and diffidence of himſelf. If he thinks that he ſhall not, he may depend upon it, he will not pleaſe. But with proper endeavours to pleaſe, and a degree of perſuaſion that he ſhall, it is almoſt certain that he will. How many people does one meet with every where, who with very moderate parts, and very little knowledge, puſh themſelves pretty far, ſingly by being ſanguine, enterpriſing, and perſevering? They will take no denial from man or woman; difficulties do not diſcourage them; repulſed twice or thrice, they rally, they charge again, and nine times in ten prevail at laſt. The ſame means will much ſooner, and more certainly, attain the ſame ends, with your parts and knowledge. You have a fund, to be ſanguine upon, and good forces to rally. In buſineſs, (talents ſuppoſed) nothing is more effectual, or ſucceſsful, than a good, though concealed, opinion of one's ſelf, a firm reſolution, and an unwearied perſeverance. None but madmen attempt impoſſibilities; and whatever is poſſible, is one way or another to be brought about. If one method fails, try another, and ſuit your methods to the characters you have to do with. At the treaty of the Pyrenées, which Cardinal Mazarin, and Don Louis de Haro, concluded, *dans l'Iſle des Faiſans*; the latter carried ſome very important points by his conſtant and cool perſeverance.

The Cardinal had all the Italian vivacity and impatience; Don Louis all the Spaniſh phlegm and tenaciouſneſs. The point which the Cardinal had moſt at heart, was, to hinder the reeſtabliſhment of the Prince of Condé, his implacable enemy; but he was in haſte to conclude, and impatient to return to court, where abſence is always dangerous. Don Louis obſerved this, and never failed at every conference to bring the affair of the Prince of Condé upon the *tapis*. The Cardinal for ſome time refuſed even to treat upon it; Don Louis, with the ſame *ſens froid*, as conſtantly perſiſted, till he at laſt prevailed; contrary to the intentions and the intereſt both of the Cardinal and of his court. Senſe muſt diſtinguiſh between what is impoſſible, and what is only difficult; and ſpirit and perſeverance will get the better of the latter. Every man is to be had one way or another, and every woman almoſt any way. I muſt not omit one thing, which is previouſly neceſſary to this, and indeed to every thing elſe; which is attention, a flexibility of attention; never to be wholly engroſſed by any paſt or future object, but inſtantly directed to the preſent one, be it what it will. An abſent man can make but few obſervations; and thoſe will be diſjointed and imperfect ones, as half the circumſtances muſt neceſſarily eſcape him. He can purſue nothing ſteadily, becauſe his abſences make him loſe his way. They are very diſagreeable, and hardly to be tolerated in old-age; but, in youth, they cannot be forgiven. If

you find that you have the leaſt tendency to them, pray watch yourſelf very carefully, and you may prevent them now; but if you let them grow into a habit, you will find it very difficult to cure them hereafter; and a worſe diſtemper I do not know.

I heard with great ſatisfaction the other day, from one who has been lately at Rome, that nobody was better received, in the beſt companies, than yourſelf. The ſame thing, I dare ſay, will happen to you at Paris; where they are particularly kind to all ſtrangers, who will be civil to them, and ſhow a deſire of pleaſing. But they muſt be flattered a little, not only by words, but by a ſeeming preference given to their country, their manners, and their cuſtoms; which is but a very ſmall price to pay for a very good reception. Were I in Africa, I would pay it to a negro for his good-will. Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

London, June the 11th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Preſident Monteſquieu (whom you will be acquainted with at Paris) after having laid down his book, *de l' Eſprit des Loix*, the nature and principles of the three different kinds of government, *viz.* the democratical, the monarchical, and the deſpotic; treats of the education neceſſary for each reſpective form. His chapter upon the education proper for the monarchical, I thought worth tranſcribing, and ſending to you. You will obſerve that the monarchy which he has in his eye is France.

* Ce n'eſt point dans les maiſons publiques ou l'on inſtruit l'enfance, que l'on reçoit dans les monarchies la principale éducation; c'eſt lorſque l'on entre dans le monde que l'education en quelque façon commence. Là eſt l'école de ce que l'on appelle l'honneur, ce maitre univerſel, qui doit partout nous conduire.

C'eſt là que l'on voit et que l'on entend toujours trois choſes, qu'il faut mettre dans les vertus une certaine nobleſſe, dans les mœurs une certaine franchiſe, dans les manieres une certaine politeſſe.

Les vertus qu'on nous y montre ſont toujours moins ce que l'on doit

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* In monarchies the principal branch of education is not taught in colleges or academies. It commences, in ſome meaſure, at our ſetting out in the world; for this is the ſchool of what we call honour, that univerſal preceptor, which ought every where to be our guide.

Here it is that we conſtantly hear three rules or maxims, viz. that we ſhould have a certain nobleneſs in our virtues, a kind of frankneſs in our morals, and a particular politeneſs in our behaviour.

The virtues we are here taught, are leſs what we owe to others,

doit aux autres, que ce que l'on ſe doit à ſoi-même, elles ne ſont pas tant ce qui nous appelle vers nos concitoyens que ce qui nous en diſtingue.

On n'y juge pas les actions des hommes commes bonnes, mais comme belles ; comme juſtes, mais comme grandes ; comme raiſonnables, mais comme extraordinaires.

Dès que l'honneur y peut trouver quelque choſe de noble, il eſt ou le juge qui les rend légitimes, ou le ſophiſte qui les juſtifie.

Il permet la galanterie lors qu'elle eſt unie à l'idée du ſentiment du cœur, ou a l'idée de conquête ; et c'eſt la vraie raiſon pour laquelle les mœurs ne ſont jamais ſi pures dans les monarchies, que dans les gouvernemens républicains.

Il permet la ruſe, lorſqu'elle eſt jointe à l'idée de la grandeur de l'eſprit ou de la grandeur des affaires, comme dans la politique dont les fineſſes ne l'offenſent pas.

Il ne défend l'adulation que lorſqu'elle eſt ſeparée de l'idée d'une grande fortune, et n'eſt jointe qu'au ſentiment de ſa propre baſſeſſe.

A l'égard des mœurs, j'ai dis que l'éducation des monarchies doit y mettre une certaine franchiſe. On y veut donc de la verité dans les diſcours. Mais eſt-ce par amour elle ? point du tout. On la veut parce qu'un homme qui eſt accoutumé à la dire paroît être hardi et libre. En effet, un tel homme ſemble ne dépendre que

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others, than to ourſelves ; they are not ſo much what draws us towards ſociety, as what diſtinguiſhes us from our fellow citizens.

Here the actions of men are judged, not as virtuous, but as ſhining ; not as juſt, but as great ; not as reaſonable, but as extraordinary.

When honour here meets with any thing noble in our actions, it is either a judge that approves them, or a ſophiſter by whom they are excuſed.

It allows of gallantry, when united with the idea of ſenſible affection, or with that of conqueſt ; this is the reaſon why we never meet with ſo ſtrict a purity of morals in monarchies, as in republican governments.

It allows of cunning and craft, when joined with the notion of greatneſs of ſoul or importance of affairs ; as, for inſtance, in politics, with whoſe fineſſes it is far from being offended.

It does not forbid adulation, but when ſeparate from the idea of a large fortune, and connected only with the ſenſe of our mean condition.

With regard to morals, I have obſerved, that the education of monarchies ought to admit of a certain frankneſs and open carriage. Truth therefore in converſation is here a neceſſary point. But is it for the ſake of truth ? By no means. Truth is requiſite only, becauſe a perſon habituated to veracity has an air of boldneſs

que des choſes, et non pas de la maniere dont un autre les reçoit.

C'eſt ce qui fait qu'autant que l'on y recommande cette eſpece de franchiſe, autant on y mépriſe celle du peuple, qui n'a que la verité et la ſimplicité pour objet.

Enfin l'éducation dans les monarchies exige dans les manieres une certaine politeſſe. Les hommes nés pour vivre enſemble, ſont nés auſſi pour ſe plaire; et celui qui n'obſerveroit pas les bienſéances, choquant tous ceux avec qu' il vivroit, ſe décréditeroit au point qu'il deviendroit incapable de faire aucun bien.

Mais ce n'eſt pas d'une ſource ſi pure que la politeſſe a coutûme de tirer ſon origine. Elle naît de l'envie de ſe diſtinguer. C'eſt par orgueil que nous ſommes polis: nous nous ſentons flatés d'avoir des manieres que prouvent qui nous ne ſommes pas dans la baſſeſſe, et que nous n'avons pas vécu avec cette ſorte de gens que l'on a abandonnés dans tous les âges.

Dans les monarchies la politeſſe eſt naturaliſée à la cour. Un homme exceſſivement grand rend tous les autres petits. De là les égards que l'on doit à tout le monde; de là naît la politeſſe, qui flatte autant ceux qui ſont polis que ceux à l'egard de qu' ils le ſont, parce qu'elle fait comprendre qu'on eſt de la cour, ou qu'on eſt digne d'en être.

L'air de la cour conſiſte à quitter ſa grandeur propre pour un gradeur

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neſs and freedom. And indeed, a man of this ſtamp ſeems to lay a ſtreſs only on the things themſelves, not on the manner in which they are received.

Hence it is, that in proportion as this kind of frankneſs is commended, that of the common people is deſpiſed, which has nothing but truth and ſimplicity for its object.

In fine, the education of monarchies requires a certain politeneſs of behaviour. Man, a ſociable animal, is formed to pleaſe in ſociety; and a perſon that would break through the rules of decency, ſo as to ſhock thoſe he converſed with, would loſe the public eſteem, and become incapable of doing any good.

But politeneſs, generally ſpeaking, does not derive its original from ſo pure a ſource. It ariſes from a deſire of diſtinguiſhing ourſelves. It is pride that renders us polite: we are flattered with being taken notice of for a behaviour that ſhews we are not of a mean condition, and that we have not been bred up with thoſe who in all ages are conſidered as the ſcum of the people.

Politeneſs, in monarchies, is naturaliſed at court, one man exceſſively great renders every body elſe little. Hence that regard, which is paid to our fellow ſubjects; hence that politeneſs, equally pleaſing to thoſe by whom, as to thoſe towards whom, it is practiſed; becauſe it gives people to underſtand, that a perſon actually belongs, or at leaſt deſerves to belong, to the court.

A court air conſiſts in quitting a real for a borrowed greatneſs.

grandeur empruntée. Celle-ci flatte plus un courtiſan que la ſienne même. Elle donne une certaine modeſtie ſuperbe qui ſe répand au-loin, mais dont l'orgueil diminue inſenſiblement, à proportion de la diſtance ou l'on eſt de la ſource de cette grandeur.

On trouve à la cour une délicateſſe de gout en toutes choſes, qui vient d'un uſage continuel des ſuperfluités d'une grande fortune, de la varieté et ſurtout de la laſſitude des plaiſirs, de la multiplicité de la confuſion même des fantaiſies, qui lorſqu'elles ſont agréables y ſont toujours reçues.

C'eſt ſur toutes ces choſes que l'éducation ſe porte pour faire ce qu'on appelle l'honrête homme, qui a toutes les qualités et toutes les vertus que l'on demande dans ce gouvernement.

Là, l'honneur ſe mêlant par-tout entre dans toutes les façons de penſer et toutes les manieres de ſentir, et dirige mêmes les principes.

Cet honneur biſarre fait que les vertus ne ſont que ce qu'il veut et comme il les veut ; il met de ſon chef des regles à tout ce qui nous eſt preſcrit ; il étend ou il borne nos devoirs à ſa fantaiſie, ſoit qu'ils aient leur ſource dans la religion, dans la politique, ou dans la morale

Il n'y a rien dans la monarchie que les loix, la religion, et l'honneur preſcrivent tant que l'obéiſſance aux volontés du Prince : mais cet honneur, nous dicte que le Prince ne doit jamais nous preſcrire

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neſs. The latter pleaſes the courtier more than the former. It inſpires him with a certain diſdainful modeſty, which ſhews itſelf, externally, but whoſe pride inſenſibly diminiſhes in proportion to its diſtance from the ſource of this greatneſs.

At court we find a delicacy of taſte in every thing, a delicacy ariſing from the conſtant uſe of the ſuperfluities of life, from the variety, and eſpecially the ſatiety of pleaſure, from the multiplicity and even confuſion of fancies, which, if they are but agreeable are ſure of being well received.

Theſe are the things which properly fall within the province of education, in order to form what we call a man of honour, a man poſſeſſed of all the qualities and virtues requiſite in this kind of government.

Here it is that honour interferes with every thing, mixing even with people's manner of thinking, and directing their very principles.

To this whimſical humour it is owing that the virtues are only juſt what it pleaſes; it adds rules of its own invention to every thing preſcribed to us ; it extends or limits our duties according to its own fancy, whether they proceed from religion, politics, or morality.

There is nothing ſo ſtrongly inculcated in monarchies, by the laws, by religion, and honour, as ſubmiſſion to the Prince's will ; but this very honour tells us, that the Prince never ought to command

preſcrire une action qui nous deſhonore, parce qu'elle nous rendroit incapable de le ſervir.

Gruillon refuſa d'aſſaſſiner le Duc de Guiſe, mais il offrit à Henri Trois de ſe battre contre lui. Après la Saint Barthelemi, Charles Neuf ayant écrit à tous les gouverneurs de faire maſſacrer les Huguenots, le Vicomte Dorte, qui commandoit dans Bayonne, écrivit au Roi : " Sire, je n'ai trouvé parmi les " habitans et les gens de guerre, que de bons citoyens, de braves " ſoldats, et pas un bourreau ; ainſi eux et moi ſupplions votre " Majeſté d'employer nos bras et nos vies à choſes faiſables." Ce grand et généreux courage regardoit une lâcheté comme une choſe impoſſible.

Il n'y a rien que l'honneur preſcrive plus à la Nobleſſe, que de ſervir le Prince à la guerre. En effet, c'eſt la profeſſion diſtinguée, parce que ſes hazards, ſes ſuccès, et ſes malheurs même conduiſent à la grandeur. Mais en impoſant cette loi, l'honneur veut en être l'arbitre, et s'il ſe trouve choqué, il exige ou permet qu'on ſe retire chez ſoi.

Il veut qu'on puiſſe indifféremment aſpirer aux emplois ou les refuſer ; il tient cette liberté au deſſus le la fortune même.

L'honneur a donc ſes regles ſuprèmes, et l'éducation eſt obligée de s'y conformer. Les principales ſont, qu'il nous eſt bien permis

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command a diſhonourable action, becauſe this would render us incapable of ſerving him.

Crillon refuſed to aſſaſſinate the duke of Guiſe, but offered to fight him. After the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, Charles IX. having ſent orders to the governors in the ſeveral provinces for the Hugonots to be murdered, Viſcount Dorte, who commanded at Bayonne, wrote thus to the king: Sire, among the inhabitants of this town, and your Majeſty's troops I could not find ſo much as one executioner ; they are honeſt citizens and brave ſoldiers. We jointly therefore beſeech your Majeſty to command our arms and lives in things that are practicable. This great and generous ſoul looked upon a baſe action as a thing impoſſible.

There is nothing that honour more ſtrongly recommends to the Nobility, than to ſerve their Prince in a military capacity. And indeed this is their favourite profeſſion, becauſe its dangers, its ſucceſs, and even its miſcarriages, are the road to grandeur. Yet this very law of its own making, honour chuſes to explain ; and in caſe of any affront, it requires or permits us to retire.

It inſiſts alſo that we ſhould be at liberty either to ſeek or to reject employments ; a liberty which it prefers even to an ample fortune.

Honour therefore has its ſupreme laws, to which education is obliged to conform. The chief of theſe are that we are permitted

permis de faire cas de nôtre fortune, mais qu'il nous eſt ſouverainement défendu d'en fair aucun de notre vie.

La ſeconde eſt, que lorſque nous avons été une foi placés dans un rang, nous ne devons rien faire, ni ſouffrir qui faſſe voir que nous nous tenons inferieurs à ce rang même.

La troiſieme, que les choſes que l'honneur défend, ſont plus rigoureuſement défendues, lorſque les Loix ne concourent point à les proſcrire, et que celles qu'il exige ſont plus fortement exigées, lorſque les Loix ne le demandent pas.

Though our government differs conſiderably from the French, inaſmuch as we have fixed laws, and conſtitutional barriers, for the ſecurity of our liberties and properties; yet the Preſident's obſervations hold pretty near as true in England, as in France. Though Monarchies may differ a good deal, Kings differ very little. Thoſe who are abſolute deſire to continue ſo, and thoſe who are not endeavour to become ſo; hence, the ſame maxims and manners almoſt in all courts: voluptuouſneſs and profuſion encouraged, the one to ſink the people into indolence, the other into poverty, conſequently into dependency. The court is called the world here, as well as at Paris; and nothing more is meant, by ſaying that a man knows the world, than that he knows courts. In all courts you muſt expect to meet with connections without friendſhip, enmities without hatred, honour without virtue, appearances ſaved, and realities ſacrificed; good manners, with bad morals; and all vice and virtue ſo diſguiſed, that whoever has only reaſoned upon both, would know neither, when he firſt met them at court. It is well that you ſhould know the map of that country, that when you come to travel in it, you may do it with greater ſafety.

From all this, you will of yourſelf draw this obvious concluſion, that you are in truth but now going to the great and important ſchool, the world; to which Weſtminſter and Leipſig were only the little preparatory ſchools, as Mary-le bone, Wandſor, &c. are to them. What you have already acquired, will only place you in the ſecond form of this new ſchool, inſtead of the firſt. But if you intend, as I ſuppoſe you do, to get into the ſhell, you have very different things to learn from Latin and Greek; and which require much more ſagacity and atten-

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mitted to ſet a value upon our fortune, but are abſolutely forbidden to ſet any upon our lives.

The ſecond is, that when we are raiſed to a poſt or preferment, we ſhould never do or permit any thing, which may ſeem to imply that we look upon ourſelves as inferior to the rank we hold.

The third is, that thoſe things which honour forbids, are more rigorouſly forbidden, when the laws do not concur in the prohibition; and thoſe it commands, are more ſtrongly inſiſted upon, when they happen not to be commanded by law.

attention, than thoſe two dead languages: the language of pure and ſimple nature, the language of nature variouſly modified, and corrupted by paſſions, prejudices, and habits: the language of ſimulation, and diſſimulation; very hard, but very neceſſary to decypher. Homer has not half ſo many, nor ſo difficult dialects, as the great book of the ſchool you are now going to. Obſerve therefore progreſſively, and with the greateſt attention, what the beſt ſcholars in the form immediately above you do, and ſo on, till you get into the ſhell yourſelf. Adieu.

Pray tell Mr. Marte that I have received his letter of the 27th May N. S. and that I adviſe him never to take the Engliſh news-writers literally, who never yet inſerted any one thing quite right. I have both his patent and his mandamus, in both which he is Walter, let the news-papers call him what they pleaſe.

LETTER IX.

London, July the 9th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD not deſerve that appellation in return from you, if I did not freely and explicitly inform you of every corrigible defect, which I may either hear of, ſuſpect, or at any time diſcover in you. Thoſe who in the common courſe of the world will call themſelves your friends; or whom according to the common notions of friendſhip, you may poſſibly think ſuch, will never tell you of your faults, ſtill leſs of your weakneſſes. But on the contrary, more deſirous to make you their friend, than to prove themſelves yours, they will flatter both, and, in truth, not be ſorry for either. Interiorly, moſt people enjoy the inferiority of their beſt friends. The uſeful and eſſential part of friendſhip, to you, is reſerved ſingly for Mr. Harte and myſelf; our relations to you ſtand pure, and unſuſpected of all private views. In whatever we ſay to you, we can have no intereſt but yours. We can have no competition, no jealouſy, no ſecret envy or malignity. We are therefore authoriſed to repreſent, adviſe, and remonſtrate; and your reaſon muſt tell you that you ought to attend to, and believe us.

I am credibly informed, that there is ſtill a conſiderable hitch or hobble in your enunciation; and that when you ſpeak faſt, you ſometimes ſpeak unintelligibly. I have formerly and frequently laid my thoughts before you ſo fully upon this ſubject, that I can ſay nothing new upon it now. I muſt therefore only repeat, that your whole depends upon it. Your trade is to ſpeak well both in public and in private. The manner of your ſpeaking is full as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled, than underſtandings to judge. Be your productions ever ſo good, they will be of no uſe, if you ſtifle and ſtrangle them in their birth. The beſt compoſitions of Corelli, if ill executed, and played out of tune, inſteaſt of touching, as

they

they do when well performed, would only excite the indignation of the hearers, when murdered by an unskilful performer. But to murder your own productions, and that *coram populo* is a *Medean cruelty*, which Horace absolutely forbids. Remember of what importance Demosthenes, and one of the Gracchi, thought *enunciation*; read what stress Cicero, and Quintilian lay upon it; even the herb-women at Athens were correct judges of it. Oratory with all its graces, that of enunciation in particular, is full as necessary in our government, as it ever was in Greece or Rome. No man can make a fortune or a figure in this country, without speaking, and speaking well in public. If you will persuade, you must first please; and if you will please, you must tune your voice to harmony, you must articulate every syllable distinctly, your emphases and cadences must be strongly and properly marked; and the whole together must be graceful and engaging; if you do not speak in that manner, you had much better not speak at all. All the learning you have, or ever can have, is not worth one groat without it. It may be a comfort, and an amusement to you in your closet, but can be of no use to you in the world. Let me conjure you therefore, to make this your only object, till you have absolutely conquered it, for that is in your power; think of nothing else, read and speak for nothing else. Read aloud, though alone, and read articulately and distinctly, as if you were reading in public, and on the most important occasion. Recite pieces of eloquence, declaim scenes of tragedies to Mr. Harte, as if he were a numerous audience. If there is any particular consonant which you have a difficulty in articulating, as I think you had with the *R*. utter it millions and millions of times, till you have uttered it right. Never speak quick, till you have first learned to speak well. In short, lay aside every book and every thought, that does not directly tend to this great object, absolutely decisive of your future fortune and figure.

The next thing necessary in your destination, is, writing correctly, elegantly, and in a good hand too; in which three particulars, I am sorry to tell you, that you hitherto fail. Your handwriting is a very bad one, and would make a scurvy figure in an office-book of letters, or even in a lady's pocket-book. But that fault is easily cured by care, since every man, who has the use of his eyes and of his right hand, *can write whatever hand he pleases.* As to the correctness and elegancy of your writing, attention to grammar does the one, and to the best authors the other. In your letter to me of the 27th June, N. S. you omitted the date of the place, so that I only conjectured from the contents that you were at Rome.

Thus I have, with the truth and freedom of the tenderest affection, told you all your defects, at least all that I know or have

have heard of Thank God they are all very curable, they muſt be cured, and I am ſure you will cure them. That once done, nothing remains for you to acquire, or for me to wiſh you, but the turn, the manners, the addreſs and the *graces* of the polite world; which experience, obſervation, and good company will inſenſibly give you. Few people at your age have read, ſeen, and known, ſo much as you have, and conſequently few are ſo near as yourſelf to what I call perfection, by which I only mean, being very near as well as the beſt. Far, therefore, from being diſcouraged by what you ſtill want, what you already have ſhould encourage you to attempt, and convince you that by attempting you will inevitably obtain it. The difficulties which you have ſurmounted were much greater than any you have now to encounter. Till very lately your way has been only through thorns and briars; the few that now remain are mixed with roſes. Pleaſure is now the principal remaining part of your education. It will ſoften and poliſh your manners; it will make you purſue and at laſt overtake the *graces*. Pleaſure is neceſſarily reciprocal; no one feels, who does not at the ſame time give it. To be pleaſed, one muſt pleaſe. What pleaſes you in others, will in general pleaſe them in you. Paris is indiſputably the ſeat of the *graces*; they will even court you, if you are not too coy. Frequent and obſerve the beſt companies there, and you will ſoon be naturalized among them; you will ſoon find how particularly attentive they are to the correctneſs and elegancy of their language, and to the graces of their enunciation; they would even call the underſtanding of a man in queſtion, who ſhould neglect, or not know the infinite advantages ariſing from them. *Narrer*, *réciter*, *déclamer*, *bien*; are ſerious ſtudies among them, and well deſerve to be ſo every where. The converſations even among the women frequently turn upon the elegancies, and minuteſt delicacies of the French language. An *enjouement*, a gallant turn prevails in all their companies, to women, with whom they neither are, nor pretend to be, in love; but ſhould you (as may very poſſibly happen) fall really in love there, with ſome women of faſhion and ſenſe, (for I do not ſuppoſe you capable of falling in love with a ſtrumpet) and that your rival, without half your parts or knowledge, ſhould get the better of you, merely by dint of manners, *enjouement*, *badinage*, &c. how would you regret not having ſufficiently attended to thoſe accompliſhments which you deſpiſed as ſuperficial and trifling, but which you would then find of real conſequence in the courſe of the world! And men, as well as women, are taken by thoſe external graces. Shut up your books then now as a buſineſs, and open them only as a pleaſure: but let the great book of the world be your ſerious ſtudy; read it over and over, get it by heart, adopt its ſtyle, and make it your own.

When I caſt up your account, as it now ſtands, I rejoice to ſee the balance ſo much in your favour; and that the items *per*

contra

contra are ſo few, and of ſuch a nature that they may be very eaſily cancelled. By way of debtor and creditor, it ſtands thus.

Creditor. By		Debtor. To	
	French.		Engliſh.
	German.		Enunciation.
	Italian.		Manners.
	Latin.		
	Greek.		
	Logic.		
	Ethics.		
	Hiſtory.		
Jus	Naturæ.		
	Gentium.		
	Publicum.		

This, my dear friend, is a very true account, and a very encouraging one for you. A man who owes ſo little, can clear it off in a very little time, and if he is a prudent man will; whereas a man, who by long negligence owes a great deal, deſpairs of ever being able to pay; and therefore never looks into his accounts at all.

When you go to Genoa, pray obſerve carefully all the *environs* of it, and view them with ſomebody, who can tell you all the ſituations and operations of the Auſtrian army, during that famous ſiege, if it deſerves to be called one; for in reality the town never was beſieged, nor had the Auſtrians any one thing neceſſary for a ſiege. If Marquis Centurioni, who was laſt winter in England, ſhould happen to be there, go to him with my compliments, and he will ſhew you all imaginable civilities.

I could have ſent you ſome letters to Florence, but that I knew Mr. Mann would be of more uſe to you than all of them. Pray make him my compliments. Cultivate your Italian, while you are at Florence; where it is ſpoken in its utmoſt purity, but ill pronounced.

Pray ſave me the ſeed of ſome of the beſt melons you eat, and put it up dry in paper. You need not ſend it me; but Mr. Harte will bring it in his pocket when he comes over. I ſhould likewiſe be glad of ſome cuttings of the beſt figs, eſpecially *la Fica gentile*, and the Maltheſe; but as this is not the ſeaſon for them, Mr. Mann will, I dare ſay, undertake that commiſſion, and ſend them me at the proper time by Leghorne. Adieu. Endeavour to pleaſe others, and divert yourſelf as much as ever you can, *en honnête et galant Homme*.

P. S. I ſend you the incloſed to deliver to Lord Rochford upon your arrival at Turin.

LETTER X.

London, Auguſt the 6th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE your letter from Sienna, which gave me a very imperfect account both of your illneſs and your recovery, I have not received one word either from you or Mr. Harte. I impute this to the careleſſneſs of the poſt ſingly; and the great diſtance between us at preſent, expoſes our letters to thoſe accidents. But when you come to Paris, from whence the letters arrive here very regularly, I ſhall inſiſt upon your writing to me conſtantly once a week; and that upon the ſame day, for inſtance, every Thurſday, that I may know by what mail to expect your letter. I ſhall alſo require you to be more minute in your account of yourſelf than you have hitherto been, or than I have required; becauſe of the informations which I received from time to time from Mr. Harte. At Paris you will be out of your time, and muſt ſet up for yourſelf: it is then that I ſhall be very ſolicitous to know how you carry on your buſineſs. While Mr. Harte was your partner, the care was his ſhare, and the profit yours. But at Paris, if you will have the latter, you muſt take the former along with it. It will be quite a new world to you; very different from the little world, that you have hitherto ſeen; and you will have much more to do in it. You muſt keep your little accounts conſtantly every morning, if you would not have them run into confuſion, and ſwell to a bulk that would frighten you from ever looking into them at all. You muſt allow ſome time for learning what you do not know, and ſome for keeping what you do know: and you muſt leave a great deal of time for your pleaſures; which (I repeat it again) are now become the moſt neceſſary part of your education. It is by converſations, dinners, ſuppers, entertainments, *&c.* in the beſt companies, that you muſt be formed for the world. *Les maniéres les agrémens, les graces*, cannot be learned by theory; they are only to be got by uſe among thoſe who have them; and they are now the main object of your life, as they are the neceſſary ſteps to your fortune. A man of the beſt parts, and the greateſt learning, if he does not know the world by his own experience and obſervation, will be very abſurd; and, conſequently, very unwelcome in company. He may ſay very good things; but they will probably be ſo ill timed, miſplaced, or improperly addreſſed, that he had much better hold his tongue. Full of his own matter, and uninformed of, or inattentive to, the particular circumſtances and ſituations of the company, he vents it indiſcriminately: he puts ſome people out of countenance; he ſhocks others; and frightens all, who dread what may come out next. The moſt general rule that I can give you for the world, and which your experience will convince you of the truth of, is never to give the tone to the company, but to take it from them;

them; and to labour more to put them in conceit with themſelves, than to make them admire you. Thoſe whom you can make like themſelves better, will, I promiſe you, like you very well.

A ſyſtem-monger, who, without knowing any thing of the world by experience, has formed a ſyſtem of it in his duſty cell, lays it down, for example, that (from the general nature of mankind) flattery is pleaſing. He will therefore flatter. But how? Why, indiſcriminately. And, inſtead of repairing and heightening the piece judiciouſly, with ſoft colours, and a delicate pencil; with a coarſe bruſh, and a great deal of white-waſh, he daubs and beſmears the piece he means to adorn. His flattery offends even his patron; and is almoſt too groſs for his miſtreſs. A man of the world knows the force of flattery as well as he does; but then he knows how, when, and where to give it; he proportions his doſe to the conſtitution of the patient. He flatters by application, by inference, by compariſon, by hint; and ſeldom directly. In the courſe of the world there is the ſame difference, in every thing, between ſyſtem and practice.

I long to have you at Paris, which is to be your great ſchool; you will be then in a manner within reach of me.

Tell me, are you perfectly recovered, or do you ſtill find any remaining complaint upon your lungs? Your diet ſhould be cooling, and at the ſame nouriſhing. Milks of all kinds are proper for you; wines of all kinds bad. A great deal of gentle, and no violent, exerciſe, is good for you. Adieu. *Gratia, Fama, et valetudo contingat abundè.*

LETTER XI.

London, October the 22d, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter will, I am perſuaded, find you, and I hope ſafely, arrived at Montpelier; from whence I truſt that Mr. Harte's indiſpoſition will, by being totally removed, allow you to get to Paris before Chriſtmas. You will there find two people, who, though both Engliſh, I recommend in the ſtrongeſt manner poſſible to your attention; and adviſe you to form the moſt intimate connections with them both, in their different ways. The one is a man, whom you already know ſomething of, but not near enough: it is the earl of Huntingdon; who, next to you, is the trueſt object of my affection and eſteem; and who (I am proud to ſay it) calls me, and conſiders me as his adopted father. His parts are as quick, as his knowledge is extenſive; and if quality were worth putting into account, where every other item is ſo much more valuable, his is the firſt almoſt in this country: the figure he will make in it, ſoon after he returns to it, will, if I am not more miſtaken than ever I was in my life, equal his birth and my hopes. Such a connection will be of infinite advantage to you; and, I can aſſure

aſſure you, that he is extremely diſpoſed to form it upon my account, and will, I hope and believe, deſire to improve and cement it upon your own.

In our parliamentary government, connections are abſolutely neceſſary; and, if prudently formed, and ably maintained, the ſucceſs of them is infallible. There are two ſorts of connections, which I would always adviſe you to have in view. The firſt I will call equal ones; by which I mean thoſe, where the two connecting parties reciprocally find their account, from pretty near an equal degree of parts and abilities. In thoſe there muſt be a freer communication; each muſt ſee that the other is able, and be convinced that he is willing to be of uſe to him. Honour muſt be the principle of ſuch connections; and there muſt be a mutual dependance, that preſent and ſeparate intereſt ſhall not be able to break them. There muſt be a joint ſyſtem of action; and in caſe of different opinions, each muſt recede a little, in order, at laſt, to form an unanimous one. Such, I hope, will be your connection with lord Huntingdon. You will both come into parliament at the ſame time; and, if you have an equal ſhare of abilities and application, you and he, with other young people, whom you will naturally aſſociate, may form a band which will be reſpected by any adminiſtration, and make a figure in the public. The other ſort of connections I call unequal ones; that is, where the parts are all on one ſide, and the rank and fortune on the other. Here, the advantage is all on one ſide; but that advantage muſt be ably and artfully concealed. Complaiſance, an engaging manner, and a patient toleration of certain airs of ſuperiority, muſt cement them. The weaker party muſt be taken by the heart, his head giving no hold; and he muſt be governed, by being made to believe that he governs. Theſe people, ſkilfully led, give great weight to their leader. I have formerly pointed out to you a couple that I take to be proper objects for your ſkill; and you will meet with twenty more, for they are very riſe.

The other perſon, whom I recommend to you, is a woman, not as a woman, for that is not immediately my buſineſs; beſides, I fear that ſhe is turned of fifty. It is lady Hervey, whom I directed you to call upon at Dijon; but who, to my great joy, becauſe to yonr great advantage, paſſes all this winter at Paris. She has been bred all her life at courts; of which ſhe has acquired all the eaſy good-breeding, and politeneſs, without the frivolouſneſs. She has all the reading that a woman ſhould have; and more than any woman need have; for ſhe underſtands Latin perfectly well, though ſhe wiſely conceals it. As ſhe will look upon you as her ſon, I deſire that you will look upon her as my delegate: truſt, conſult, and apply to her without reſerve. No woman ever had more than ſhe has, *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes, et le je ne ſçais quoi qui plait.* Deſire her to reprove

and

and correct any, and every, the leaſt error and inaccuracy in your manners, air, addreſs, *&c.* No woman in Europe can do it ſo well; none will do it more willingly, or in a more proper, and obliging manner. In ſuch a caſe ſhe will not put you out of countenance, by telling you of it in company; but either intimate it by ſome ſign, or wait for an opportunity when you are alone together. She is alſo in the beſt French company, where ſhe will not only introduce, but *puff* you, if I may uſe ſo low a word. And I can aſſure you, that it is no little help, in the *beau monde*, to be puffed there by a faſhionable woman. I ſend you the incloſed billet to carry her, only as a certificate of the identity of your perſon, which I take it for granted ſhe could not know again.

You would be ſo much ſurprized to receive a whole letter from me, without any mention of the exterior ornaments neceſſary for a gentleman, as manners, elocution, air, addreſs, graces, *&c.* that, to comply with your expectations, I will touch upon them; and tell you, that, when you come to England, I will ſhow you ſome people whom I do not now care to name, raiſed to the higheſt ſtations ſingly by thoſe exterior and adventitious ornaments; whoſe parts would never have entitled them to the ſmalleſt office in the exciſe. Are they then neceſſary, and worth acquiring, or not? You will ſee many inſtances of this kind at Paris, particularly a glaring one, of a perſon * raiſed to the higheſt poſts and dignities in France, as well as to be abſolute ſovereign of the *beau monde*, ſingly by the graces of his perſon and addreſs; by woman's chit chat, accompanied with important geſtures; by an impoſing air, and pleaſing *abord*. Nay, by theſe helps he even paſſes for a wit, though he hath certainly no uncommon ſhare of it. I will not name him, becauſe it would be very imprudent in you to do it. A young fellow, at his firſt entrance into the *beau monde*, muſt not offend the king *de facto* there. It is very often more neceſſary to conceal contempt than reſentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter ſometimes forgot.

There is a ſmall quarto book, entitled, *Hiſtoire Chronologique de la France*, lately publiſhed by le Preſident Hénault; a man of parts and learning, with whom you will probably get acquainted at Paris. I deſire that it may always lie upon your table, for your recourſe as often as you read hiſtory. The Chronology, though chiefly relative to the hiſtory of France, is not ſingly confined to it; but the moſt intereſting events of all the reſt of Europe are alſo inſerted, and many of them adorned by ſhort, pretty, and juſt reflections. The new edition of *les Memoires de Sully*, in three quarto volumes, is alſo extremely well worth your reading, as it will give you a clearer and truer notion of one of the moſt intereſting periods of the French hiſtory, than you can yet have formed, from all the other books you

* Mr. le Maréchal de Richelieu.

may have read upon the ſubject. That Prince, I mean Hen the Fourth, had all the accompliſhments and virtues of a hero, and of a King; and almoſt of a man. The laſt are the moſt rarely ſeen; may you poſſeſs them all! Adieu.

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Harte, and let him know that I have this moment received his letter of the 12th, N. S. from Antibes. It requires no immediate anſwer, I ſhall therefore delay mine till I have another from him. Give him the encloſed, which I have received from Mr. Eliot.

LETTER XII.

London, November the 1ſt, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE that this letter will not find you ſtill at Montpelier, but rather be ſent after you from thence to Paris, where, I am perſuaded that Mr. Harte could find as good advice for his leg as at Montpelier, if not better; but if he is of a different opinion, I am ſure you ought to ſtay there as long as he deſires.

While you are in France, I could wiſh that the hours you allot for hiſtorical amuſement, ſhould be entirely devoted to the hiſtory of France. One always reads hiſtory to moſt advantage, in that country to which it is relative; not only books, but perſons being ever at hand, to ſolve the doubts and clear up difficulties. I do by no means adviſe you to throw away your time in ranſacking, like a dull antiquarian, the minute and unimportant parts of remote and fabulous times. Let blockheads read what blockheads wrote. And a general notion of the hiſtory of France, from the conqueſt of that country by the Franks, to the reign of Lewis the XIth, is ſufficient for uſe, conſequently ſufficient for you. There are, however, in thoſe remote times, ſome remarkable æras, that deſerve more particular attention; I mean thoſe in which ſome notable alterations happened in the conſtitution and form of government. As for example, the ſettlement of Clovis in Gaul, and the form of government which he then eſtabliſhed; for, by the way, that form of government differed in this particular from all the other Gothic governments, that the people neither collectively, nor by repreſentatives, had any ſhare in it. It was a mixture of monarchy and ariſtocracy; and what were called the ſtates general of France, conſiſted only of the Nobility and Clergy, till the time of Philip le Bel, in the very beginning of the fourteenth century; who firſt called the people to thoſe aſſemblies, by no means for the good of the people, who were only amuſed by this pretended honour; but, in truth, to check the Nobility and Clergy, and induce them to grant the money he wanted for his profuſion: this was a ſcheme of Enguerrand de Marigny his miniſter, who governed both him and his kingdom to ſuch a degree, as to be called the co-adjutor and governor of the kingdom. Charles Martel laid aſide theſe aſſemblies, and governed by open force. Pepin reſtored them, and attached them to him, and with them the nation; by which means he depoſed Childerric and mounted the throne. This is a ſecond period

worth

worth your attention. The third race of Kings, which begins with Hugues Cape, is a third period. A judicious reader of hiſtory will ſave himſelf a great deal of time and trouble, by attending with care only to thoſe intereſting periods of hiſtory, which furniſh remarkable events and make æras; and going ſlightly over the common run of events. Some people read hiſtory, as others read the Pilgrim's Progreſs; giving equal attention to, and indiſcriminately loading their memories with every part alike. But I would have you read it in a different manner: take the ſhorteſt general hiſtory you can find of every country; and mark down in that hiſtory the moſt important periods, ſuch as conqueſts, changes of Kings, and alterations of the form of government; and then have recourſe to more extenſive hiſtories, or particular treatiſes, relative to thoſe great points. Conſider them well, trace up their cauſes, and follow their conſequences. For inſtance, there is a moſt excellent, though very ſhort hiſtory of France, by le Gendre. Read that with attention, and you will know enough of the general hiſtory; but when you find there ſuch remarkable periods as are above mentioned, conſult Mezeray, and other the beſt and minuteſt hiſtorians, as well as political treatiſes upon thoſe ſubjects. In later times, Memoirs, from thoſe of Philip de Comines, down to the innumerable ones in the reign of Lewis the XIVth, have been of great uſe, and thrown great light upon particular parts of hiſtory.

Converſation in France, if you have addreſs and dexterity to turn it upon uſeful ſubjects, will exceedingly improve your hiſtorical knowledge; for people there, however claſſically ignorant they may be, think it a ſhame to be ignorant of the hiſtory of their own country. they read that, if they read nothing elſe, and having often read nothing elſe, are proud of having read that, and talk of it willingly; even the women are well inſtructed in that ſort of reading. I am far from meaning by this, that you ſhould always be talking wiſely, in company, of books, hiſtory, and matters of knowledge. There are many companies which you will, and ought to keep, where ſuch converſations would be miſplaced and ill-timed; your own good ſenſe muſt diſtinguiſh the company, and the time. You muſt trifle with triflers; and be ſerious only with the ſerious, but dance to thoſe who pipe. *Cur in theatrum Cato ſeverè veniſti?* was juſtly ſaid to an old man: how much more ſo would it be to one of your age? From the moment that you are dreſt, and go out, pocket all your knowledge with your watch, and never pull it out in company unleſs deſired: the producing of the one unaſked, implies that you are weary of the company; and the producing of the other unrequired, will make the company weary of you. Company is a republic too jealous of its libertes, to ſuffer a dictator, even for a quarrer of an hour; and yet in that, as in all republics, there are ſome few who really govern; but then, it is by ſeeming to diſclaim, inſtead of attempting to uſurp the power: that is the occaſion in which manners, dexterity, addreſs, and the undefineable *je ne ſçais quoi* triumph; if properly exerted, their conquest

is ſure, and the more laſting for not being perceived. Remember, that this is not only your firſt and greateſt, but ought to be almoſt your only object, while you are in France.

I know that many of your countrymen are apt to call the freedom and vivacity of the French, petulancy and ill-breeding; but ſhould you think ſo, I deſire upon many accounts that you will not ſay ſo: I admit that it may be ſo, in ſome inſtances of *petits maitres étourdis*, and in ſome young people unbroken to the world; but I can aſſure you, that you will find it much otherwiſe with people of a certain rank and age, upon whoſe model you will do very well to form yourſelf. We call their ſteady aſſurance impudence; Why? Only, becauſe what we call modeſty is awkward baſhfulneſs, and *mauvaiſe honte*. For my part, I ſee no impudence, but, on the contrary, infinite utility and advantage, in preſenting one's ſelf with the ſame coolneſs and unconcern, in any, and every company; till one can do that, I am very ſure that one can never preſent one's ſelf well. Whatever is done under concern or embarraſſment, muſt be ill done; and, till a man is abſolutely eaſy and unconcerned in every company, he will never be thought to have kept good, nor be very welcome in it. A ſteady aſſurance, with ſeeming modeſty, is poſſibly the moſt uſeful qualification that a man can have in every part of life. A man would certainly make a very inconſiderable fortune and figure in the world, whoſe modeſty and timidity ſhould often, as baſhfulneſs always does, put him in the deplorable and lamentable ſituation of the pious Æneas, when, *obſtupuit ſteteruntque comæ; et vox faucibus hæſit*. Fortune (as well as women)

——— Born to be controul'd,
Stoops to the forward and the bold.

Aſſurance and intrepidity, under the white banner of ſeeming modeſty, clear the way for merit, that would otherwiſe be diſcouraged by difficulties in its journey; whereas barefaced impudence is the noiſy and bluſtering harbinger of a worthleſs and ſenſeleſs uſurper.

You will think that I ſhall never have done recommending to you theſe exterior worldly accompliſhments, and you will think right, for I never ſhall, they are of too great conſequence to you, for me to be indifferent or negligent about them: the ſhining part of your future figure and fortune, depends now wholly upon them. Theſe are the acquiſitions which muſt give efficacy and ſucceſs to thoſe you have already made. To have it ſaid and believed, that you are the moſt learned man in England, would be no more than was ſaid and believed of Dr. Bentley: but to have it ſaid, at the ſame time, that you are alſo the beſt bred, moſt polite, and agreeable man in the kingdom, would be ſuch a happy compoſition of a character, as I never yet knew any one man deſerve; and which I will endeavour, as well as ardently wiſh, that you may. Abſolute perfection is, I well know, unattainable; but I know too, that a man of parts may be unwearicdly

weariedly aiming at, and arrive pretty near it. Try, labour, perſevere. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

London, November the 8th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BEFORE you get to Paris, where you will ſoon be left to your own diſcretion, if you have any, it is neceſſary that we ſhould underſtand one another thoroughly; which is the moſt probable way of preventing diſputes. Money, the cauſe of much miſchief in the world, is the cauſe of moſt quarrels between fathers and ſons; the former commonly thinking, that they cannot give too little, and the latter, that they cannot have enough; both equally in the wrong. You muſt do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that I have hitherto neither ſtinted, nor grudged any expence that could be of uſe, or real pleaſure to you; and I can aſſure you, by the way, that you have travelled at a much more conſiderable expence than I did myſelf: but I never ſo much as thought of that, while Mr. Harte was at the head of your finances, being very ſure, that the ſums granted were ſcrupulouſly applied to the uſes for which they were intended. But the caſe will ſoon be altered, and you will be your own receiver and treaſurer. However I promiſe you, that we will not quarrel ſingly upon the *quantum*, which ſhall be chearfully and freely granted; the application and appropriation of it will be the material point, which I am now going to clear up, and finally ſettle with you. I will fix or even name, no ſettled allowance, though I well know in my own mind, what would be the proper one; but I will firſt try your draughts, by which I can in a good degree judge of your conduct. This only I tell you in general, that, if the channels through which my money is to go are the proper ones, the ſource ſhall not be ſcanty; but ſhould it deviate into dirty, muddy, and obſcure ones, (which by the bye it cannot do for a week, without my knowing it) I give you fair and timely notice, that the ſource will inſtantly be dry. Mr. Harte, in eſtabliſhing you at Paris, will point out to you thoſe proper channels: he will leave you there upon the foot of a man of faſhion, and I will continue you upon the ſame; you will have your coach, your valet de chambre, your own footman, and a valet de place; which by the way is one ſervant more than I had. I would have you very well dreſt, by which I mean, dreſt as the generality of people of faſhion are; that is not to be taken notice of, for being either more or leſs fine than other people: it is by being well dreſt, not finely dreſt, that a gentleman ſhould be diſtinguiſhed. You muſt frequent *les ſpectacles*, which expence I ſhall willingly ſupply. You muſt play, *à des petits jeux de commerce*, in mixed companies; that article is trifling; I ſhall pay it chearfully. All the other articles of pocket-money are very inconſiderable at Paris, in compariſon of what they are here; the ſilly cuſtom of giving money wherever one dines or ſups, and the expenſive importunity of ſubſcriptions,

ſcriptions, not being yet introduced there. Having thus reckoned up all the decent expences of a gentleman, which I will moſt readily defray; I come now to thoſe which I will neither bear nor ſupply. The firſt of theſe is gaming, which though I have not the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect you of, I think it neceſſary eventually to aſſure you, that no conſideration in the world ſhall ever make me pay your play-debts: ſhould you ever urge to me that your honour is pawned, I ſhould moſt immoveably anſwer you, that it was your honour, not mine, that was pawned; and that your creditor might e'en take the pawn for the debt.

Low company, and low pleaſures, are always much more coſtly than liberal and elegant ones. The diſgraceful riots of a tavern, are much more expenſive, as well as diſhonourable, than the (ſometimes pardonable) exceſſes in good company. I muſt abſolutely hear of no tavern ſcrapes and ſquabbles.

I come now to another and very material point; I mean women; and I will not addreſs myſelf to you upon this ſubject, either in a religious, a moral, or a parental ſtyle. I will even lay aſide my age, remember yours, and ſpeak to you, as one man of pleaſure, if he had parts too, would ſpeak to another. I will, by no means, pay for whores, and their never-failing conſequences, ſurgeons; nor will I, upon any account, keep ſingers, dancers, actreſſes, and *id genus omne*; and, independently of the expence, I muſt tell you, that ſuch connections would give me, and all ſenſible people, the utmoſt contempt for your parts and addreſs: a young fellow muſt have as little ſenſe as addreſs, to venture, or more properly to ſacrifice, his health, and ruin his fortune, with ſuch ſort of creatures; in ſuch a place as Paris eſpecially, where gallantry is both the profeſſion and the practice of every woman of faſhion. To ſpeak plainly; I will not forgive your underſtanding c—s and p—s; nor will your conſtitution forgive them you. Thoſe diſtempers, as well as their cures, fall nine times in ten upon the lungs. This argument, I am ſure, ought to have weight with you; for I proteſt to you, that if you meet with any ſuch accident, I would not give one year's purchaſe for your life. Laſtly, there is another ſort of expence that I will not allow, only becauſe it is a ſilly one; I mean the fooling away your money in baubles at toy-ſhops. Have one handſome ſnuff-box (if you take ſnuff), and one handſome ſword; but then no more very pretty and very uſeleſs things.

By what goes before, you will eaſily perceive, that I mean to allow you whatever is neceſſary, not only for the figure, but for the pleaſures of a gentleman, and not to ſupply the profuſion of a Rake. This you muſt confeſs, does not ſavour of either the ſeverity or parſimony of old-age. I conſider this agreement between us, as a ſubſidiary treaty on my part, for ſervices to be performed on yours. I promiſe you, that I will be as punctual in the payment of the ſubſidies, as England has been during the laſt war; but then I give you notice, at the ſame time, that I require

quire a much more ſcrupulous execution of the treaty on your part, than we met with on that of our allies; or elſe that payment will be ſtopped. I hope that all that I have now ſaid, was abſolutely unneceſſary, and that ſentiments more worthy and more noble than pecuniary ones, would of themſelves have pointed out to you the conduct I recommend; but in all events, I reſolved to be once for all explicit with you, that in the worſt that can happen, you may not plead ignorance, and complain that I had not ſufficiently explained to you my intentions.

Having mentioned the word Rake, I muſt ſay a word or two more upon that ſubject, becauſe young people too frequently, and always fatally, are apt to miſtake that character for that of a man of pleaſure; whereas, there are not in the world two characters more different. A rake is a compoſition of all the loweſt, moſt ignoble, degrading, and ſhameful vices; they all conſpire to diſgrace his character, and to ruin his fortune; while wine and the p—x contend which ſhall ſooneſt, and moſt effectually deſtroy his conſtitution. A diſſolute, flagitious footman, or porter, makes full as good a rake as a man of the firſt quality. By the bye, let me tell you, that in the wildeſt part of my youth, I never was a rake, but, on the contrary, always deteſted and deſpiſed the character.

A man of pleaſure, though not always ſo ſcrupulous as he ſhould be, and as one day he will wiſh he had been, refines at leaſt his pleaſures by taſte, accompanies them with decency, and enjoys them with dignity. Few men can be men of pleaſure, every man may be a rake. Remember that I ſhall know every thing you ſay or do at Paris, as exactly as if, by the force of magic, I could follow you every where, like a Sylph or a Gnôme, inviſible myſelf. Seneca ſays, very prettily, that one ſhould aſk nothing of God, but what one ſhould be willing that men ſhould know; nor of men, but what one ſhould be willing that God ſhould know: I adviſe you to ſay or do nothing at Paris, but what you would be willing that I ſhould know. I hope, nay I believe, that will be the caſe. Senſe, I dare ſay, you do not want; inſtruction, I am ſure, you have never wanted; experience, you are daily gaining; all which together muſt inevitably (I ſhould think) make you both *reſpectable et aimable*, the perfection of a human character. In that caſe, nothing ſhall be wanting on my part, and you ſhall ſolidly experience all the extent and tenderneſs of my affection for you; but dread the reverſe of both! Adieu.

P. S. When you get to Paris, after you have been to wait on Lord Albemarle, go to ſee Mr. Yorke, whom I have particular reaſons for deſiring that you ſhould be well with, as I ſhall hereafter explain to you. Let him know that my orders, and your own inclinations, conſpired to make you deſire his friend hip and protection.

LETTER XIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE ſent you ſo many preparatory letters from Paris, that this, which will meet you there, ſhall only be a ſummary of them all.

You have hitherto had more liberty than any body of your age ever had; and I muſt do you the juſtice to own, that you have made a better uſe of it than moſt people of your age would have done; but then, though you have not a gaoler, you had a friend with you. At Paris, you will not only be unconfined, but unaſſiſted. Your own good ſenſe muſt be your only guide; I have great confidence in it, and am convinced that I ſhall receive juſt ſuch accounts of your conduct at Paris as I could wiſh; for I tell you beforehand, that I ſhall be moſt minutely informed of all that you do, and almoſt of all that you ſay there. Enjoy the pleaſures of youth, you cannot do better; but refine and dignify them like a man of parts: let them raiſe and not ſink, let them adorn and not vilify, your character; let them, in ſhort, be the pleaſures of a gentleman, and taken with your equals at leaſt, but rather with your ſuperiors, and thoſe chiefly French.

Inquire into the characters of the ſeveral academicians, before you form a connection with any of them and be moſt upon your guard againſt thoſe who make the moſt court to you.

You cannot ſtudy much in the academy; but you may ſtudy uſefully there, if you are an œconomiſt of your time, and beſtow only upon good books thoſe quarters and halves of hours, which occur to every body in the courſe of almoſt every day; and which, at the year's end, amount to a very conſiderable ſum of time. Let Greek, without fail, ſhare ſome part of every day: I do not mean the Greek poets, the catches of Anacreon, or the tender complaints of Theocritus; or even the porter-like language of Homer's heroes, of whom all ſmatterers in Greek know a little, quote often, and talk of always: but I mean Plato, Ariſtoteles, Demoſthenes, and Thucydides, whom none but adepts know. It is Greek that muſt diſtinguiſh you in the learned world, Latin alone will not. And Greek muſt be ſought to be retained, for it never occurs like Latin. When you read hiſtory, or other books of amuſement, let every language you are maſter of have its turn; ſo that you may not only retain, but improve in every one. I alſo deſire that you will converſe in German and Italian, with all the Germans and Italians, with whom you converſe at all. This will be a very agreeable and flattering thing to them, and a very uſeful one to you.

Pray apply yourſelf diligently to your exerciſes; for though the doing them well is not ſupremely meritorious, the doing them ill, is illiberal, vulgar, and ridiculous.

I recommend theatrical repreſentations to you; which are excellent at Paris. The tragedies of Corneille and Racine, and the comedies of Moliere, well attended to, are admirable leſſons, both

both for the heart and the head. There is not, nor ever was any theatre comparable to the French. If the muſic of the French operas does not pleaſe your Italian ear, the words of them, at leaſt, are ſenſe and poetry, which is much more than I can ſay of any Italian opera that I ever read or heard in my life.

I ſend you the encloſed letter of recommendation to Marquis Matignon, which I would have you deliver to him as ſoon as you can: you will, I am ſure, feel the good effects of his warm friendſhip for me, and Lord Bolingbroke; who has alſo wrote to him upon your ſubject. By that, and by the other letters which I have ſent you, you will be at once ſo thoroughly introduced into the beſt French company, that you muſt take ſome pains if you will keep bad; but that is what I do not ſuſpect you of. You have, I am ſure, too much right ambition, to prefer low and diſgraceful company, to that of your ſuperiors, both in rank and age. Your character, and, conſequently, your fortune, abſolutely depends upon the company you keep, and the turn you take at Paris. I do not, in the leaſt, mean a grave turn; on the contrary, a gay, a ſprightly, but, at the ſame time, an elegant and liberal one.

Keep careſully out of all ſcrapes and quarrels. They lower a character extremely; and are particularly dangerous in France; where a man is diſhonoured by not reſenting an affront, and utterly ruined by reſenting it. The young Frenchmen are haſty, giddy, and petulant; extremely national, and *avantageux*. Forbear from any national jokes or reflections, which are always improper, and commonly unjuſt. The colder northern nations generally look upon France, as a whiſtling, ſinging, dancing, frivolous nation: this notion is very far from being a true one, though many *petits maitres* by their behaviour ſeem to juſtify it; but thoſe very *petits maitres*, when mellowed by age and experience, very often turn out very able men. The number of great generals and ſtateſmen, as well as excellent authors that France has produced, is an undeniable proof, that it is not that frivolous, unthinking, empty nation that northern prejudices ſuppoſe it. Seem to like and approve of every thing at firſt, and I promiſe you, that you will like and approve of many things afterwards.

I expect that you will write to me conſtantly, once every week, which I deſire may be every Thurſday: and that your letters may inform me of your perſonal tranſactions; not of what you ſee, but of whom you ſee, and what you do.

Be your own monitor, now that you will have no other. As to enunciation, I muſt repeat it to you again and again, that there is no one thing ſo neceſſary; all other talents, without that, are abſolutely uſeleſs, except in your own cloſet.

It ſounds ridiculouſly to bid you ſtudy with your dancing maſter; and yet I do. The bodily carriage and graces are of infinite conſequence to every body, and more particularly to you.

Adieu for this time, my dear child. Your's tenderly.

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LETTER XV.

London, Nov. the 12th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will possibly think, that this letter turns upon strange, little, trifling objects; and you will think right, if yo consider them separately: but if you take them aggregately, you will be convinced, that as parts which conspire to form that whole, called the exterior of a man of fashion, they are of importance. I shall not dwell now upon those personal graces, that liberal air, and that engaging address, which I have so often recommended to you; but descend still lower, to your dress, cleanliness, and care of your person.

When you come to Paris, you mast take care to be extremely well dress; that is, as the fashionable people are; this does by no means consist in the finery, but in the taste, fitness, and manner of wearing your cloaths: a fine suit ill made, and slatternly, or stifly worn, far from adorning, only exposes the awkwardness of the wearer. Get the best French taylor to make your cloaths, whatever they are, in the fashion, and to fit you: and then wear them, button them, or unbutton them, as the genteelest people you see do. Let your man learn of the best *friseur* to do your hair well, for that is a very material part of your dress. Take care to have your stockings well gartered up, and your shoes well buckled; for nothing gives a more slovenly air to a man than ill-dressed legs. In your person you must be accurately clean; and your teeth, hands, and nails, should be superlatively so: a dirty mouth has real ill consequences to the owner, for it infalliably causes the decay, as well as the intolerable pain of the teeth; and it is very offensive to his acquaintance, for it will most inevitably stink. I insist, therefore, that you wash your teeth the first thing you do every morning, with a soft spunge and warm water, for four or five minutes; and then wash your mouth five or six times. *Mouton*, whom I desire you will send for upon your arrival at Paris, will give you an opiate, and a liquor to be used sometimes. Nothing looks more ordinary, vulgar, and illiberal, than dirty hands, and ugly, uneven, and ragged nails: I do not suspect you of that shocking, awkward trick, of biting yours; but that is not enough; you must keep the ends of them smooth and clean, not tipped with black, as the ordinary people's always are. The ends of your nails should be small segments of circles, which, by a very little care in the cutting, they are very easily brought to; every time that you wipe your hands, rub the skin round your nails, backwards, that it may not grow up, and shorten your nails too much. The cleanliness of the rest of your person, which by the way will conduce greatly to your health, I refer from time to time to the bagnio. My mentioning these particulars arises (I freely own) from some suspicion that the hints are not unnecessary; for when you were a school-boy, you were slovenly and dirty a-

bove your fellows. I muſt add another caution, which is, that upon no account whatever, you put your fingers, as too many people are apt to do, in your noſe or ears. It is the moſt ſhocking, naſty, vulgar rudeneſs, that can be offered to company; it diſguſts one, it turns one's ſtomach; and, for my own part, I would much rather know that a man's fingers were actually in his breech, than ſee them in his noſe. Waſh your ears well every morning, and blow your noſe in your handkerchief whenever you have occaſion; but by the way, without looking at it afterwards. There ſhould be in the leaſt, as well as in the greateſt parts of a gentleman *les manieres nobles*. Senſe will teach you ſome, obſervation others: attend carefully to the manners, the diction, the motions, of people of the firſt faſhion, and form your own upon them. On the other hand, obſerve a little thoſe of the vulgar, in order to avoid them: for though the things which they ſay or do may be the ſame, the manner is always totally different; and in that, and nothing elſe, conſiſts the characteriſtic of a man of faſhion. The loweſt peaſant ſpeaks, moves, dreſſes, eats, and drinks, as much as a man of the firſt faſhion; but does them all quite differently; ſo that by doing and ſaying moſt things in a manner oppoſite to that of the vulgar, you have a great chance of doing and ſaying them right. There are gradations in awkwardneſs and vulgariſm, as there are in every thing elſe. *Les manieres de Robe*, though not quite right, are ſtill better than *les manieres Bourgeoiſes*; and theſe, though bad, are ſtill better than *les manieres Campagne*. But the language, the air, the dreſs, and the manners of the court, are the only true ſtandard; *des manieres nobles, et d'un honnete homme*. *Ex pede Herculem* is an old and true ſaying, and very applicable to our preſent ſubject; for a man of parts, who has been bred at courts, and uſed to keep the beſt company, will diſtinguiſh himſelf, and is to be known from the vulgar, by every word, attitude, geſture, and even look. I cannot leave theſe ſeeming *minuties*, without repeating to you the neceſſity of your carving well; which is an article, little as it is, that is uſeful twice every day of one's life; and the doing it ill is very troubleſome to one's ſelf, and very diſagreeable, often ridiculous, to others

Having ſaid all this, I cannot help reflecting, what a formal dull fellow, or a cloiſtered pedant, would ſay, if they were to ſee this letter: they would look upon it with the utmoſt contempt, and ſay, that ſurely a father might find much better topics for advice to a ſon. I would admit it, if I had given you, or that you were capable of receiving no better; but if ſufficient pains have been taken to form your heart and improve your mind, and, as I hope, not without ſucceſs, I will tell thoſe ſolid Gentlemen, that all theſe trifling things, as they think them, collectively form that pleaſing *je ne ſçais quoi*, that *enſemble*, which they are utter ſtrangers to both in themſelves and others. The word *aimable* is not known in their language,

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or the thing in their manners. Great uſage of the world, great attention, and a great deſire of pleaſing, can alone give it; and it is no trifle. It is from old people's looking upon theſe things as trifles, or not thinking of them at all, that ſo many young people are ſo awkward, and ſo ill bred. Their parents, often careleſs and unmindful of them, give them only the common run of education, as ſchool, univerſity, and then travelling; without examining, and very often without being able to judge, if they did examine, what progreſs they make in any one of theſe ſtages. Then, they careleſsly comfort themſelves, and ſay, that their ſons will do like other people's ſons; and ſo they do, that is commonly very ill. They correct none of the childiſh, naſty tricks, which they get at ſchool; nor the illiberal manners which they contract at the univerſity; nor the frivolous and ſuperficial pertneſs, which is commonly all that they acquire by their travels. As they do not tell them of theſe things, nobody elſe can; ſo they go on in the practice of them, without ever hearing, or knowing, that they are unbecoming, indecent, and ſhocking. For, as I have often formerly obſerved to you, nobody but a father, can take the liberty to reprove a young fellow grown up, for thoſe kind of inaccuracies and improprieties of behaviour. The moſt intimate friendſhip, unaſſiſted by the paternal ſuperiority, will not authorize it. I may truly ſay, therefore, that you are happy in having me for a ſincere, friendly and quick-ſighted monitor. Nothing will eſcape me; I ſhall pry for your defects, in order to correct them, as curiouſly as I ſhall ſeek for your perfections, in order to applaud and reward them; with this difference only, that I ſhall publicly mention the latter, and never hint at the former, but in a letter to, or a *tete à tete* with you. I will never put you out of countenance before company; and I hope you will never give me reaſon to be out of countenance for you, as any one of the abovementioned defects would make me. *Prætor non curat de minimis*, was a maxim in the Roman law; for cauſes only of a certain value were tried by him; but there were inferior juriſdictions, that took cognizance of the ſmalleſt. Now I ſhall try you, not only as Prætor in the greateſt, but as Cenſor in leſſer, and as the loweſt magiſtrate in the leaſt caſes.

I have this moment received Mr. Harte's letter of the 1ſt November, new ſtyle; by which I am very glad to find that he thinks of moving towards Paris, the end of this month, which looks as if his leg were better; beſides, in my opinion, you both of you only loſe time at Montpelier; he would find better advice, and you better company, at Paris. In the mean time, I hope you go into the beſt company there is at Montpelier, and there always is ſome at the Intendant's or the Commandant's. You will have had full time to have learned, *les petites chanſons Languedociennes*, which are exceeding pretty ones, both words and tunes. I remember, when I was in thoſe parts,

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I was ſurpriſed at the difference which I found between the people on one ſide, and thoſe on the other ſide of the Rhône. The *Provenceaux* were, in general, ſurly, ill-bred, ugly, and ſwarthy: the Languedociens the very reverſe; a chearful, well-bred, handſome people. Adieu! Yours moſt affectionately.

P. S. Upon reflection, I direct this letter to Paris; I think you muſt have left Montpelier before it could arrive there.

LETTER XVI.

London, Nov. the 19th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS very glad to find, by your letter of the 12th, N. S. that you had informed yourſelf ſo well of the ſtate of the French marine at Toulon, and of the commerce at Marſeilles: they are objects that deſerve the inquiry and attention of every man, who intends to be concerned in public affairs. The French are now wiſely attentive to both; their commerce is incredibly increaſed, within theſe laſt thirty years: they have beaten us out of a great part of our Levant trade: their Eaſt India trade has greatly affected ours; and, in the Weſt Indies, their Martinico eſtabliſhment ſupplies, not only France itſelf, but the greateſt part of Europe, with ſugars: whereas our iſlands, as Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the Leeward, have now no other market for theirs but England. New France, or Canada, has alſo greatly leſſened our fur and ſkin trade. It is true (as you ſay) that we have no treaty of commerce ſubſiſting (I do not ſay *with Marſeilles)* but with France. There was a treaty of commerce made, between England and France, immediately after the treaty of Utrecht; but the whole treaty was conditional, and to depend upon the parliament's enacting certain things, which were ſtipulated in two of the articles: the parliament, after a very famous debate, would not do it; ſo the treaty fell to the ground: however, the out-lines of that treaty are, by mutual and tacit conſent, the general rules of our preſent commerce with France. It is true too, that our commodities, which go to France, muſt go in our bottoms; the French having imitated, in many reſpects, our famous Act of Navigation, as it is commonly called. This act was made in the year 1652, in the parliament held by Oliver Cromwell. It forbids all foreign ſhips to bring into England any merchandize or commodities whatſoever, that were not of the growth and produce of that country to which thoſe ſhips belonged, under penalty of the forfeiture of ſuch ſhips. This act was particularly levelled at the Dutch; who were, at that time, the carriers of almoſt all Europe, and got immenſely by freight. Upon this principle, of advantages ariſing from freight, there is a proviſion in the ſame act, that even the growth and produce of our own colonies in America ſhall not be carried from thence to any other country in Europe, without firſt touching

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in England; but this clauſe has lately been repealed, in the inſtances of ſome periſhable commodities, ſuch as rice, &c. which are allowed to be carried directly from our American colonies to other countries. The act alſo provides, that two thirds, I think, of thoſe who navigate the ſaid ſhips, ſhall be Britiſh ſubjects. There is an excellent, and little book, written by the famous Monſieur Huet Eveque d'Avranches, *ſur le commerce des anciens*, which is very well worth your reading, and very ſoon read. It will give you a clear notion of the riſe and progreſs of commerce. There are many other books, which take up the hiſtory of commerce where Monſieur d'Avranches leaves it, and bring it down to theſe times; I adviſe you to read ſome of them with care; commerce being a very eſſential part of political knowledge in every country; but more particularly in this, which owes all its riches and power to it.

I come now to another part of your letter; which is the orthography, if I may call bad ſpelling *orthography*. You ſpell induce, *enduce*; and, grandeur, you ſpell grand*ure*; two faults, which few of my houſe-maids would have been guilty of. I muſt tell you, that orthography, in the true ſenſe of the word, is ſo abſolutely neceſſary for a man of letters, or a gentleman, that one falſe ſpelling may fix a ridicule upon him for the reſt of his life; and I know a man of quality, who never recovered the ridicule of having ſpelled *wholeſome* without the *w*.

Reading with care, will ſecure every body from falſe ſpelling; for books are always well ſpelled, according to the orthography of the times. Some words are indeed doubtful, being ſpelled differently, by different authors of equal authority; but thoſe are few; and in thoſe caſes every man has his option, becauſe he may plead his authority either way: but, where there is but one right way, as in the two words above-mentioned, it is unpardonable, and ridiculous, for a gentleman to miſs it; even a woman of a tolerable education, would deſpiſe, and laugh at a lover, who ſhould ſend her an ill-ſpelled *billet-doux*. I fear, and ſuſpect, that you have taken it into your head, in moſt caſes, that the Matter is all, and the Manner little or nothing. If you have, undeceive yourſelf, and be convinced, that, in every thing, the Manner is full as important as the Matter. If you ſpeak the ſenſe of an angel, in bad words, and with diſagreeable utterance, nobody will hear you twice, who can help it. If you write epiſtles as well as Cicero; but in a very bad hand, and very ill ſpelled, whoever receives, will laugh at them; and if you had the figure of Adonis, with an awkward air and motions, it will diſguſt inſtead of pleaſing. Study Manner therefore in every thing, if you would be any thing. My principal inquiries of my friends, at Paris, concerning you, will be relative to your Manner of doing, whatever you do. I ſhall not inquire, whether you underſtand Demoſthenes, Tacitus, or the *jus publicum imperii*; but I ſhall inquire, whether your

your utterance is pleaſing, your ſtyle, not only pure, but elegant, your manners noble and eaſy, your air and addreſs engaging; in ſhort, whether you are a gentleman, a man of faſhion, and fit to keep good company, or not; for, till I am ſatisfied in theſe particulars, you and I muſt by no means meet; I could not poſſibly ſtand it. It is in your power to become all this at Paris, if you pleaſe. Conſult with Lady Hervey, and Madame Monconſeil upon all theſe matters; and they will ſpeak to you, and adviſe you freely. Tell them, that *biſogna compatire ancora*, that you are utterly new in the world, that you are deſirous to form yourſelf, that you beg they will reprove, adviſe, and correct you, that you know that none can do it ſo well; and that you will implicitly follow their directions. This, together with your careful obſervation of the manners of the beſt company, will really form you.

Abbé Guaſco, a friend of mine, will come to you, as ſoon as he knows of your arrival at Paris; he is well received in the beſt companies there, and will introduce you to them. He will be deſirous to do you any ſervice he can; he is active and curious, and can give you information upon moſt things. He is a ſort of *complaiſant* of the Preſident Monteſquieu, to whom you have a letter.

I imagine, that this letter will not wait for you very long at Paris, where I reckon you will be in about a fortnight. Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

A Londres, le 24 Decembre, V. S. 1750.

MON CHER AMI,

VOUS voila à la fin Pariſien, et il faut s'adreſſer à un Pariſien en François. Vous voudrez bien auſſi me répondre de même, puiſque je ſerai bien aiſe de voir à quel point vous poſſedez l'elégance, la délicateſſe, et l'ortographe de cette langue qui eſt devenue pour ainſi dire la langue univerſelle de l'Europe. On m'aſſure que vous la parlez fort bien, mais il y a bien et bien. Et tel paſſera pour la bien parler hors de Paris, qui paſſeroit lui même pour Gaulois à Paris. Dans ce Païs de modes, le langage même a la ſienne, et qui change preſqu' auſſi ſouvent que celle des habits.

Affecté, *le précieux*, *le néologique*, y ſont trop à la mode d'aujour'd'hui. Connoiſſez les, remarquez les, et parles les même, à la bonne heure, mais ne vous en laiſſez pas infecter: l'eſprit auſſi a ſa mode, et actuellement à Paris, c'eſt la mode d'en avoir, en dépit même de Minerve; tout le monde court après l'eſprit, qui par paranthéſe ne ſe laiſſe jamais attraper; s'il ne ſe préſente pas on a beau courir. Mais malheureuſement pour ceux qui courent après ils attrapent quelque choſe qu'ils prennent pour de l'eſprit, et qu'ils donnent pour tel. C'eſt tout au plus la bonne fortune d'Ixion, c'eſt une vapeur

peur qu'ils embraſſent, au lieu de la déeſſe qu'ils pourſuivent. De cette erreur réſultent ces beaux ſentimens qu'on n'a jamais ſenti, ces penſées fauſſes que la nature n'a jamais produite, et ces expreſſions entortillées et obſcures, que non ſeulement on n'entend point, mais qu'on ne peut pas même déchiffrer ni deviner. C'eſt de tous ces ingrédiens que ſont compoſéz les deux tiers des nouveaux livres François qui paroiſſent. C'eſt la nouvelle cuiſine du Parnaſſe, ou l'alembic travaille au lieu du pot et de la broche, et où les quinteſſences et les extraits dominent. N. B. Le ſel Attique en eſt banni.

Il vous faudra bien de tems en tems manger de cette nouvelle cuiſine. Mais ne vous y laiſſez pas corrompre le gout. Et quand vous voudrez donner à manger à votre tour, étudiez la bonne vieille cuiſine du tems de Louïs quatorze. Il y avoit alors des chefs admirables, comme Corneille, Boileau, Racine, et la Fontaine. Tout ce qu'ils apprétoient étoit ſimple, ſain, et ſolide. Sans métaphore, ne vous laiſſez pas éblouir par le faux brillant, le recherché, les antithéſes à la mode ; mais ſervez vous de vôtre propre bon ſens, et appellez les anciens à votre ſecours, pour vous en garantir. D'un autre côté, ne vous moquez pas de ceux, qui s'y ſont laiſſés ſéduire : vous êtes encore trop jeune pour faire le critique, et pour vous ériger en vengeur ſévére du bons ſens lézé. Seulement ne vous laiſſez pas pervertir, mais ne ſongez pas à convertir les autres. Laiſſez les jouïr tranquillement de leurs erreurs dans le gout, comme dans la religion. Le gout en France a depuis un ſiecle et demi, eu bien du haut et du bas, auſſi bien que la France même. Le bon gout commença ſeulement à ſe faire jour, ſous le regne, je ne dis pas de Louïs trieze, mais du Cardinal de Richelieu, et fut encore épuré ſous celui de Louïs quatorze, Grand Roi au moins, s'il n'étoit pas grand homme. Corneille étoit le reſtaurateur du vrai, et le fondateur du théatre François ; ſe reſſentant toujours un peu des *Concetti* des Italiens et des *Agudeze* des Eſpagnols ; témoin les épigrammes qu'il fait débiter à Chiméne dans tout l'excès de ſa douleur.

Mais avant ſon tems, les Troubadours, et les Romanciers étoient autant de fous, qui trouvoient des ſots pour les admirer. Vers la fin du regne du Cardinal de Richelieu et au commencement de celui de Louïs quatorze, l'Hotel de Rambouillet étoit le Temple du Gout, mais d'un gout pas encore tout à fait épuré. C'étoit plu-tot un laboratoire d'eſprit, où l'on donnoit la torture au bon ſens, pour en tirer une eſſence ſubtile. Voiture y travailloit, et ſuoit même à groſſes gouttes pour faire de l'eſprit. Mais enfin Boileau et Moliere fixérent le gout du vrai ; en dépit des Scudery et des Calprenédes, &c. Ils déconfirent et mirent en fuite les Artamenes, les Jubas, les Oroondates, et tous ces héros de Romans, qui valoient pourtant chacun ſeul, un armée. Ces ſous chercherent dans les bibliotheques un azyle qu'on leur refuſa ; et ils n'en trouverent que dans quelques

ques ruelles. Je vous conſeille pourtant de lire un tome de Cléopatre et un de Clélie, ſans quoi il vous ſera impoſſible de vous former une idée de ces extravagances ; mais Dieu vous garde d'aller juſqu'au douziéme.

Le gout reſta pur et vrai pendant preſque tout le regne de Louïs quatorze, et juſqu' à ce qu'un très beau genie y donna, (mais ſans le vouloir) quelque atteinte. C'étoit Monſieur de Fontenelle, qui avec tout l'eprit du monde, et un grand ſçavoir ſacrifioit peutêtre un peu trop aux graces, dont il étoit le nourriſſon, et l'éléve favori. Admiré avec raiſon, on voulut l'imiter, mais malheureuſement pour le ſiecle l'auteur des Paſtorales, de l'Hiſtoire des Oracles, et du theatre François, trouva moins d'imitateurs, que le Chevalier d'Her ne trouva de ſinges. Contrefait depuis, par mille auteurs, il n'a pas été imité que je ſçache par un ſeul.

A l'heur qu'il eſt, l'empire du vrai gout ne me paroit pas trop bien affermi en France ; il ſubſiſte à la verité, mais il eſt déchiré par des partis ; il y a le parti des petits maitres, celui des fades auteurs dont les ouvrages ſont, des carillettes, celui *verba et voces et præterea nihil*, et enfin un parti nombreux et fort à la mode, d'auteurs qui débitent dans un galimatias metaphyſique leurs faux raffinemens, ſur les mouvemens et les ſentimens *de l'ame, du cœur, et de l'eſprit.*

Ne vous en laiſſez pas impoſer par la mode ; ni par des cliques que vous pourrez frequenter ; mais eſſaïez toutes ces différentes eſpecés, avant que de les reçevoir en païement au coin du bon ſens et de la raiſon ; et ſoïez bien perſuadé que, *rien n'eſt beau que le vrai.* Tout brillant qui ne réſulte pas de la ſolidité et de la juſteſſe de la penſée, n'eſt qu'un faux brillant. Le mot Italien ſur le diamant eſt bien vrai à cet égard, *quanto più ſoddezza, tanto più ſplendore.*

Tout ceci n'empêche pas que vous ne deviez vous conformer extérieurement aux modes et aux tons des différentes compagnies ou vous vous trouverez. Parlez epigrammes avec les petits maitres, ſentimens faux avec les caillettes, et galimatias avec les beaux eſprits par état. A la bonne heure ; à votre age, ce n'eſt pas à vous à donner le ton à la campagnie, mais au contraire à le prendre. Examinez bien pourtant, et peſez tout cela en vous même ; diſtinguez bien le faux du vrai, et ne prenez pas le clinquant du Taſſe pour l'or de Virgile.

Vous trouverez en meme tems à Paris des auteurs, et des compagnies trés ſolides. Vous n'entendrez point des fadaiſes, du précieux, du quindé, chez Madame de Monconſeil, ni aux hôtels de Matignon et de Coigny, ou elle vous prêſentera ; le Preſident Monteſquieu ne vous parlera pas *pointes*. Son livre de l'Eſprit des Loix écrit en langue vulgaire, vous plaira, et vous inſtruira également.

Fréquentez le théatre quand on y jouera les piéces de Corneille, de Racine, et de Moliere, où il n'y a que du naturel et du vrai. Je ne prétends pas par la donner l'excluſion à pluſieurs

pieces modernes qui ſont admirables, et en dernier lieu, Cénie, piéce pleine de ſentimens, mais de ſentimens vrais, naturels, et dans leſquels on ſe reconnoit. Voulez vous connoitre les caractéres du jour, liſez les ouvrages de Crébillon le fils, et de Marivaux. Le premier eſt un peintre excellent ; le ſecond a beaucoup étudié et connoit bien le cœur, peut-être même un peu trop. Les égaremens du cœur et de l'eſprit par Crébillon eſt un livre excellent dans ce genre ; les caractéres y ſont bien marquez ; il vous amuſera infiniment, et ne vous ſera pas inutile. L'Hiſtoire Japonoiſe de Tanzaï, et de Neadarné, du même auteur, eſt une amiable extravagance, et parſemée de refléxions très juſtes ; enfin vous trouverez bien à Paris de quoi vous former un gout ſur et juſte, pourvu que vous ne preniez pas le change.

Comme je vous laiſſe ſur votre bonne foi à Paris ſans ſurveillant, je me flatte que vous n' abuſerez pas de ma confiance. Je ne demande pas que vous ſoïez Capucin ; bien au contraire, je vous recommande les plaiſirs, mais j'éxige que ce ſoïent les plaiſirs d'un honnête homme. Ces plaiſirs la donnent du brillant au caractére d'un jeune homme ; mais la débauche avilit et dégrade. J'aurai des relations très vraïes et détaillées de votre conduite, et ſelon ces relations je ſerai plus, ou moins, ou point du tout, à vous. Adieu.

P. S. Ecrivez moi ſans faute une fois la ſemaine, et répondez à celle-ci en François. Faufilez vous tant que vous le pourrez chez les miniſtres étrangers. C'eſt voïager en differens endroits ſans changer de place. Parlez Italien à tous les Italiens, et Allemand à tous les Allemands que vous trouverez, pour entretenir ces deux langues.

Je vous ſouhaite, mon cher, autant de nouvelles anées que vous mériterez, et pas une de plus. Mais puiſſiez vous en mériter un grand nombre.

TRANSLATION.

London, December the 24th, O. S. 1750.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AT length you are become a Pariſian, and conſequently muſt be addreſſed in French ; you will alſo anſwer me in the ſame language, that I may be able to judge of the degree in which you poſſeſs the elegancy, the delicacy, and the orthography of that language, which is, in a manner become the univerſal one of Europe. I am aſſured that you ſpeak it well ; but in that well there are gradations. He, who in the provinces might be reckoned to ſpeak correctly, would at Paris he looked upon as an ancient Gaul. In that country of mode, even language is ſubſervient to faſhion, which varies almoſt as often as their clothes.

The *affected*, the *refined*, the *neological, or new and faſhionable ſtyle*, are at preſent too much in vogue at Paris. Know, obſerve, and occaſionally converſe (if you pleaſe) according to thoſe different

different ſtyles; but do not let your taſte be infected by them. Wit too is there ſubſervient to faſhion; and actually, at Paris, one muſt have wit, even in deſpite of Minerva. Every body runs after it; although, if it does not come naturally, and of itſelf, it never can be overtaken. But unfortunately for thoſe who purſue, they ſeize upon what they take for wit, and endeavour to paſs it for ſuch upon others. This, is, at beſt, the lot of Ixion, who embraced a cloud inſtead of the Goddeſs he purſued. Fine ſentiments which never exiſted, falſe and unnatural thoughts, obſcure and far-ſought expreſſions, not only unintelligible, but which it is even impoſſible to decypher, or to gueſs at, are all the conſequences of this error; and two thirds of the new French books which now appear, are made up of thoſe ingredients. It is the new cookery of Parnaſſus, in which the ſtill is employed inſtead of the pot and the ſpit, and where quinteſſences and extracts are chiefly uſed. N. B. The Attic ſalt is proſcribed.

You will now and then be obliged to eat of this new cookery, but do not ſuffer your taſte to be corrupted by it. And when you, in your turn, are deſirous of treating others, take the good old cookery of Lewis the fourteenth's reign for your rule. There were at that time admirable head cooks, ſuch as Corneille, Boileau, Racine, and la Fontaine. Whatever they prepared was ſimple, wholeſome, and ſolid.—But laying aſide all metaphors, do not ſuffer yourſelf to be dazzled by falſe brillancy, by unnatural expreſſions, nor by thoſe Antitheſes ſo much in faſhion: as a protection againſt ſuch innovations, have recourſe to your own good ſenſe, and to the ancient authors. On the other hand, do not laugh at thoſe who give into ſuch errors; you are as yet too young to act the critic. or to ſtand forth a ſevere avenger of the violated rights of good ſenſe. Content yourſelf with not being perverted, but do not think of converting others; let them quietly enjoy their errors in taſte, as well as in religion. Within the courſe of the laſt century and an half, taſte in France hath (as well as that kingdom itſelf) undergone many viciſſitudes. Under the reign of (I do not ſay) Lewis the thirteenth, but of Cardinal de Richelieu, good taſte firſt began to make its way. It was refined under that of Lewis the fourteenth; a great king at leaſt, if not a great man. Corneille was the reſtorer of true taſte, and the founder of the French theatre; although rather inclined to the Italian *Concetti*, and the Spaniſh *Agudeze*. Witneſs thoſe epigrams which he makes Chimene utter in the greateſt exceſs of grief.

Before his time thoſe kind of itinerant authors called *Troubadours*, or *Romanciers*, were a ſpecies of madmen, who attracted the admiration of fools. Towards the end of Cardinal de Richelieu's reign, and the beginning of Lewis the fourteenth's, the Temple of Taſte was eſtabliſhed at the *hôtel* of Rambouillet; but that taſte was not judiciouſly refined: this Temple of Taſte might more properly have been named, a Laboratory of

Wit, where good ſenſe was put to the torture, in order to extract from it the moſt ſubtil eſſence. There it was, that Voiture laboured hard, and inceſſantly, to create wit. At length Boileau and Moliere fixed the ſtandard of true taſte. In ſpight of the Scudery's, the Calprenede's, &c. they defeated and put to flight *Artamenes*, *Juba*, *Oroondates*, and all thoſe heroes of romance who were notwithſtanding (each of them) as good as a whole army. Thoſe madmen, then endeavoured to obtain an aſylum in libraries; this they could not accompliſh, but were under a neceſſity of taking ſhelter in the chambers of ſome few ladies. I would have you read one volume of Cleopatra, and one of Clelia, it will otherwiſe be impoſſible for you to form any idea of the extravagancies they contain: but God keep you from every perſevering to the twelfth.

During almoſt the whole reign of Lewis the fourteenth, true taſte remained in its purity, until it received ſome hurt, although undeſignedly, from a very fine genius, I mean Monſieur de Fontenelle; who with the greateſt ſenſe, and moſt ſolid learning, ſacrificed rather too much to the graces, whoſe moſt favourite child and pupil he was. Admired with reaſon, others tried to imitate him but unfortunately for us, the author of the Paſtorals, of the Hiſtory of Oracles, and of the French Theatre, found fewer imitators, than the Chevalier d'Her did mimics. He hath ſince been taken off by a thouſand authors; but never really imitated by any one that I know of.

At this time the ſeat of true taſte in France ſeems to me not well eſtabliſhed. It exiſts, but torn by factions. There is one party of *petits maitres*, one of half-learned women, another of inſipid authors, whoſe works are *verba et voces et præterea nihil*; and, in ſhort, a numerous and very faſhionable party of writers, who, in a metaphyſical jumble, introduce their falſe and ſubtil reaſonings, upon the movements, and the ſentiments of *the ſoul*, *the heart*, and *the mind*.

Do not let yourſelf be overpowered by faſhion, nor by particular ſets of people, with whom you may be connected; but try all the different coins, before you receive any in payment. Let your own good ſenſe and reaſon judge of the value of each; and be perſuaded, that *nothing can be beautiful unleſs true*. Whatever brilliancy is not the reſult of the ſolidity and juſtneſs of a thought, is but a falſe glare. The Italian ſaying upon a diamond, is equally juſt with regard to thoughts, *Quanto più ſodezza, tanto più ſplendore*.

All this ought not to hinder you from conforming externally to the modes and tones of the different companies in which you may chance to be. With the *petits maitres* ſpeak epigrams, falſe ſentiments with frivolous women; and a mixture of all theſe together, with profeſſed *beaux eſprits*. I would have you do ſo; for, at your age, you ought not to aim at changing the tone of the company, but conform to it. Examine well, however; weigh

all

all maturely within yourself; and do not miſtake the tinſel of Taſſo, for the gold of Virgil.

You will find at Paris good authors, and circles diſtinguiſhed by the ſolidity of their reaſoning. You will never hear *trifling*, *affected*, and far-ſought converſations, at Madame de Monconſeil's, nor at the hôtels of Matignon and Coigni, where ſhe will introduce you. The Preſident, Monteſquieu, will not ſpeak to you in the epigrammatic ſtyle His book, the Spirit of the Laws, written in the vulgar tongue, will equally pleaſe and inſtruct you.

Frequent the theatre, whenever Corneille, Racine, and Moliere's pieces are played. They are according to nature, and to truth. I do not mean by this to give an excluſion to ſeveral admirable modern plays, particularly Cénie *, replete with ſentiments that are true, natural, and applicable to one's ſelf. If you chuſe to know the characters of people, now in faſhion, read Crébillon the younger, and Marivaux's works. The former is a moſt excellent painter; the latter has ſtudied, and knows the human heart, perhaps too well. Crébellon's *Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Eſprit* is an excellent work in its kind; it will be of infinite amuſement to you, and not totally uſeleſs. The Japaneſe hiſtory of Tanzaï and Neadarné, by the ſame author, is an amiable extravagancy, interſperſed with the moſt juſt reflections. In ſhort, provided you do not miſtake the objects of your attention, you will find matter at Paris to form a good and true taſte.

As I ſhall let you remain at Paris, without any perſon to direct your conduct, I flatter myſelf, that you will not make a bad uſe of the confidence I repoſe in you. I do not require that you ſhould lead the life of a capuchin friar; quite the contrary; I recommend pleaſures to you; but I expect that they ſhall be the pleaſures of a gentleman. Thoſe add brilliancy to a young man's character; but debauchery vilifies and degrades it. I ſhall have very true and exact accounts of your conduct; and according to the informations I receive, ſhall be more, or leſs, or not at all yours. Adieu.

P. S. Do not omit writing to me once a week; and let your anſwer to this letter be in French. Connect yourſelf, as much as poſſible with the foreign miniſters; which is properly travelling into different countries, without going from one place. Speak Italian to all the Italians, and German to all the Germans you meet, in order not to forget thoſe two languages.

I wiſh you, my dear friend, as many happy new years as you deſerve, and not one more—May you deſerve a great number!

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* Imitated in Engliſh by Mr. Francis, in a play called Eugenia.

LETTER XVIII.

London, January the 3d, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY your letter of the 5th, N. S I find that your *début* at Paris has been a good one; you are entered into good company, and I dare say that you will not sink into bad. Frequent the houses where you have been once invited, and have none of that shyness which makes most of your countrymen strangers, where they might be intimate, and domestic if they pleased. Wherever you have a general invitation to sup when you please, profit of it with decency, and go every now and then. Lord Albemarle will, I am sure, be extremely kind to you, but his house is only a dinner house; and, as I am informed, frequented by no French people. Should he happen to employ you in his bureau, which I much doubt, you must write a better hand than your common one, or you will get no great credit by your manuscripts; for your hand is at present an illiberal one, it is neither a hand of business, nor of a gentleman; but the hand of a school boy writing his exercise, which he hopes will never be read.

Madame de Monconseil gives me a favourable account of you, and so do Marquis de Matignon, and Madame du Boccage, they all say that you desire to please, and consequently promise me that you will: and they judge right; for whoever really desires to please, and hath (as you now have) the means of learning how, certainly will please: and that is the great point of life; it makes all other things easy. Whenever you are with Madame de Monconseil, Madame du Boccage, or other women of fashion, with whom you are tolerably free, say frankly and naturally, * *Je n'ai point d' usage du monde, j'y suis encore bien neuf, je souhaiterois ardemment de plaire, mais je ne sçais gueres comment m'y prendre; aïez la bonté, Madame, de me faire part de votre secret de plaire à tout le monde. J'en ferai ma fortune, et il vous en restera pourtant toujours, plus qu'il ne vous en faut.* When, in consequence of this request, they shall tell you of any little error, awkwardness, or impropriety, you should not only feel, but express the warmest acknowledgment. Though nature should suffer, and she will at first hearing them; tell them, † *Que la critique la plus severe, est à votre égard la preuve la plus marquée de leur amitié.*

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* "I know little of the world, I am quite a novice in it; and "although very desirous of pleasing, I am at a loss for the "means. Be so good, Madam, as to let me into your secret of "pleasing every body. I shall owe my success to it, and you "will always have more than falls to your share."

† "That you will look upon the most severe criticisms as "the greatest proof of their friendship."

Madame

Madame du Boccage tells me particularly to inform you, ‡ *Qu'il me ſera toujours plaiſir et bonneur de me venir voir, il eſt vrai qu'à ſon age le plaiſir de cauſer eſt froid, mais je tacherai de lui faire connoiſſance, avec des jeunes gens, &c.* Make uſe of this invitation, and as you live in a manner next door to her, ſtep in and out there frequently. Monſieur du Boccage will go with you, he tells me, with great pleaſure to the plays, and point out to you whatever deſerves your knowing there. This is worth your acceptance too, he has a very good taſte. I have not yet heard from Lady Harvey upon your ſubject, but as you inform me that you have already ſupped with her once, I look upon you as adopted by her: conſult her in all your little matters; tell her any difficulties that may occur to you; aſk her what you ſhould do or ſay, in ſuch or ſuch caſes; ſhe has *l'uſage du monde en perfection*, and will help you to acquire it. Madame de Berkenrode *eſt paitre de graces*, and your quotation is very applicable to her. You may be there, I dare ſay, as often as you pleaſe, and I would adviſe you to ſup there once a week.

You ſay, very juſtly, that as Mr. Harte is leaving you, you ſhall want advice more than ever; you ſhall never want mine; and as you have already had ſo much of it, I muſt rather repeat than add to what I have already given you: but that I will do and add to it occaſionally, as circumſtances may require. At preſent, I ſhall only remind you of your two great objects, which you ſhould always attend to: they are parliament and foreign affairs. With regard to the former, you can do nothing, while abroad, but attend carefully to the purity, correctneſs, and elegancy of your diction; the clearneſs and gracefulneſs of your utterance in whatever language you ſpeak. As for the parliamentary knowledge, I will take care of that, when you come home. With regard to foreign affairs, every thing you do abroad may and ought to tend that way. Your reading ſhould be chiefly hiſtorical; I do not mean of remote, dark, and fabulous hiſtory, ſtill leſs of jimcrack natural hiſtory of foſſils, minerals, plants, &c. but I mean the uſeful, political, and conſtitutional hiſtory of Europe, for theſe laſt three centuries and an half. The other thing neceſſary for your foreign object, and not leſs neceſſary than either ancient or modern knowledge, is a great knowledge of the world, manners, politeneſs, addreſs and *le ton de la bonne compagnie*. In that view, keeping a great deal of good company is the principal point which you are now to attend to. It ſeems ridiculous to tell you, but it is moſt certainly true, that your dancing maſter is at this time the man in all Europe of the greateſt importance to you. You muſt dance well, in order to ſit, ſtand, and walk well; and you muſt do all theſe well in order to

‡ "I ſhall always receive the honour of his viſits with pleaſure: it is true, that at his age the pleaſures of converſation are cold; but I will endeavour to bring him acquainted with young people, &c."

pleaſe.

pleaſe. What with your exerciſes, ſome reading, and a great deal of company, your day is, I confeſs, extremely taken up; but the day, if well employed, is long enough for every thing; and I am ſure you will not ſlattern away one moment of it in inaction. At your age, people have ſtrong and active ſpirits, alacrity and vivacity in all they do, are *impigri*, indefatigable, and quick. The difference is, that a young fellow of parts exerts all thoſe happy diſpoſitions in the purſuit of proper objects; endeavours to excel in the ſolid, and in the ſhowiſh parts of life: whereas a ſilly puppy, or a dull rogue, throws away all his youth and ſpirits upon trifles, when he is ſerious, or upon diſgraceful vices, while he aims at pleaſures. This, I am ſure, will not be your caſe; your good ſenſe and your good conduct hitherto, are your guarantees with me for the future. Continue only at Paris as you have begun, and your ſtay there will make you what I have always wiſhed you to be; as near perfection as our nature permits.

Adieu, my dear; remember to write to me once a week, not as to a father, but without reſerve as to a friend.

LETTER XIX.

London, Jan. the 14th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AMONG the many good things Mr. Harte has told me of you, two in particular gave me great pleaſure. The firſt, that you are exceedingly careful and jealous of the dignity of your character: that is the ſure and ſolid foundation upon which you muſt both ſtand and riſe. A man's moral character is a more delicate thing, than a woman's reputation of chaſtity. A ſlip or two may poſſibly be forgiven her, and her character may be clarified by ſubſequent and continued good conduct: but a man's moral character once tainted is irreparably deſtroyed. The ſecond was, that you had acquired a moſt correct and extenſive knowledge of foreign affairs, ſuch as the hiſtory, the treaties, and the forms of government of the ſeveral countries of Europe. This ſort of knowledge, little attended to here, will make you not only uſeful, but neceſſary in your future deſtination, and carry you very far. He added, that you wanted from hence ſome books, relative to our laws and conſtitution, our colonies, and our commerce; which you know leſs of than of thoſe of any other part of Europe. I will ſend you what ſhort books I can find of that ſort, to give you a general notion of thoſe things; but you cannot have time to go into their depths at preſent, you cannot now engage with new folios; you and I will refer the conſtitutional part of this country to our meeting here, when we will enter ſeriouſly into it, and read the neceſſary books together. In the mean time, go on in the courſe you are in, of foreign matters; converſe with miniſters and others of every country, watch the tranſactions of every court, and endeavour to trace them up to their ſource. This, with your phyſics, your geometry, and

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your exerciſes, will be all that you can poſſibly have time for at Paris; for you muſt allow a great deal for company and pleaſures: it is they that muſt give you thoſe manners, that addreſs, that *tournure* of the *beau monde*, which will qualify you for your future deſtination. You muſt firſt pleaſe, in order to get the confidence, and conſequently the ſecrets, of the courts and miniſters from whom and with whom you negotiate.

I will ſend you by the firſt opportunity, a ſhort book written by Lord Bolingbroke, under the name of Sir John Oldcaſtle, containing remarks upon the Hiſtory of England; which will give you a clear general notion of our conſtitution, and which will ſerve you, at the ſame time (like all Lord Bolingbroke's works) for a model of eloquence and ſtyle. I will alſo ſend you Sir Joſiah Childe's little book upon trade, which may properly be called, the Commercial Grammar. He lays down the true principles of commerce, and his concluſions from them are generally very juſt.

Since you turn your thoughts a little towards trade and commerce, which I am very glad you do, I will recommend a French book to you, which you will eaſily get at Paris, and which I take to be the beſt book in the world of that kind; I mean the *Dictionnaire de Commerce de Savary*, in three volumes in folio; where you will find every one thing that relates to trade, commerce, ſpecies, exchange, *&c.* moſt clearly ſtated; and not only relative to France, but to the whole world. You will eaſily ſuppoſe, that I do not adviſe you to read ſuch a book *tout de ſuite*; but I only mean that you ſhould have it at hand, to have recourſe to occaſionally.

With this great ſtock of both uſeful and ornamental knowledge, which you have already acquired, and which, by your application and induſtry, you are daily increaſing, you will lay ſuch a ſolid foundation of future figure and fortune, that, if you compleat it by all the accompliſhments of manners, graces, *&c.* I know nothing which you may not aim at, and, in time, hope for. Your great point at preſent at Paris, to which all other conſiderations muſt give way, is to become entirely a man of faſhion; to be well bred without ceremony, eaſy without negligence, ſteady and intrepid with modeſty, genteel without affectation, inſinuating without meanneſs, chearful without being noiſy, frank without indiſcretion, and ſecret without myſteriouſneſs; to know the proper time and place for whatever you ſay or do, and to do it with an air of condition: all this is not ſo ſoon nor ſo eaſily learned as people imagine, but requires obſervation and time. The world is an immenſe folio, which demands a great deal of time and attention to be read and underſtood as it ought to be: you have not yet read above four or five pages of it; and you will have but barely time to dip now and then in other leſs important books.

Lord Albemarle has (I know) wrote to a friend of his here, that you do not frequent him ſo much as he expected and deſired;

ſired; that he fears ſomebody or other has given you wrong impreſſions of him; and that I may poſſibly think, from your being ſeldom at his houſe, that he has been wanting in his attentions to you. I told the perſon who told me this, that, on the contrary, you ſeemed, by your letters to me, to be extremely pleaſed with Lord Albemarle's behaviour to you; but that you were obliged to give up dining abroad, during your courſe of experimental philoſophy. I gueſſed the true reaſon which I believe was, that, as no French people frequent his houſe, you rather choſe to dine at other places, where you are likely to meet with better company than your countrymen; and you were in the right of it. However I would have you ſhow no ſhyneſs to Lord Albemarle, but go to him, and dine with him oftner than it may be you would wiſh; for the ſake of having him ſpeak well of you here when he returns. He is a good deal in faſhion here and his *puffing* you (to uſe an awkward expreſſion) before you return here, will be of great uſe to you afterwards. People in general take characters, as they do moſt things, upon truſt, rather than be at the trouble of examining them themſelves; and the deciſions of four or five faſhionable people, in every place, are final, more particularly with regard to characters, which all can hear, and but few judge of. Do not mention the leaſt of this to any mortal, and take care that Lord Albemarle do not ſuſpect that you know any thing of the matter.

Lord Huntingdon and Lord Stormont are, I hear, arrived at Paris; you have, doubtleſs, ſeen them. Lord Stormont is well ſpoken of here; however, in your connections, if you form any with them, ſhow rather a preference to Lord Huntingdon for reaſons which you will eaſily gueſs.

Mr. Harte goes this week to Cornwall, to take poſſeſſion of his living; he has been inſtalled at Windſor: he will return here in about a month, when your literary correſpondence with him will be regularly carried on. Your mutual concern at parting was a good ſign for both.

I have this moment received good accounts of you from Paris. Go on, *vous êtes en bon train.* Adieu.

LETTER XX.

London, Jan. the 21ſt, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN all my letters from Paris, I have the pleaſure of finding, among many other good things, your docility mentioned with emphaſis: this is the ſure way of improving in thoſe things, which you only want. It is true, they are little; but it is as true too that they are neceſſary things. As they are mere matters of uſage and mode, it is no diſgrace for any body of your age to be ignorant of them; and the moſt compendious way of learning them is, fairly to avow your ignorance, and conſult thoſe who, from long uſage and experience, know them beſt. Good-ſenſe, and good nature, ſuggeſt civility in general; but,

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in good-breeding, there are a thouſand little delicacies, which are eſtabliſhed only by cuſtom; and it is theſe little elegancies of manners, which diſtinguiſh a courtier, and a man of faſhion, from the vulgar. I am aſſured, by different people, that your air is already much improved; and one of my correſpondents makes you the true French compliment of ſaying, *J'oſe vous promettre qu'il ſera bientôt comme un de nous autres.* However unbecoming this ſpeech may be in the mouth of a Frenchman, I am very glad that they think it applicable to you; for I would have you not only adopt, but rival, the beſt manners and uſages of the place you are at, be they what they will; that is the verſatility of manners, which is ſo uſeful in the courſe of the world. Chuſe your models well at Paris; and then rival them in their own way. There are faſhionable words, phraſes, and even geſtures, at Paris; which are called *du bon ton*; not to mention *certaines petites politeſſes et attentions, qui ne ſont rien en elles mêmes*, which faſhion has rendered neceſſary. Make yourſelf maſter of all theſe things; and to ſuch a degree as to make the French ſay, *qu'on diroit que c'eſt un François*; and when hereafter you ſhall be at other courts, do the ſame thing there, and conform to the faſhionable manners and uſage of the place; that is what the French themſelves are; not apt to do: wherever they go, they retain their own manners, as thinking them the beſt; but, granting them to be ſo, they are ſtill in the wrong, not to conform to thoſe of the place. One would deſire to pleaſe, wherever one is; and nothing is more innocently flattering, than an approbation, and an imitation of the people we converſe with.

I hope your colleges with Marcel go on proſperouſly. In thoſe ridiculous, though, at the ſame time really important lectures, pray attend; and deſire your Profeſſor alſo to attend more particularly to the chapter of the arms. It is they that decide of a man's being genteel or otherwiſe, more than any other part of the body. A twiſt, or ſtiffneſs in the wriſt, will make any man in Europe look awkward. The next thing to be attended to, is your coming into a room, and preſenting yourſelf to a company. This gives the firſt impreſſion and the firſt impreſſion is often a laſting one. Therefore, pray deſire Profeſſor Marcel to make you come in and go out of his room frequently, and in the ſuppoſition of different companies being there; ſuch as miniſters, women, mixed companies, *&c.* Thoſe who preſent themſelves well, have a certain dignity in their air; which without the leaſt ſeeming mixture of pride, at once engages, and is reſpected.

I ſhould not ſo often repeat, nor ſo long dwell upon ſuch trifles, with any body that had leſs ſolid and valuable knowledge than you have. Frivolous people attend to thoſe things, *par préférence*; they know nothing elſe; my fear with you is, that from knowing better things, you ſhould deſpiſe theſe too much, and think them of much leſs conſequence than they really are; for they are of a great deal. and more eſpecially to you.

Pleaſing, and governing women, may, in time, be of great ſervice to you. They often pleaſe and govern others. *A propos*; are you in love with Madame de Berkenrode ſtill, or hath ſome other taken her place in your affections? I take it for granted, that *qua te cunque domat Venus, non erubeſcenàis adurit ignibus. Un arrangement honnête ſied bien à un galant homme.* In that caſe I recommend to you the utmoſt diſcretion, and the profoundeſt ſilence. Bragging of, hinting at, intimating, or even affectedly diſclaiming, and denying ſuch an *arrangement*, will equally diſcredit you among men and women. An unaffected ſilence upon that ſubject is the only true medium.

In your commerce with women, and indeed with men too, *une certaine douceur* is particularly engaging; it is that which conſtitutes that character, which the French talk of ſo much, and ſo juſtly value; I mean *l'aimable*. This *douceur* is not ſo eaſily deſcribed as felt. It is the compound reſult of different things: a complaiſance, a flexibility, but not a ſervility of manners: an air of ſoftneſs in the countenance, geſture, and expreſſion; equally, whether you concur, or differ, with the perſon you converſe with. Obſerve thoſe carefully, thoſe who have that *douceur*, that charms you and others; and your own good ſenſe will ſoon enable you to diſcover the different ingredients of which it is compoſed. You muſt be more particularly attentive to this *douceur*, whenever you are obliged to refuſe what is aſked of you, or to ſay what, in itſelf, cannot be very agreeable to thoſe to whom you ſay it. It is then the neceſſary gilding of a diſagreeable pill. *L'aimable* conſiſts in a thouſand of theſe little things aggregately. It is the *ſuaviter in modo*, which I have ſo often recommended to you. The *reſpectable*, Mr. Harte aſſures me, you do not want it, and I believe him. Study, then, carefully, and acquire perfectly the *aimable*, and you will have every thing.

Abbé Guaſco, who is another of your panegyriſts, writes me word, that he has carried you to dinner at Marquis de St. Germain's; where you will be welcome as often as you pleaſe, and the oftener the better. Profit of that, upon the principle of travelling in different countries, without changing places. He ſays too, that he will carry you to the parliament, when any remarkable cauſe is to be tried. That is very well; go through the ſeveral chambers of the parliament, and ſee and hear what they are doing: join practice and obſervation to your theoretical knowledge of their rights and privileges. No Engliſhman has the leaſt notion of them.

I need not recommend you to go to the bottom of the conſtitutional and political knowledge of countries; for Mr. Harte tells me, that you have a peculiar turn that way, and have informed yourſelf moſt correctly of them.

I muſt now put ſome queries to you as to a *juris publici peritus*, which I am ſure you can anſwer me, and which I own I cannot anſwer myſelf: they are upon a ſubject now much talked of.

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1ſt, Are there any particular forms requiſite for the election of a King of the Romans, different from thoſe which are neceſſary for the election of an Emperor?

2dly, Is not a King of the Romans as legally elected by the votes of a majority of the electors, as by two-thirds, or by the unanimity of the electors?

3dly, Is there any particular law or conſtitution of the Empire, that diſtinguiſhes, either in matter or in form, the election of a King of the Romans from that of an Emperor? and is not the golden bull of Charles the fourth equally the rule for both.

4thly, Were there not, at a meeting of a certain number of electors (I have forgot when) ſome rules and limitations agreed upon concerning the election of a King of the Romans? And were thoſe reſtrictions legal, and did they obtain the force of law?

How happy am I, my dear child, that I can apply to you for knowledge, and with a certainty of being rightly informed. It is knowledge, more than quick, flaſhy parts, that makes a man of buſineſs. A man who is maſter of his matter will, with inferior parts, be too hard in parliament, and indeed any where elſe, for a man of better parts, who knows his ſubject but ſuperficially: and if to his knowledge he joins eloquence and elocution, he muſt neceſſarily ſoon be at the head of that aſſembly; but without thoſe two, no knowledge is ſufficient.

Lord Huntingdon writes me word, that he has ſeen you, and that you have renewed your old ſchool-acquaintance. Tell me fairly your opinion of him, and of his friend Lord Stormont; and alſo of the other Engliſh people of faſhion you meet with. I promiſe you inviolable ſecrecy on my part. You and I muſt now write to each other as friends, and without the leaſt reſerve; there will for the future be a thouſand things in my letters, which I would not have any mortal living but yourſelf ſee, or know. Thoſe you will eaſily diſtinguiſh, and neither ſhow nor repeat; and I will do the ſame by you.

To come to another ſubject, for I have a pleaſure in talking over every ſubject with you; how deep are you in Italian? Do you underſtand Arioſto, Taſſo, Boccaccio, and Machiavelli? If you do, you know enough of it, and may know all the reſt, by reading when you have time. Little or no buſineſs is written in Italian, except in Italy; and if you know enough of it, to underſtand the few Italian letters, that may in time come in your way, and to ſpeak Italian tolerably to thoſe very few Italians who ſpeak no French, give yourſelf no farther trouble about that language, till you happen to have full leiſure to perfect yourſelf in it. It is not the ſame with regard to German; your ſpeaking and writing that well, will particularly diſtinguiſh you from every other man in England; and is, moreover, of great uſe to any one who is, as probably you will be, employed in the empire. Therefore, pray cultivate them ſedulouſly, by writing four or five lines of

German

German every day, and by ſpeaking it to every German you meet with.

You have now got a footing in a great many good houſes at Paris, in which I adviſe you to make yourſelf domeſtic. This is to be done by a certain eaſineſs of carriage, and a decent familiarity. Not by way of putting yourſelf upon the frivolous footing of being *ſans conſequence*, but by doing, in ſome degree, the honours of the houſe and table, calling yourſelf *en badinant le galopin d'ici*, ſaying to the maſter or miſtreſs, *ceci eſt de mon département, je m'en charge que je m'en acquitte à merville.* This ſort of *badinage* has ſomething engaging and *liant* in it, and begets that decent familiarity, which it is both agreeable and uſeful to eſtabliſh in good houſes, and with people of faſhion. Mere formal viſits, dinners, and ſuppers, upon formal invitations, are not the thing; they add to no connection, nor information: but it is the eaſy, careleſs, ingreſs and egreſs, at all hours, that forms the pleaſing and profitable commerce of life.

The poſt is ſo negligent, that I loſe ſome letters from Paris entirely, and receive others much later than I ſhould. To this I aſcribe my having received no letter from you of above a fortnight, which to my impatience, ſeems a long time. I expect to hear from you once a week. Mr. Harte is gone to Cornwall, and will be back in about three weeks. I have a packet of books to ſend you by the firſt opportunity, which I believe, will be Mr. Yorke's return to Paris. The Greek books come from Mr. Harte, and the Engliſh ones from your humble ſervant.

Read Lord Bolingbroke's with great attention, as well to the ſtyle as to the matter. I wiſh you could form yourſelf ſuch a ſtyle in every language. Style is the dreſs of thoughts, and a well dreſſed thought, like a well-dreſſed man, appears to great advantage. Yours. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

London, Jan. the 28th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A BILL, for ninety pounds ſterling was brought me the other day, ſaid to be drawn upon me by you; I ſcrupled paying it at firſt, not upon account of the ſum, but becauſe you had ſent me no letter of advice, which is always done in thoſe tranſactions; and ſtill more, becauſe I did not perceive that you had ſigned it. The perſon who preſented it, deſired me to look again, and that I ſhould diſcover your name at the bottom; accordingly I looked again, and with the help of my magnifying glaſs, did perceive, that what I had firſt taken only for ſomebody's mark was, in truth, your name, written in the worſt and ſmalleſt hand I ever ſaw in my life. I cannot write quite ſo ill, but it was ſomething like this, *p Stanhope*. However, I paid it at a venture; though I would almoſt rather loſe the money, than that ſuch a ſignature ſhould be yours. All gentlemen,

and

and all men of buſineſs, write their names always in the ſame way, that their ſignature may be ſo well known as not to be eaſily counterfeited; and they generally ſign in rather a larger character than their common hand; whereas your name was in a leſs, and a worſe, than your common writing. This ſuggeſted to me the various accidents which may very probably happen to you, while you write ſo ill. For inſtance, if you were to write in ſuch a character to the ſecretary's office, your letter would immediately be ſent to the decypherer, as containing matters of the utmoſt ſecrecy, not fit to be truſted to the common character. If you were to write ſo to an antiquarian, he (knowing you to be a man of learning) would certainly try it by the Runic, Celtic, or Sclavonian alphabet; never ſuſpecting it to be a modern character. And, if you were to ſend a *paulet* to a fine woman, in ſuch a hand, ſhe would think that it really came from the *poullaillier*, which, by the bye, is the etymology of the word, *poulet*; for Henry the fourth of France uſed to ſend *billets-doux* to his miſtreſſes, by his *poullaillier*, under pretence of ſending them chickens; which gave the name of *poulets* to thoſe ſhort, but expreſſive, manuſcripts. I have often told you, that every man who has the uſe of his eyes and of his hand, can write whatever hand he pleaſes; and it is plain that you can, ſince you write both the Greek and German characters which you never learned of a writing-maſter, extremely well, though your common hand, which you learned of a maſter, is an exceeding bad and illiberal one, equally unfit for buſineſs or common uſe. I do not deſire that you ſhould write the laboured, ſtiff character of a writing-maſter: a man of buſineſs muſt write quick and well, and that depends ſingly upon uſe. I would therefore adviſe you to get ſome very good writing-maſter at Paris, and apply to it for a month only, which will be ſufficient; for, upon my word, the writing of a genteel plain hand of buſineſs is of much more importance than you think. You will ſay, it may be, that when you write ſo very ill, it is becauſe you are in a hurry: to which I anſwer, Why are you ever in a hurry? a man of ſenſe may be in haſte, but can never be in a hurry, becauſe he knows, that whatever he does in a hurry he muſt neceſſarily do very ill. He may be in haſte to diſpatch an affair, but he will take care not to let that haſte hinder his doing it well. Little minds are in a hurry, when the object (as it commonly is) is too big for them; they run, they hare, they puzzle, confound, and perplex, themſelves; they want to do every thing at once, and never do it at all. But a man of ſenſe takes the time neceſſary for doing the thing he is about, well; and his haſte to diſpatch a buſineſs, only appears by the continuity of his application to it: he purſues it with a cool ſteadineſs, and finiſhes it before he begins any other. I own your time is much taken up, and you have a great many different things to do; but remember, that you had much better do half of them well, and leave the other half undone, than to do them all indifferently. Moreover, the few ſeconds that are ſaved in the courſe of the

day,

day, by writing ill inſtead of well, do not amount to an object of time, by any means equivalent to the diſgrace or ridicule of writing the ſcrawl of a common whore. Conſider, that if your very bad writing could furniſh me with matter of ridicule, what will it not do to others, who do not view you in that partial light that I do. There was a Pope, I think it was Cardinal Chigi, who was juſtly ridiculed for his attention to little things, and his inability in great ones; and therefore called *maximus in minimis*, and *minimus in maximis*; Why? Becauſe he attended to little things, when he had great ones to do. At this particular period of your life, and at the place you are now in, you have only little things to do; and you ſhould make it habitual to you to do them well, that they may require no attention from you when you have, as I hope you will have, greater things to mind. Make a good hand-writing familiar to you now, that you may hereafter have nothing but your matter to think of, when you have occaſion to write to Kings and Miniſters. Dance, dreſs, preſent yourſelf habitually well now, that you may have none of thoſe little things to think of hereafter, and which will be all neceſſary to be done well occaſionally, when you will have greater things to do.

As I am eternally thinking of every thing that can be relative to you, one thing has occurred to me, which I think neceſſary to mention to you, in order to prevent the difficulties, which it might otherwiſe lay you under: it is this; as you get more acquaintances at Paris, it will be impoſſible for you to frequent your firſt acquaintances, ſo much as you did, while you had no others. As for example, at your firſt *début*, I ſuppoſe you were chiefly at Madame Monconſeil's, Lady Hervey's, and Madame Du Boccage's. Now that you have got ſo many other houſes, you cannot be at theirs ſo often as you uſed; but pray take care not to give them the leaſt reaſon to think, that you neglect or deſpiſe them, for the ſake of new and more dignified and ſhining acquaintances; which would be ungrateful and imprudent on your part, and never forgiven on theirs. Call upon them often, though you do not ſtay with them ſo long as formerly; tell them that you are ſorry you are obliged to go away, but that you have ſuch and ſuch engagements, which good breeding obliges you to comply with; and inſinuate that you would rather ſtay with them. In ſhort, take care to make as many perſonal friends, and as few perſonal enemies as poſſible. I do not mean, by perſonal friends, intimate and confidential friends, of which no man can hope to have half a dozen in the whole courſe of his life; but I mean friends, in the common acceptation of the word; that is, people who ſpeak well of you, and who would rather do you good than harm, conſiſtently with their own intereſt, and no farther. Upon the whole, I recommend to you again and again *les graces*. Adorned by them, you may, in a manner, do what you pleaſe; it will be approved of: without them, your beſt qualities will loſe half their efficacy. Endeavour to be faſhionable among the French, which will

will ſoon make you faſhionable here. Monſieur de Matignon already calls you *le petit François*. If you can get that name generally at Paris, it will put you *à la mode*. Adieu, my dear child.

LETTER XXII.

London, Feb. the 4th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE accounts which I receive of you from Paris grow every day more and more ſatisfactory. Lord Albemarle has wrote a ſort of a panegyric of you, which has been ſeen by many people here, and which will be a very uſeful forerunner for you. Being in faſhion, is an important point for any body, any where; but it would be a very great one for you to be eſtabliſhed in the faſhion here, before you return. Your buſineſs would be half done by it, as I am ſure you would not give people reaſon to change their favourable præ ſentiments of you. The good that is ſaid of you will not, I am convinced, make you a coxcomb; and on the other hand, the being thought ſtill to want ſome little accompliſhments, will, I am perſuaded, not mortify you, but only animate you to acquire them: I will therefore, give you both fairly in the following extract of a letter which I lately received from an impartial and diſcerning friend.

" * J'oſe vous aſſurer que Monſieur Stanhope réuſſira. Il a " un grand fond de ſçavoir, et une mémoire prodigieuſe, ſans " faire parade de l'un ou de l'autre. Il cherche à plaire, et il " plaira. Il a de la phiſionomie; ſa figure eſt jolie quoique pe- " tite. Il n'a rien de gauche, quoi qu'il n'aïe pas encore toutes " les graces requiſes, que Marcel et les femmes lui donneront " bientôt. Enfin il ne lui manque que ce qui devoit neceſſaire- " ment lui manquer à ſon age; je veux dire, les uſages, et une " certaine délicateſſe dans les maniéres, qui ne s'acquiérent que " par le tems et la bonne compagnie. Avec ſon eſprit, il les " prendra bientôt, il y a déjà fait des progrès, et il fréquente " les compagnies les plus propres à les lui donner."

" * Permit me to aſſure you, Sir, that Mr. Stanhope will " ſucceed. He has a great fund of knowledge, and an uncom- " monly good memory, although he does not make any parade " of either the one or the other. He is deſirous of pleaſing, " and he will pleaſe. He has an expreſſive countenance; " his figure is elegant, although little. He has not the " leaſt awkwardneſs, though he has not as yet acquired all " the graces requiſite, which Marcel and the ladies will ſoon " give him. In ſhort, he wants nothing but thoſe things, which " at his age, muſt unavoidably be wanting; I mean, a certain " turn and delicacy of manners, which are to be acquired only " by time, and in good company. Ready, as he is, he will " ſoon learn them; particularly as he frequents ſuch companies " as are the moſt proper to give them."

By this extract, which I can assure you is a faithful one, you and I have both of us the satisfaction of knowing, how much you have, and how little you want. Let what you have give you (if possible) rather more *seeming* modesty, but at the same time more interior firmness and assurance; and let what you want, which you see is very attainable, redouble your attention and endeavours to acquire it. You have, in truth, but that one thing to apply to; and a very pleasing application it is, since it is through pleasures that you must arrive at it. Company, suppers, balls, *spectacles*, which show you the models upon which you should form yourself, and all the little usages, customs, and delicacies, which you must adopt, and make habitual to you, are now your only schools and universities; in which young fellows and fine women will give you the best lectures.

Monsieur du Boccage is another of your panegyrists; and he tells me that Madame du Boccage *a pris avec vous le ton de mie et de bonne*; and that you like it very well. You are in the right of it; it is the way of improving: endeavour to be upon that foot with every woman you converse with; excepting where there may be a tender point of connection; a point which I have nothing to do with: but if such a one there is, I hope she has not *de mauvais ni de vilains bras*, which I agree with you is thinking a very disagreeable thing.

I have sent you, by the opportunity of Pollock the courier, who was once my servant, two little parcels of Greek and English books; and shall send you two more by Mr. Yorke: but I accompany them with this caution; that, as you have not much time to read, you should employ it in reading what is the most necessary, and that is, indisputably, modern historical, geographical, chronological, and political knowledge; the present constitution, maxims, force, riches, trade, commerce, characters, parties, and cabals, of the several courts of Europe. Many who are reckoned good scholars, though they know pretty accurately the governments of Athens and Rome, are totally ignorant of the constitution of any one country now in Europe, even of their own. Read just Latin and Greek enough to keep up your classical learning, which will be an ornament to you while young, and a comfort to you when old. But the true useful knowledge, and especially for you, is the modern knowledge above-mentioned. It is that which must qualify you both for domestic and foreign business, and it is to that, therefore, that you should principally direct your attention; and I know with great pleasure, that you do so. I would not thus commend you to yourself, if I thought commendations would have upon you those ill effects, which they frequently have upon weak minds. I think you are much above being a vain coxcomb, over-rating your own merit, and insulting others with the superabundance of it. On the contrary, I am convinced, that the consciousness of merit makes a man of sense more modest, though more firm. A man who dis-

plays

plays his own merit is a coxcomb, and a man who does not know it is a fool. A man of ſenſe knows it, exerts it, avails himſelf of it, but never boaſts of it; and always *ſeems* rather to under than over value it, though, in truth, he ſets the right value upon it. It is a very true maxim of la Bruyere's (an author well worth your ſtudying) *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde, que ce que l'on veut valoir*. A man who is really diffident, timid, and baſhful, be his merit what it will, never can puſh himſelf in the world; his deſpondency throws him into inaction; and the forward, the buſtling, and the petulant, will always get the better of him. The manner makes the whole difference. What would be impudence in one Manner, is only a proper and decent aſſurance in another. A man of ſenſe, and of knowledge of the world, will aſſert his own rights, and purſue his own objects, as ſteadily and intrepidly, as the moſt impudent man living, and commonly more ſo, but then he has art enough to give an outward air of modeſty to all he does. This engages and prevails, whilſt the very ſame things ſhock and fail, from the over-bearing or impudent manner only of doing them. I repeat my maxim, *Suaviter in modo, ſed fortiter in re.* Would you know the characters, modes and manners, of the latter end of the laſt age, which are very like thoſe of the preſent, read La Bruyere. But would you know man, independently of modes, read La Rochefoucault, who, I am afraid, paints him very exactly.

Give the encloſed to Abbé Guaſco, of whom you make good uſe, to go about with you, and ſee things. Between you and me, he has more knowledge than parts. *Mais un habille homme ſcait tirer parti de tout*; and every body is good for ſomething. Preſident Monteſquieu is, in every ſenſe, a moſt uſeful acquaintance. He has parts, joined to great reading and knowledge of the world. *Puiſez dans cette ſource tant que vous pourrez.*

Adieu! May the graces attend you; for without them *ogni fatica è vana.* If they do not come to you willingly, raviſh them, and force them to accompany all you think, all you ſay, and all you do.

LETTER XXIII.

London, Feb. the 11th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN you go to the play, which I hope you do often, for it is a very inſtructive amuſement, you muſt certainly have obſerved the very different effects which the ſeveral parts have upon you, according as they are well or ill acted. The very beſt tragedy of Corneille's, if well ſpoken and acted, intereſts, engages, agitates, and affects your paſſions. Love, terror, and pity, alternately poſſeſs you. But, if ill ſpoken and acted, it would only excite your indignation or your laughter. Why? It is ſtill Corneille's; it is the ſame ſenſe, the ſame matter, whether well or ill acted. It is then merely the man-

ner of ſpeaking and acting that makes this great difference in the effects. Apply this to yourſelf, and conclude from it, that if you would either pleaſe in a private company, or perſuade in a publick aſſembly; air, looks, geſtures, graces, enunciation, proper accents, juſt emphaſis, and tuneful cadences, are full as neceſſary as the matter itſelf. Let awkward, ungraceful, inelegant, and dull fellows, ſay what they will in behalf of their ſolid matter, and ſtrong reaſonings; and let them deſpiſe all thoſe graces and ornaments, which engage the ſenſes and captivate the heart; they will find (though they will poſſibly wonder why) that their rough unpoliſhed matter, and their unadorned, coarſe, but ſtrong arguments, will neither pleaſe nor perſuade; but, on the contrary, will tire out attention, and excite diſguſt. We are ſo made, we love to be pleaſed, better than to be informed; information is, in a certain degree, mortifying, as it implies our previous ignorance; it muſt be ſweetened to be palatable.

To bring this directly to you; know that no man can make a figure in this country, but by parliament. Your fate depends upon your ſucceſs there as a ſpeaker; and, take my word for it, that ſucceſs turns much more upon Manner than Matter. Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Murray, the ſolicitor-general, uncle to Lord Stormont, are, beyond compariſon, the beſt ſpeakers: why? Only becauſe they are the beſt orators. They alone can inflame or quiet the houſe; they alone are ſo attended to, in that numerous and noiſy aſſembly, that you might hear a pin fall while either of them are ſpeaking. Is it that their matter is better, or their arguments ſtronger, than other people's? Does the houſe expect extraordinary informations from them? Not in the leaſt; but the houſe expects pleaſure from them, and therefore attends; finds it, and therefore approves. Mr. Pitt, particularly, has very little parliamentary knowledge; his matter is generally flimſy, and his arguments often weak: but his eloquence is ſuperior, his action graceful, his enunciation juſt and harmonious; his periods are well turned, and every word he makes uſe of is the very beſt, and the moſt expreſſive, that can be uſed in that place. This, and not his matter, made him pay-maſter, in ſpite of both King and Miniſters. From this, draw the obvious concluſion. The ſame thing holds full as true in converſation; where even trifles, elegantly expreſſed, well looked, and accompanied with graceful action, will ever pleaſe, beyond all the homeſpun, unadorned ſenſe in the world. Reflect, on one ſide, how you feel within yourſelf, while you are forced to ſuffer the tedious, muddy, and ill-turned narration of ſome awkward fellow, even though the fact may be intereſting; and, on the other hand, with what pleaſure you attend to the relation of a much leſs intereſting matter, when elegantly expreſſed, genteelly turned and gracefully delivered. By attending carefully to all theſe *agremens* in your daily converſation, they will become

become habitual to you, before you come into parliament; and you will have nothing then to do, but to raiſe them a little when you come there. I would wiſh you to be ſo attentive to this object, that I would not have you ſpeak to your footman, but in the very beſt words that the ſubject admits of, be the language which it will. Think of your words, and of their arrangement, before you ſpeak; chuſe the moſt elegant, and place them in the beſt order. Conſult your own ear, to avoid cacophony; and what is very near as bad, monotony. Think alſo of your geſture and looks, when you are ſpeaking even upon the moſt trifling ſubjects. The ſame things, differently expreſſed, looked, and delivered, ceaſe to be the ſame things. The moſt paſſionate lover in the world cannot make a ſtronger declaration of love, than the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* does in this happy form of words, *Mourir d'amour me font belle Marquiſe vos beaux yeux.* I defy any body to ſay more; and yet I would adviſe no body to ſay that; and I would recommend to you, rather to ſmother and conceal your paſſion intirely, than to reveal it in theſe words. Seriouſly, this holds in every thing, as well as in that ludicrous inſtance. The French, to do them juſtice, attend very minutely to the purity, the correctneſs, and the elegancy of their ſtyle, in converſation, and in their letters. *Bien narrer* is an object of their ſtudy; and though they ſometimes carry it to affectation, they never ſink into inelegancy, which is much the worſt extreme of the two. Obſerve them, and form your French ſtyle upon theirs; for elegancy in one language will reproduce itſelf in all. I knew a young man, who, being juſt elected a member of parliament, was laughed at for being diſcovered, through the key-hole of his chamber door, ſpeaking to himſelf in the glaſs, and forming his looks and geſtures. I could not join in that laugh; but, on the contrary, thought him much wiſer than thoſe who laughed at him; for he knew the importance of thoſe little graces in a public aſſembly, and they did not. Your little perſon, (which I am told by the way is not ill-turned) whether in a laced coat or a blanket, is ſpecifically the ſame; but yet, I believe, you chuſe to wear the former; and you are in the right, for the ſake of pleaſing more. The worſt bred man in Europe, if a lady let fall her fan, would certainly take it up and give it her: the beſt-bred man in Europe could do no more. The difference however would be conſiderable; the latter would pleaſe by doing it gracefully; the former would be laughed at for doing it awkwardly. I repeat it, and repeat it again, and ſhall never ceaſe repeating it to you; air, manners, graces, ſtyle, elegancy, and all thoſe ornaments, muſt now be the only objects of your attention; it is now, or never, that you muſt acquire them. Poſtpone, therefore, all other conſiderations; make them now your ſerious ſtudy: you have not one moment to loſe. The ſolid and the ornamental united, are undoubtedly beſt; but were I reduced to make an option, I ſhould without heſitation chuſe the latter.

I hope

I hope you aſſiduouſly frequent Marcel, * and carry graces from him; nobody had more to ſpare than he had formerly. Have you learned to carve? for it is ridiculous not to carve well. A man who tells you gravely that he cannot carve, may as well tell you that he cannot blow his noſe; it is both as neceſſary, and as eaſy.

Make my compliments to Lord Huntingdon, whom I love and honour extremely, as I dare ſay you do; I will write to him ſoon, though I believe he has hardly time to read a letter; and my letters to thoſe I love are, as you know by experience, not very ſhort ones: this is one proof of it, and this would have been longer, if the paper had been ſo. Good night then, my dear child.

LETTER XXIV.

London, Feb. the 28th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS epigram in Martial,

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec poſſum dicere quare,
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, non amo te,

has puzzled a great many people; who cannot conceive how it is poſſible not to love any body, and yet not to know the reaſon why. I think I conceive Martial's meaning very clearly, though the nature of an epigram, which is to be ſhort, would not allow him to explain it more fully; and I take it to be this, *O Sabidis, you are a very worthy deſerving man; you have a thouſand good qualities, you have a great deal of learning; I eſteem, I reſpect, but for the ſoul of me I cannot love you, though I cannot particularly ſay why. You are not* amiable; *you have not thoſe engaging manners, thoſe pleaſing attentions, thoſe graces, and that addreſs, which are abſolutely neceſſary to pleaſe, though impoſſible to define. I cannot ſay it is this or that particular thing that hinders me from loving you, it is the whole together; and upon the whole you are not agreeable.* How often have I, in the courſe of my life, found myſelf in this ſituation, with regard to many of my acquaintance, whom I have honoured and reſpected, without being able to love? I did not know why, becauſe, when one is young, one does not take the trouble, nor allow one's-ſelf the time, to analyſe one's ſentiments, and to trace them up to their ſource. But ſubſequent obſervation and reflection have taught me why. There is a man, whoſe moral character, deep learning, and ſuperior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and reſpect; but whom it is ſo impoſſible for me to love, that I am almoſt in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) ſeems made to diſgrace or ridicule the common ſtructure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the poſition, which, according to the ſituation of his body, they ought

* At that time the moſt celebrated dancing-maſter at Paris.

ought to be in; but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink; and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mis-times or mis-places every thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately; mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes; absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect; he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him, is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot.

I remember, that when I came from Cambridge, I had acquired, among the pedants of that illiberal seminary, a sauciness of literature, a turn to satire and contempt, and a strong tendency to argumentation and contradiction. But I had been but a very little while in the world, before I found that this would by no means do; and I immediately adopted the opposite character: I concealed what learning I had; I applauded often, without approving; and I yielded commonly, without conviction, *Suaviter in modo* was my law and my prophets; and if I pleased (between you and me) it was much more owing to that, than to any superior knowledge or merit of my own. *A propos*, the word *pleasing* puts one always in mind of Lady Hervey: pray tell her, that I declare her responsible to me for your pleasing: that I consider her as a pleasing Falstaff, who not only pleases herself, but is the cause of pleasing in others: that I know she can make any thing of any body; and that, as your governess, if she does not make you please, it must be only because she will not, and not because she cannot. I hope you are, *du bois dont en fait*; and if so, she is so good a sculptor, that I am sure she can give you whatever form she pleases. A versatility of manners is as necessary in social, as a versatility of parts is in political life. One must often yield, in order to prevail; one must humble one's-self to be exalted; one must, like St. Paul, become all things to all men, to gain some; and (by the way) men are taken by the same means, *mutatis mutandis*, that women are gained; by gentleness, insinuation, and submission: and these lines of Mr. Dryden's will hold to a minister as well as to a mistress:

The prostrate lover, when he lowest lies,
But stoops to conquer, and but kneels to rise.

In the course of the world, the qualifications of the cameleon are often necessary; nay, they must be carried a little farther, and exerted a little sooner; for you should, to a certain degree, take the hue of either the man or the woman that you want, and wish to be upon terms with. *A propos*, Have you yet found out at Paris any friendly and hospitable Madame de Lursay, *qui veut bien se charger du soin de vous eduquer?* And have you had any occasion of representing to her, *qu'elle faisoit donc des nœuds?*

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But I aſk your pardon, Sir, for the abruptneſs of the queſtion, and acknowledge that I am meddling with matters that are out of my department. However in matters of leſs importance I deſire to be, *de vos ſecrets le fidele dépoſitaire*. Truſt me with the general turn and colour of your amuſements at Paris. Is it *le fracas du grand monde, comédies, bals, operas, cour, &c.?* Or is it, *des petités ſocietés moins bruïantes, mais pas pour cela moins agréables?* Where are you the moſt *établi?* Where are you *le petit Stanhope? Voïez vous encore jour, à quelque arrangement honnette?* Have you made many acquaintances among the young Frenchmen who ride at your Academy; and who are they? Send me this ſort of chit-chat in your letters, which, by the bye, I wiſh you would honour me with ſomewhat oftener. If you frequent any of the myriads of polite Engliſhmen, who infeſt Paris, who are they? Have you finiſhed with l'Abbé Nolèt, and are you *au fait* of all the properties and effects of air? Were I inclined to quibble, I would ſay, that the effects of *air*, at leaſt, are beſt to be learned of Marcel. If you have quite done with l'Abbé Nolèt, aſk my friend l'Abbé Sallier to recommend to you ſome meagre philomath, to teach you a little geometry and aſtronomy; not enough to abſorb your attention, and puzzle your intellects, but only enough, not to be groſsly ignorant of either. I have of late been a ſort of an *oſtronome malgré moy*, by bringing in laſt Monday, into the houſe of Lords, a bill for reforming our preſent Calendar, and taking the New Style. Upon which occaſion I was obliged to talk ſome aſtronomical jargon, of which I did not underſtand one word, but got it by heart, and ſpoke it by rote from a maſter. I wiſhed that I had known a little more of it myſelf; and ſo much I would have you know. But the great and neceſſary knowledge of all is, to know yourſelf and others: this knowledge requires great attention and long experience; exert the former, and may you have the latter! Adieu.

P. S. I have this moment received your letters of the 27th February, and the 2d March, N. S. The ſeal ſhall be done as ſoon as poſſible. I am glad that you are employed in Lord Albemarle's bureau; it will teach you, at leaſt, the mechanical part of that buſineſs, ſuch as folding, entering, and docketing, letters; for you muſt not imagine that you are let into the *fin fin* of the correſpondence, nor indeed is it fit that you ſhould, at your age. However, uſe yourſelf to ſecrecy as to the letters you either read or write, that in time you may be truſted with, *ſecret, very ſecret, ſeparate, apart*, &c. I am ſorry that this buſineſs interferes with your riding; I hope it is but ſeldom; but I inſiſt upon its not interfering with your dancing-maſter, who is at this time the moſt uſeful and neceſſary of all the maſters you have or can have.

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LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Mentioned to you, ſome time ago, a ſentence; which I would moſt earneſtly wiſh you always to retain in your thoughts, and obſerve in your conduct. It is *ſuaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* I do not know any one rule ſo unexceptionably uſeful and neceſſary in every part of life. I ſhall therefore take it for my text to day; and, as old men love preaching, and I have ſome right to preach to you, I here preſent you with my ſermon upon theſe words. To proceed then regularly and *pulpitically*; I will firſt ſhow you, my beloved, the neceſſary connection of the two members of my text, *ſuaviter in modo*; *fortiter in re.* In the next place, I ſhall ſet forth the advantages and utility reſulting from a ſtrict obſervance of the precept contained in my text; and conclude with an application of the whole. The *ſuaviter in modo* alone would degenerate and ſink into a mean, timid complaiſance, and paſſiveneſs, if not ſupported and dignified by the *fortiter in re*; which would alſo run into impetuoſity and brutality, if not tempered and ſoftened, by the *ſuaviter in modo:* however, they are ſeldom united. The warm, choleric man, with ſtrong animal ſpirits, deſpiſes the *ſuaviter in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortiter in re.* He may poſſibly, by great accident, now and then ſucceed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to ſhock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning, crafty man, thinks to gain all his ends by the *ſuaviter in modo* only: *he becomes all things to all men*; he ſeems to have no opinion of his own, and ſervilely adopts the preſent opinion of the preſent perſon; he inſinuates himſelf only into the eſteem of fools, but is ſoon detected, and ſurely deſpiſed by every body elſe. The wiſe man (who differs as much from the cunning, as from the choleric man) alone joins the *ſuaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.* Now to the advantages ariſing from the ſtrict obſervance of this precept.

If you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands delivered *ſuaviter in modo* will be willingly, chearfully, and conſequently well obeyed; whereas, if given only *fortiter*, that is brutally: they will rather, as Tacitus ſays, be interpreted than executed. For my own part, if I bid my footman bring me a glaſs of wine, in a rough inſulting manner, I ſhould expect, that in obeying me, he would contrive to ſpill ſome of it upon me; and I am ſure I ſhould deſerve it. A cool ſteady reſolution ſhould ſhow, that where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but, at the ſame time, a gentleneſs in the manner of enforcing that obedience, ſhould make it a chearful one, and ſoften, as much as poſſible, the mortifying conſciouſneſs of inferiority. If you are to aſk a favour, or even to ſolicit your due, you muſt do it *ſuaviter in modo*,

or

or you will give thoſe, who have a mind to refuſe you either, a pretence to do it, by reſenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you muſt, by a ſteady perſeverance and decent tenaciouſneſs, ſhow the *fortiter in re*. The right motives are ſeldom the true ones, of men's actions, eſpecially of kings, miniſters, and people in high ſtations; who often give to importunity and fear, what they would refuſe to juſtice or to merit. By the *ſuaviter in modo* engage their hearts, if you can; at leaſt, prevent the pretence of offence: but take care to ſhow enough of the *fortiter in re* to extort from their love of eaſe, or their fear, what you might in vain hope from their juſtice or good-nature. People in high life are hardened to the wants and diſtreſſes of mankind, as ſurgeons are to their bodily pains; they ſee and hear of them all day long, and even of ſo many ſimulated ones, that they do not know which are real, and which not. Other ſentiments are therefore to be applied to, than thoſe of mere juſtice and humanity; their favour muſt be captivated by the *ſuaviter in modo:* their love of eaſe diſturbed by unwearied importunity, or their fears wrought upon by a decent intimation of implacable, cool, reſentment; this is the true *fortiter in re.* This precept is the only way I know in the world, of being loved without being deſpiſed, and feared without being hated. It conſtitutes the dignity of character, which every wiſe man muſt endeavour to eſtabliſh.

Now to apply what has been ſaid, and ſo conclude.

If you find that you have a haſtineſs in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiſcreet ſallies, or rough expreſſions, to either your ſuperiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *ſuaviter in modo* to your aſſiſtance: at the firſt impulſe of paſſion, be ſilent, till you can be ſoft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance ſo well, that thoſe emotions may not be read in it: a moſt unſpeakable advantage in buſineſs! On the other hand, let no complaiſance, no gentleneſs of temper, no weak deſire of pleaſing on your part, no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery, on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point that reaſon and prudence have bid you purſue; but return to the charge, perſiſt, perſevere, and you will find moſt things attainable that are poſſible. A yielding timid meekneſs is always abuſed and inſulted by the unjuſt and the unfeeling; but when ſuſtained by the *fortiter in re*, is always reſpected, commonly ſucceſsful. In your friendſhips and connections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly uſeful; let your firmneſs and vigour, preſerve and invite attachments to you; but, at the ſame time, let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependants from becoming yours: let your enemies be diſarmed by the gentleneſs of your manner; but let them feel, at the ſame time, the ſteadineſs of your juſt reſentment; for there is great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a reſolute ſelf-defence, which

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is always prudent and juſtifiable. In negotiations with foreign miniſters, remember the *fortiter in re*; give up no point, accept of no expedient, till the utmoſt neceſſity reduces you to it, and even then diſpute the ground inch by inch; but then, while you are contending with the miniſter *fortiter in re*, remember to gain the man by the *ſuaviter in modo*. If you engage his heart, you have a fair chance for impoſing upon his underſtanding, and determining his will. Tell him, in a frank gallant manner, that your miniſterial wrangles do not leſſen your perſonal regard for his merit; but that, on the contrary, his zeal and ability, in the ſervice of his maſter, increaſe it; and that, of all things, you deſire to make a good friend of ſo good a ſervant. By theſe means you may and will very often be a gainer, you never can be a loſer. Some people cannot gain upon themſelves to be eaſy and civil to thoſe who are either their rivals, competitors, or oppoſers, though, independently of thoſe accidental circumſtances, they would like and eſteem them. They betray a ſhyneſs and an awkwardneſs in company with them, and catch at any little thing to expoſe them; and ſo, from temporary and only occaſional opponents, make them their perſonal enemies. This is exceedingly weak and detrimental, as, indeed, is all humour in buſineſs; which can only be carried on ſucceſsfully, by unadulterated good policy and right reaſoning. In ſuch ſituations I would be more particularly and *noblement*, civil, eaſy, and frank, with the man whoſe deſigns I traverſed; this is commonly called generoſity and magnanimity, but is, in truth, good ſenſe and policy. The manner is often as important as the matter, ſometimes more ſo; a favour may make an enemy, and an injury may make a friend, according to the different manner in which they are ſeverally done. The countenance, the addreſs, the words, the enunciation, the graces, add great efficacy to the *ſuaviter in modo*, and great dignity to the *fortiter in re*; and conſequently they deſerve the utmoſt attention.

From what has been ſaid, I conclude with this obſervation, that gentleneſs of manners, with firmneſs of mind, is a ſhort, but full deſcription of human perfection, on this ſide religious and moral duties: that you may be ſeriouſly convinced of this truth, and ſhow it in your life and converſation, is the moſt ſincere and ardent wiſh of yours.

LETTER XXVI.

London, March the 11th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received by the laſt poſt a letter from Abbé Guaſco, in which he joins his repreſentations to thoſe of Lord Albemarle, againſt your remaining any longer in your very bad lodgings at the academy; and, as I do not find that any advantage can ariſe to you, from being *interne* in an academy, which is full as far from the riding-houſe, and from all your other maſters, as your lodgings will probably be, I agree to your removing

removing to an *hôtel garni*; the Abbé will help you to find one, as I desire him by the enclosed, which you will give him. I must, however, annex one condition to your going into private lodgings, which is, an absolute exclusion of English breakfasts and suppers at them; the former consume the whole morning, and the latter employ the evenings very ill, in senseless toasting *a l'Angloise* in their infernal claret. You will be sure to go to the riding-house as often as possible, that is, whenever your new business at Lord Albemarle's does not hinder you. But at all events, I insist upon your never missing Marcel, who is at present of more consequence to you than all the *bureaus* in Europe; for this is the time for you to acquire *tous ces petits riens*, which, though in an arithmetical account, added to one another *ad infinitum*, they would amount to nothing, in the account of the world amount to a great and important sum. *Les agrémens et les graces*, without which you will never be any thing, are absolutely made up of all those *riens*, which are more easily felt than described. By the way, you may take your lodgings for one whole year certain, by which means you may get them much cheaper; for though I intend to see you here in less than a year, it will be but for a little time, and you will return to Paris again, where I intend you shall stay till the end of April twelvemonth, 1752; at which time, provided you have got all *la politesse*, *les manières*, *les attentions*, *et les graces du beau monde*, I shall place you in some business suitable to your destination.

I have received, at last, your present of the carton, from Dominichino, by Blanchét. It is very finely done; it is a pity that he did not take in all the figures of the original. I will hang it up, where it shall be your own again some time or other.

Mr. Harte is returned in perfect health from Cornwall, and has taken possession of his prebendal house at Windsor, which is a very pretty one. As I dare say you will always feel, I hope you will always express, the strongest sentiments of gratitude and friendship for him. Write to him frequently, and attend to the letters you receive from him. He shall be with us at Black-head, alias *Babiole*, all the time that I propose you shall be there, which, I believe, will be the month of August next.

Having thus mentioned to you the probable time of our meeting, I will prepare you a little for it. Hatred, jealousy, or envy, make most people attentive to discover the least defects of those they do not love; they rejoice at every new discovery they make of that kind, and take care to publish it. I thank God, I do not know what those three ungenerous passions are, having never felt them in my own breast; but love has just the same effect upon me, except that I conceal, instead of publishing, the defects which my attention makes me discover in those I love. I curiously pry into them: I analyse them; and wishing either to find them

perfect,

perfect, or to make them ſo, nothing eſcapes me, and I ſoon diſcover every the leaſt gradation towards, or from that perfection. You muſt, therefore, expect the moſt critical *examen* that ever any body underwent: I ſhall diſcover your leaſt, as well as your greateſt defects, and I ſhall very freely tell you of them, *Non quod odio habeam, ſed quod amem.* But I ſhall tell them you *tête-à-tete*, and as *Micio*, not as *Demea*; and I will tell them to no body elſe. I think it but fair to inform you beforehand, where I ſuſpect that my criticiſms are likely to fall; and that is more upon the outward, than upon the inward man. I neither ſuſpect your heart nor your head; but, to be plain with you, I have a ſtrange diſtruſt of your air, your addreſs, your manners, your *tournure*, and particularly of your *enunciation* and elegancy of ſtyle. Theſe will be all put to the trial; for while you are with me, you muſt do the honours of my houſe and table; the leaſt inaccuracy or inelegancy will not eſcape me; as you will find by *a look* at the time, and by a remonſtrance afterwards when we are alone. You will ſee a great deal of company of all ſorts at *Babiole*, and particularly foreigners. Make, therefore, in the mean time, all theſe exterior and ornamental qualifications your peculiar care, and diſappoint all my imaginary ſchemes of criticiſm. Some authors have criticiſed their own works firſt, in hopes of hindering others from doing it afterwards: but then they do it themſelves with ſo much tenderneſs and partiality for their own production, that not only the production itſelf, but the preventative criticiſm, is criticiſed. I am not one of thoſe authors; but, on the contrary, my ſeverity increaſes with my fondneſs for my work; and if you will but effectually correct all the faults I ſhall find, I will inſure you from all ſubſequent criticiſms from other quarters.

Are you got a little into the interior, into the conſtitution of things at Paris? Have you ſeen what you have ſeen thoroughly? For, by the way, few people ſee what they ſee, or hear what they hear; for example, if you go to *les Invalides*, do you content yourſelf with ſeeing the building, the hall where three or four hundred cripples dine, and the galleries where they lie; or do you inform yourſelf of the numbers, the conditions of their admiſſion, their allowance, the value and nature of the fund by which the whole is ſupported? This latter I call ſeeing, the former is only ſtaring. Many people take the opportunity of *les vacances*, to go and ſee the empty rooms, where the ſeveral chambers of the parliament did ſit; which rooms are exceedingly like all other large rooms: when you go there, let it be when they are full; ſee and hear what is doing in them; learn their reſpective conſtitutions, juriſdictions, objects, and methods of proceeding; hear ſome cauſes tried in every one of the different chambers. *Approfondiſſez les choſes.*

I am glad to hear that you are ſo well at Marquis de St. Germain's *, of whom I hear a very good character. How are you

* At that time Embaſſador from the King of Sardinia at the court of France.

with

with the other foreign miniſters at Paris? Do you frequent the Dutch Embaſſador or Embaſſadreſs? Have you any footing at the Nuncio's, or at the Imperial and Spaniſh Embaſſador's? It is uſeful. Be more particular in your letters to me, as to your manner of paſſing your time, and the company you keep. Where do you dine and ſup oftenеſt, whoſe houſe is moſt your home? Adieu. *Les graces, les graces.*

LETTER XXVII.

London, March the 18th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Acquainted you in a former letter, that I had brought a bill into the Houſe of Lords for correcting and reforming our preſent calendar, which is the Julian; and for adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you a more particular account of that affair; from which reflections will naturally occur to you, that I hope may be uſeful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious, that the Julian calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the ſolar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory the 13th corrected this error; his reformed calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic powers of Europe, and afterwards adopted by all the Proteſtant ones, except Ruſſia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honourable for England to remain in a groſs and avowed error, eſpecially in ſuch company; the inconveniency of it was likewiſe felt by all thoſe who had foreign correſpondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation; I conſulted the beſt lawyers, and the moſt ſkilful aſtronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpoſe. But then my difficulty began: I was to bring in this bill, which was neceſſarily compoſed of law jargon and aſtronomical calculations to both which I am an utter ſtranger. However, it was abſolutely neceſſary to make the Houſe of Lords think that I knew ſomething of the matter; and alſo, to make them believe that they knew ſomething of it themſelves, which they do not. For my own part, I could as ſoon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them, as aſtronomy, and they would have underſtood me full as well: ſo I reſolved to do better than ſpeak to the purpoſe, and to pleaſe inſtead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an hiſtorical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amuſing them now and then with little epiſodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundneſs of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This ſucceeded, and ever will ſucceed; they thought I informed, becauſe I pleaſed them: and many of them ſaid, that I had made the whole very clear to them; when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greateſt ſhare in forming the bill, and who is one of the greateſt mathematicians and aſtronomers in Europe, ſpoke afterwards, with infinite knowledge, and all the clearneſs that ſo intricate a matter would admit of: but as his

words,

words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near ſo good as mine, the preference was moſt unanimouſly, though moſt unjuſtly, given to me. This will ever be the caſe; every numerous aſſembly is *mob*, let the individuals who compoſe it be what they will. Mere reaſon and good ſenſe is never to be talked to a mob: their paſſions, their ſentiments, their ſenſes, and their ſeeming intereſts, are alone to be applied to. Underſtanding they have collectively none; but they have ears and eyes, which muſt be flattered and ſeduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory.

When you come into the Houſe of Commons, if you imagine that ſpeaking plain and unadorned ſenſe and reaſon will do your buſineſs, you will find yourſelf moſt groſly miſtaken. As a ſpeaker, you will be ranked only according to your eloquence, and by no means according to your matter; every body knows the matter almoſt alike, but few can adorn it. I was early convinced of the importance and powers of eloquence; and from that moment applied myſelf to it. I reſolved not to utter one word, even in common converſation, that ſhould not be the moſt expreſſive, and the moſt elegant, that the language could ſupply me with for that purpoſe; by which means I have acquired a certain degree of habitual eloquence, that I muſt now really take ſome pains. if I would expreſs myſelf very inelegantly. I want to inculcate this known truth into you, which you ſeem by no means to be convinced of yet, that ornaments are at preſent your only objects. Your ſole buſineſs now, is to ſhine, not to weigh. Weight without luſtre is lead. You had better talk trifles elegantly, to the moſt trifling woman, than coarſe inelegant ſenſe, to the moſt ſolid man: you had better return a dropped fan genteelly, than give a thouſand pounds awkwardly: and you had better refuſe a favour gracefully, than grant it clumſily. Manner is all, in every thing: it is by Manner only that you can pleaſe, and conſequently riſe. All your Greek will never advance you from ſecretary to envoy, or from envoy to embaſſador; but your addreſs, your manner, your air, if good, very probably may. Marcel can be of much more uſe to you than Ariſtotle. I would, upon my word, much rather that you had Lord Bolingbroke's ſtyle and eloquence, in ſpeaking and writing, than all the learning of the Academy of Sciences, the Royal Society, and the two Univerſities united.

Having mentioned Lord Bolingbroke's ſtyle, which is, undoubtedly, infinitely ſuperior to any body's; I would have you read his works, which you have, over and over again, with particular attention to his ſtyle. Tranſcribe, imitate, emulate it, if poſſible: that would be of real uſe to you in the Houſe of Commons, in negotiations, in converſation; with that, you may juſtly hope to pleaſe, to perſuade, to ſeduce, to impoſe; and you will fail in thoſe articles, in proportion as you fall ſhort of it. Upon the whole, lay aſide, during your year's reſidence at Paris,

all

all thoughts of all that dull fellows call ſolid, and exert your utmoſt care to acquire what people of faſhion call ſhining. *Prenez l'éclat et le brillant d'un galant homme.*

Among the commonly called little things, which you do not attend to, your hand-writing is one, which is indeed ſhamefully bad, and illiberal; it is neither the hand of a man of buſineſs, nor of a gentleman, but of a truant ſchool-boy; as ſoon, therefore as you have done with Abbé Nolèt, pray get an excellent writing-maſter, ſince you think that you cannot teach yourſelf to write what hand you pleaſe, and let him teach you to write a genteel, legible, liberal hand, and quick; not the hand of a *procureur*, or a writing-maſter, but that ſort of hand in which the firſt *Commis* in foreign bureaus commonly write: for I tell you truly, that were I Lord Albemarle, nothing ſhould remain in my bureau, written in your preſent hand. From hand to arms the tranſition is natural; is the carriage and motion of your arms ſo too? The motion of the arms is the moſt material part of a man's air, eſpecially in dancing; the feet are not near ſo material. If a man dances well from the waiſt upwards, wears his hat well, and moves his head properly, he dances well. Do the women ſay that you dreſs well; for that is neceſſary too for a young fellow? Have you *un gout vif*, or a paſſion for any body? I do not aſk for whom; an Iphigenia would both give you the deſire, and teach you the means to pleaſe.

In a fortnight or three weeks, you will ſee Sir Charles Hotham at Paris, in his way to Toulouſe, where he is to ſtay a year or two. Pray be very civil to him, but do not carry him into company, except preſenting him to Lord Albemarle; for as he is not to ſtay at Paris above a week, we do not deſire that he ſhould taſte of that diſſipation: you may ſhow him a play and an opera. Adieu, my dear child.

LETTER XXVIII.

London, March the 25th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT a happy period of your life is this! Pleaſure is now, and ought to be your buſineſs. While you were younger, dry rules, and unconnected words, were the unpleaſant objects of your labours. When you grow older, the anxiety, the vexations, the diſappointments, inſeparable from public buſineſs, will require the greateſt ſhare of your time and attention; your pleaſures may, indeed, conduce to your buſineſs, and your buſineſs will quicken your pleaſures; but ſtill your time muſt, at leaſt, be divided: whereas now it is wholly your own, and cannot be ſo well employed as in the pleaſures of a gentleman. The world is now the only book you want, and almoſt the only one you ought to read: that neceſſary book can only be read in company, in public places, at meals, and in *ruelles*. You muſt be in the pleaſures, in order to learn the manners of good company. In premeditated, or in formal buſineſs, people conceal,

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or at leaſt endeavour to conceal, their characters; whereas pleaſures diſcover them, and the heart breaks out through the guard of the underſtanding. Thoſe are often propitious moments, for ſkilful negotiators to improve. In your deſtination particularly, the able conduct of pleaſures is of infinite uſe: to keep a good table, and to do the honours of it gracefully, and *ſur le ton de la bonne compagnie*, is abſolutely neceſſary for a foreign miniſter. There is a certain light table chit-chat, uſeful to keep off improper and too ſerious ſubjects, which is only to be learned in the pleaſures of good company. In truth, it may be trifling; but, trifling as it is, a man of parts, and experience of the world, will give an agreeable turn to it. *L'art de badiner agréablement* is by no means to be deſpiſed.

An engaging addreſs, and turn to gallantry, is often of very great ſervice to foreign miniſters. Women have, directly or indirectly, a good deal to ſay in moſt courts. The late Lord Strafford governed, for a conſiderable time, the court of Berlin, and made his own fortune, by being well with Madame de Wartemberg, the firſt King of Pruſſia's miſtreſs. I could name many other inſtances of that kind. That ſort of agreeable *caquet de femmes*, the neceſſary fore-runners of cloſer conferences, is only to be got by frequenting women of the firſt faſhion, *et qui donnent le ton*. Let every other book then give way to this great and neceſſary book the world; of which there are ſo many various readings, that it requires a great deal of time and attention to underſtand it well: contrary to all other books, you muſt not ſtay at home, but go abroad to read it; and, when you ſeek it abroad, you will not find it in bookſellers ſhops and ſtalls, but in courts, in *hôtels*, at entertainments, balls, aſſemblies, ſpectacles, *&c.* Put yourſelf upon the foot of an eaſy, domeſtic, but polite familiarity and intimacy, in the ſeveral French houſes to which you have been introduced. Cultivate them, frequent them, and ſhow a deſire of becoming *enfant de la maiſon*. Get acquainted as much as you can with *les gens de cour*: and obſerve, carefully, how politely they can differ, and how civilly they can hate; how eaſy and idle they can ſeem in the multiplicity of their buſineſs and how they can lay hold of the proper moments to carry it on, in the midſt of their pleaſures. Courts, alone, teach verſatility and politeneſs; for there is no living there without them. Lord Albemarle has, I hear, and am very glad of it, put you into the hands of Meſſieurs de Biſſy. Profit of that, and beg of them to let you attend them in all the companies of Verſailles and Paris. One of them, at leaſt, will naturally carry you to Madame de la Vallieres, unleſs he is diſcarded by this time, and Gelliot * retaken. Tell them frankly, *que vous cherchez à vous former, que vous êtes en mains de maitres, s'ils veulent bien s'en donner la peine.* Your profeſſion has this agreeable peculiarity in it, which is, that it is connected with and promoted

* A famous Opera ſinger at Paris.

by pleaſures; and it is the only one, in which a thorough knowledge of the world, polite manners, and engaging addreſs, are abſolutely neceſſary. If a lawyer knows his law, a parſon his divinity, and a *financier* his calculations, each may make a figure and a fortune in his profeſſion, without great knowledge of the world, and without the manners of gentlemen. But your profeſſion throws you into all the intrigues, and cabals, as well as pleaſures, of courts: in thoſe windings and labyrinths, a knowledge of the world, a diſcernment of characters, a ſuppleneſs and verſatility of mind, and an elegancy of manners, muſt be your clue: you muſt know how to ſoothe and lull the monſters that guard, and how to addreſs and gain the fair that keeps the golden fleece. Theſe are the arts and the accompliſhments abſolutely neceſſary for a foreign miniſter; in which it muſt be owned to our ſhame, that moſt other nations out-do the Engliſh; and, *cæteris paribus*, a French miniſter will get the better of an Engliſh one, at any third court in Europe. The French have ſomething more *liant*, more inſinuating and engaging in their manner, than we have An Engliſh miniſter, ſhall have reſided ſeven years at a court, without having made any one perſonal connection there, or without being intimate and domeſtic in any one houſe. He is always the Engliſh miniſter, and never naturalized. He receives his orders, demands an audience, writes an account of it to his court, and his buſineſs is done. A French miniſter, on the contrary, has not been ſix weeks at a court, without having, by a thouſand little attentions, inſinuated himſelf into ſome degree of favour with the Prince, his wife, his miſtreſs, his favourite, and his miniſter. He has eſtabliſhed himſelf upon a familiar and domeſtic foot, in a dozen of the beſt houſes of the place, where he has accuſtomed the people to be not only eaſy, but unguarded before him, he makes himſelf at home there, and they think him ſo. By theſe means he knows the interior of thoſe courts, and can almoſt write prophecies to his own, from the knowledge he has of the characters, the humours, the abilities, or the weakneſſes, of the actors. The Cardinal d'Oſſat was looked upon at Rome as an Italian, and not as a French Cardinal; and Monſieur D'Avaux, wherever he went, was never conſidered as a foreign miniſter, but as a native, and a perſonal friend. Mere plain truth, ſenſe and knowledge, will by no means do alone in courts; art and ornament muſt come to their aſſiſtance. Humours muſt be flattered; the *mollia tempora* muſt be ſtudied and known: confidence, acquired by ſeeming frankneſs, and profited of by ſilent ſkill. And, above all, you muſt gain and engage the hear, to betray the underſtanding to you. *Hæ tibi erunt artes.*

The death of the Prince of Wales, who was more beloved for his affability and good-nature, than eſteemed for his ſteadineſs and conduct, has given concern to many, and apprehenſions to all. The great difference of the ages of the King and Prince George, preſents the proſpect of a minority; a diſagreeable proſ-

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pect for any nation! But it is to be hoped, and is moſt probable, that the King, who is now perfectly recovered of his late indiſpoſition, may live to ſee his grandſon of age. He is, ſeriouſly, a moſt hopeful boy: gentle and good-natured, with good ſound ſenſe. This event has made all ſorts of people here hiſtorians, as well as politicians. Our hiſtories are rummaged for all the particular circumſtances of the ſix minorities we have had ſince the conqueſt, *viz.* thoſe of Henry III, Edward III, Richard II, Henry VI, Edward V, and Edward VI; and the reaſonings, the ſpeculations, the conjectures, and the predictions, you will eaſily imagine, muſt be innumerable and endleſs, in this nation where every porter is a conſummate politician. Doctor Swift ſays, very humorouſly, that every man knows that he underſtands religion and politics, though he never learned them; but that many people are conſcious that they do not underſtand many other ſciences, from having never learned them. Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

London, April the 7th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HERE you have all together, the pocket books, the compaſſes, and the patterns. When your three graces have made their option, you need only ſend me, in a letter, ſmall pieces of the three mohairs they fix upon. If I can find no way of ſending them ſafely, and directly to Paris, I will contrive to have them left with Madame Morel, at Calais; who, being Madame Monconſeil's agent there, may find means of farthering them to your three ladies, who all belong to your friend Madame Monconſeil. Two of the three, I am told, are handſome; Madame Polignac, I can ſwear, is not ſo; but however, as the world goes, two out of three is a very good compoſition.

You will alſo find, in the packet, a compaſs ring ſet round with little diamonds, which I adviſe you to make a preſent of to Abbé Guaſco, who has been uſeful to you, and will continue to be ſo; as it is a mere bauble, you muſt add to the value of it by your manner of giving it him. Show it him firſt, and when he commends it, as probably he will, tell him that it is at his ſervice, *et que comme il eſt toujours par voï et par chemins, il eſt abſolument neceſſaire qu'il aïe une bouſſole.* All thoſe little gallantries depend intirely upon the manner of doing them; as, in truth, what does not? The greateſt favours may be done ſo awkwardly and bunglingly as to offend; and diſagreeable things may be done ſo agreeably as almoſt to oblige. Endeavour to acquire this great ſecret; it exiſts, it is to be found, and is worth a great deal more than the grand ſecret of the Alchymiſts would be if it were, as it is not, to be found. This is only to be learnt in courts, where claſhing views, jarring opinions, and cordial hatreds, are ſoftened and kept within decent bounds, by politeneſs and manners. Frequent, obſerve, and learn courts. Are you free of that of St. Cloud? Are you often at Verſailles? Inſinuate and

wriggle yourſelf into favour at thoſe places. L'Abbé de la Ville, my old friend, will help you at the latter; your three ladies may eſtabliſh you in the former. The good-breeding *de la Ville et de la Cour* are different; but, without deciding which is intrinſically the beſt, that of the court is, without doubt, the moſt neceſſary for you, who are to live, to grow, and to riſe in courts In two years time, which will be as ſoon as you are fit for it, I hope to be able to plant you in the ſoil of a *young court* here; where, if you have all the addreſs, the ſuppleneſs, and verſatility of a good courtier, you will have a great chance of thriving and flouriſhing. Young favour is eaſily acquired, if the proper means are employed; and, when acquired, it is warm, if not durable; and the warm moments muſt be ſnatched and improved. *Quite pour ce qui en peut arriver après.* Do not mention this view of mine for you, to any one mortal; but learn to keep your own ſecrets, which, by the way, very few people can do.

If your courſe of experimental philoſophy, with Abbé Nolet, is over, I would have you apply to Abbé Sallier, for a maſter to give you a general notion of aſtronomy and geometry; of both which you may know as much as I deſire you ſhould, in ſix months time. I only deſire that you ſhould have a clear notion of the preſent planetary ſyſtem, and the hiſtory of all the former ſyſtems: Fontenelle's *Pluralité des mondes*, will almoſt teach you all you need know upon that ſubject. As for geometry, the ſeven firſt books of Euclid will be a ſufficient portion of it for you. It is right to have a general notion of thoſe abſtruſe ſciences, ſo as not to appear quite ignorant of them, when they happen, as ſometimes they do, to be the topics of converſation; but a deep knowledge of them requires too much time, and engroſſes the mind too much. I repeat it again and again to you, let the great book of the world be your principal ſtudy. *Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ*; which may be rendered thus in Engliſh: Turn over *men by day, and women by night.* I mean only the beſt editions.

Whatever may be ſaid at Paris of my ſpeech upon the bill for the reformation of the preſent calendar, or whatever applauſe it may have met with here, the whole, I can aſſure you, is owing to the words and to the delivery, but by no means to the matter; which, as I told you in a former letter, I was not maſter of. I mention this again, to ſhow you the importance of well-choſen words, harmonious periods, and good delivery; for, between you and me, Lord Macclesfield's ſpeech was, in truth, worth a thouſand of mine. It will ſoon be printed, and I will ſend it you. It is very inſtructive. You ſay, that you wiſh to ſpeak but half as well as I did; you may eaſily ſpeak full as well as ever I did, if you will but give the ſame attention to the ſame objects that I did at your age, and for many years afterwards; I mean, correctneſs, purity and elegancy of ſtyle, harmony of periods, and gracefulneſs of delivery. Read over and over again the third book of *Cicero de Oratore*, in which he particularly treats of the

the ornamental parts of oratory: they are indeed properly oratory, for all the reſt depends upon common ſenſe, and ſome knowledge of the ſubjects you ſpeak upon. But if you would pleaſe, perſuade, and prevail in ſpeaking, it muſt be by the ornamental parts of oratory. Make them, therefore, habitual to you; and reſolve never to ſay the moſt common things, even to your footman, but in the beſt words you can find, and with the beſt utterance. This, with *les maniéres, la tournure, et les uſages du beau monde*, are the only two things you want; fortunately they are both in your power; may you have them both! Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

A Londres, 15 d'Avril, V. S. 1751.

MON CHER AMI,

COmment vont les graces, les maniéres, les agrémens, et tous ces petits riens ſi neceſſaires pour rendre un homme aimable? Les prenez vous? y faites vous des progrès? Le grand ſecret c'eſt l'art de plaire, et c'eſt un art qu'il ne tient qu'à un chacun d'acquerir, ſuppoſant un certain fond de ſens commun. Un tel vous plait par tel endroit; examinez pourquoi, faites comme lui, et vous plairez par le meme endroit aux autres. Pour plaire aux femmes, il faut être conſideré des hommes. Et pour plaire aux hommes, il faut ſçavoir plaire aux femmes. Les femmes, dont la vanité eſt ſans contredit la paſſion dominante, la trouvent flattée par les attentions d'un homme qui eſt généralement eſtimé parmi les hommes. Quand il eſt marqué à ce coin, elles lui donnent le cours, c'eſt à dire, la mode. De l'autre côté un homme ſera eſtimable parmi les hommes, ſans pourtant être aimable, ſi les femmes n'y ont pas mis la derniere main. Il eſt auſſi neceſſaire que les deux ſexes travaillent à ſa perfection qu'a ſon être; portez aux femmes le mérite de vôtre ſexe, vous en rapporterez, la douceur, les agrémens et les graces du leur, et les hommes qui vous eſtimoient ſeulement auparavant, vous aimeront après. Les femmes ſont les véritables raffineuſes de l'or maſculin; elles n'y ajoutent pas du poids il eſt vrai, mais elles y donnent l'éclat et le brillant. A propos, on m'aſſure que Madame de Blot ſans avoir des traits, eſt jolie comme un cœur, et que nonobſtant cela, elle s'en eſt tenue juſqu' ici ſcrupuleuſement à ſon mari, quoiqu'il y aie déjà plus d'un an qu'elle eſt mariée. Elle n'y penſe pas; il faut décrotter cette femme la. Décrottez vous donc tous les deux réciproquement. Force, aſſiduités, attentions, regards tendres, et déclarations paſſionnées de vôtre côte, produiront au moins quelque velleité du ſien. Et quand une fois la velleité y eſt, les œuvres ne ſont pas loin.

Comme je vous tiens pour le premier *juris peritus* et politique de tout le corps Germanique, je ſuppoſe que vous aurez lu la lettre du Roi de Pruſſe à l'Electeur de Maïence, au ſujet de l'election d'un Roi des Romains. Et de l'autre côté, une piéce, intitulée

intitulée *Répreſentation impartiale de ce qui eſt juſte à l'égard de l'election d'un Roi des Romains, &c.* La premiere eſt très bien écrite, mais pas fondée ſur les loix et les uſages de l'empire; la ſeconde eſt très mal écrite, au moins en François, mais fondée. Je croi qu'elle aura été ecrite par quelque Allemand qui s'étoit mis dans l'eſprit qu'il entendoit le François. Je ſuis perſuadé pourtant que l'elegance et la délicateſſe de la lettre du Roi de Pruſſe en impoſeront aux deux tiers du public en dépit de la ſolidité et de la verité de l'autre piéce. Telle eſt la force de l'elégance et de la délicateſſe.

Je ſouhaiterois que vous euſſiez la bonté de me détailler un peu plus particuliérement vos allures à Paris. Ou eſt ce par exemple que vous dinez tous les Vendredis, avec cet aimable et reſpectable viellard Fontenelle? Quelle eſt la maiſon qui eſt pour ainſi dire vôtre domicile? Car on en a toujours une, ou l'on eſt plus établi, et plus à ſon aiſe qu'ailleurs. Qui ſont les jeunes François avec leſquels vous êtes le plus lié? Frequentez vous l'hôtel d'Hollande; et êtes vous fourré encore dans celui du Comte de Caunitz? Monſieur de Pignatelli, a-t-il l'honneur d'être du nombre de vos ſerviteurs? Et le Nonce du Pape vous a-t-il compris dans ſon Jubilé? Dites moi auſſi naturellement comment vous êtes avec Milord Huntingdon; le voïez vous ſouvent? Le cultivez vous? Répondez ſpecifiquement à toutes ces queſtions dans votre premiere lettre.

On me dit que le livre de du Clos n'eſt pas à la mode à Paris, et qu'on le critique furieuſement, c'eſt apparemment parce qu'on l'entend, et ce n'eſt plus la mode d'être intelligible. Je reſpecte infiniment la mode, mais je reſpecte bien plus ce livre que je trouve en même tems vrai, ſolide, et brillant. Il y a même des epigrammes, que veut on de plus?

Mr. * * * ſera parti (je compte) de Paris pour ſon ſéjour de Toulouſe. J'eſpére qu'il y prendra des maniéres, au moins en a-t-il bien beſoin. Il eſt gauche, il eſt taciturne, et n'a pas le moindre *entregent:* Qualitez pourtant très neceſſaires pour ſe diſtinguer ou dans les affaires, ou dans le beau monde. Au vrai, ces deux choſes ſont ſi liées, qu'un homme ne figurera jamais dans les affaires qui ne ſçait pas briller auſſi dans le beau monde. Et pour réuſſir parfaitement bien dans l'un ou dans l'autre, il faut être *in utrumque paratus.* Puiſſiez vous l'être mon cher ami, et ſur ce, nous vous donnons le bon ſoir.

P. S Lord and Lady Bleſſington, with their ſon Lord Mountjoy, will be at Paris next week, in their way to the South of France; I ſend you a little packet of books by them. Pray go to wait upon them, as ſoon as you hear of their arrival, and ſhow them all the attentions you can.

TRANSLATION.

London, April the 15th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT ſucceſs with the graces, and in the accompliſhments, elegancies, and all thoſe little nothings ſo indiſpenſibly

penſibly neceſſary to conſtitute an amiable man? Do you take them, do you make a progreſs in them? The great ſecret is the art of pleaſing; and that art is to be attained by every man who has a good fund of common ſenſe. If you are pleaſed with any perſon, examine why; do as he does, and you will charm others by the ſame things which pleaſe you in him. To be liked by women, you muſt be eſteemed by men; and to pleaſe men, you muſt be agreeable to women. Vanity is unqueſtionably the ruling paſſion in women; and it is much flattered by the attentions of a man, who is generally eſteemed by men: when his merit has received the ſtamp of their approbation, women make it current, that is to ſay, put him in faſhion. On the other hand, if a man has not received the laſt poliſh from women, he may be eſteemable among men, but he will never be amiable. The concurrence of the two ſexes is as neceſſary, to the perfection of our being, as to the formation of it. Go among women with the good qualities of your ſex, and you will acquire from them the ſoftneſs and the graces of theirs. Men will then add affection to the eſteem which they before had for you. Women are the only refiners of the merit of men; it is true, they cannot add weight, but they poliſh and give luſtre to it. *A propos*, I am aſſured that Madame de Blot, altho' ſhe has no great regularity of features, is, notwithſtanding, exceſſively pretty; and that, for all that, ſhe hath as yet been ſcrupulouſly conſtant to her huſband, though ſhe has now been married above a year. Surely ſhe does not reflect, that woman wants poliſhing. I would have you poliſh one another reciprocally. Force, aſſiduities, attentions, tender looks, and paſſionate declarations, on your ſide, will produce ſome irreſolute wiſhes, at leaſt, on hers; and when even the ſlighteſt wiſhes ariſe, the reſt will ſoon follow.

As I take you to be the greateſt *juris peritus*, and politician of the whole Germanic body, I ſuppoſe you will have read the King of Pruſſia's letter to the Elector of Maïence upon the election of a King of the Romans; and, on the other ſide, a memorial, intituled, *Impartial repreſentation of what is juſt with regard to the election of a King of the Romans*, &c. The firſt is extremely well written, but not grounded upon the laws and cuſtoms of the empire. The ſecond is very ill written (at leaſt in French) but well grounded: I fancy the author is ſome German, who has taken into his head that he underſtands French. I am, however, perſuaded, that the elegancy and delicacy of the King of Pruſſia's letter will prevail with two thirds of the public, in ſpite of the ſolidity and truths contained in the other piece. Such is the force of an elegant and delicate ſtyle!

I wiſh you would be ſo good as to give me a more particular and circumſtantial account of the method of paſſing your time at Paris. For inſtance, Where is it that you dine every Friday, in company with that amiable and reſpectable old man, Fontenelle? Which is the houſe where you think yourſelf at home?

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ſor one always hath ſuch a one, where one is better eſtabliſhed, and more at eaſe, than any where elſe. Who are the young Frenchmen with whom you are moſt intimately connected? Do you frequent the Dutch Embaſſador's? Have you penetrated yet into Count Caunitz's houſe? Has Monſieur de Pignatelli the honour of being one of your humble ſervants? And has the Pope's Nuncio included you in the jubilee? Tell me alſo freely, how you are with Lord Huntingdon: Do you ſee him often? Do you connect yourſelf with him? Anſwer all theſe queſtions circumſtantially in your firſt letter

I am told that du Clos's book is not in vogue at Paris, and that it is violently criticiſed; I ſuppoſe that is, becauſe one underſtands it; and being intelligible is now no longer the faſhion. I have a very great reſpect for faſhion, but a much greater for this book; which is, all at once, true, ſolid, and bright. It contains even epigrams; what can one wiſh for more?

Mr. * * * will, I ſuppoſe, have left Paris by this time, for his reſidence at Toulouſe. I hope he will acquire manners there; I am ſure he wants them. He is awkward, he is ſilent, and has nothing agreeable in his addreſs: moſt neceſſary qualifications to diſtinguiſh one's-ſelf in buſineſs, as well as in the *polite world!* In truth, theſe two things are ſo connected, that a man cannot make a figure in buſineſs, who is not qualified to ſhine in the great world; and to ſucceed perfectly in either the one or the other, one muſt be *in utrumque paratus*. May you be that, my dear friend! and ſo we wiſh you a good night.

LETTER XXXI.

London, April the 22d, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I APPLY to you now, as to the greateſt *virtuoſo* of this, or perhaps any other age; one whoſe ſuperior judgment and diſtinguiſhing eye hindered the King of Poland from buying a bad picture at Venice, and whoſe deciſions in the realms of *virtù* are final and without appeal. Now to the point. I have had a catalogue ſent me, *d'une vente a l'aimable de tableaux des plus grands maitres appartenans au Sieur Araignon Aperén, valet de chambre de la Reine ſur le quai de la Mégiſſerie au coin de l'Arche Marion*. There I obſerve two large pictures of Titian, as deſcribed in the encloſed page of the catalogue, N° 18, which I ſhould be glad to purchaſe, upon two conditions; the firſt is, that they be undoubted originals of Titian, in good preſervation; and the other, that they come cheap. To aſcertain the firſt (but without diſparaging your ſkill) I wiſh you would get ſome undoubted connoiſſeurs to examine them carefully; and if, upon ſuch critical examination, they ſhould be unanimouſly allowed to be undiſputed originals of Titian, and well preſerved, then comes the ſecond point, the price: I will not go above two hundred pounds ſterling for the two together; but as much leſs

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as you can get them for. I acknowledge that two hundred pounds ſeem to be a very ſmall ſum for two undoubted Titians of that ſize; but, on the other hand, as large Italian pictures are now out of faſhion at Paris, where faſhion decides of every thing, and as theſe pictures are too large for common rooms, they may poſſibly come within the price above limited. I leave the whole of this tranſaction (the price excepted, which I will not exceed) to your conſummate ſkill and prudence, with proper advice joined to them. Should you happen to buy them for that price, carry them to your own lodgings, and get a frame made to the ſecond, which I obſerve has none, exactly the ſame with the other frame, and have the old one new gilt; and then get them carefully packed up, and ſent me by Rouen.

I hear much of your converſing with *les beaux eſprits* at Paris: I am very glad of it; it gives a degree of reputation, eſpecially at Paris; and their converſation is generally inſtructive, though ſometimes affected. It muſt be owned, that the polite converſation of the men and women of faſhion at Paris, though not always very deep, is much leſs futile and frivolous than ours here. It turns at leaſt upon ſome ſubject, ſomething of taſte, ſome point of hiſtory, criticiſm, and even philoſophy; which, though probably not quite ſo ſolid as Mr. Locke's, is however better, and more becoming rational beings, than our frivolous diſſertations upon the weather, or upon whiſt. Monſieur du Clos obſerves, and I think very juſtly, *qu'il y a á preſent en France une fermentation univerſelle de la raiſon qui tend à ſe développer.* Whereas, I am ſorry to ſay, that here that fermentation ſeems to have been over ſome years ago, the ſpirit evaporated, and only the dregs left. Moreover, *les beaux eſprits* at Paris are commonly well bred, which ours very frequently are not; with the former your manners will be formed; with the latter, wit muſt generally be compounded for at the expence of manners. Are you acquainted with Marivaux, who has certainly ſtudied, and is well acquainted with the heart; but who refines ſo much upon its *plis et replis*, and deſcribes them ſo affectedly, that he often is unintelligible to his readers, and ſometimes ſo, I dare ſay, to himſelf? Do you know *Crebillon le fils?* He is a fine painter, and a pleaſing writer; his characters are admirable, and his reflections juſt. Frequent theſe people, and be glad, but not proud, of frequenting them: never boaſt of it, as a proof of your own merit, nor inſult, in a manner, other companies, by telling them affectedly what you, Monteſquieu, and Fontenelle were talking of the other day; as I have known many people do here, with regard to Pope and Swift, who had never been twice in company with either: nor carry into other companies the tone of thoſe meetings of *beaux eſprits*. Talk literature, taſte, philoſophy, &c. with them, *a la bonne heure*; but then with the ſame eaſe, and more *enjouement*, talk *pompons*, *moires*, &c with Madame de Blot, if ſhe requires it. Almoſt every ſubject in the world has its proper time and place; in which no one is above or below diſcuſſion. The point is, to talk well upon the ſubject

ject you talk upon; and the moſt trifling, frivolous ſubjects, will ſtill give a man of parts an opportunity of ſhowing them. *L'uſage du grand monde* can alone teach that. That was the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of Alcibiades, and a happy one it was; that he could occaſionally, and with ſo much eaſe, adopt the moſt different, and even the moſt oppoſite habits and manners, that each ſeemed natural to him. Prepare yourſelf for the great world, as the *athletæ* uſed to do for their exerciſes; oil (if I may uſe that expreſſion) your mind, and your manners, to give them the neceſſary ſuppleneſs and flexibility; ſtrength alone will not do, as young people are too apt to think.

How do your exerciſes go on? Can you manage a pretty vigorous *ſauteur* between the pillars? Are you got into ſtirrups yet? *Faites vous aſſaut aux armes?* But, above all, what does Marcel ſay of you? Is he ſatisfied? Pray be more particular in your accounts of yourſelf; for though I have frequent accounts of you from others, I deſire to have your own too. Adieu.

Yours, truly and friendly.

LETTER XXXII.

London, May the 2d, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO accounts, which I have very lately received of you, from two good judges, have put me into great ſpirits; as they have given me reaſonable hopes, that you will ſoon acquire all that I believe you want; I mean, the air, the addreſs, the graces, and the manners of a man of faſhion. As theſe two pictures of you, are very unlike that which I received, and ſent you ſome months ago, I will name the two painters: the firſt is an old friend and acquaintance of mine, Monſieur D'Aillon. His picture is, I hope, like you; for it is a very good one: Monſieur Tollot's is ſtill a better; and ſo advantageous a one, that I will not ſend you a copy of it, for fear of making you too vain. So far only I will tell you, that there was but one *but* in either of their accounts; and it was this: I gave D'Aillon the queſtion, ordinary and extraordinary, upon the important article of Manners; and extorted this from him *: *Mais ſi vous voulez il lui manque encore ce deriner beau vernis qui releve les couleurs, et qui donne l'éclat à la piece. Comptez qu'il l'aura, il a trop d'eſprit pour n'en pas connoitre tout le prix, et je me trompe bien, ou plus d'une perſonne travaille à le lui donner.* Monſieur Tollot ſays †, *Il*

* "But ſince you will know it, he ſtill wants that laſt, beautiful varniſh, which raiſes the colours, and gives brilliancy to the piece. Be perſuaded that he will acquire it; he has too much ſenſe not to know its value; and, if I am not greatly miſtaken, more perſons than one are now endeavouring to give it him."

† "In order to be exactly all that you wiſh him, he only wants

il ne lui manque abſolument pour être tout ce que vous ſouhaitez qu'il ſoit, que ces petits riens, ces graces de détail, cette aiſance aimable, que l'uſage du grand monde peut ſeul lui donner. A cet égard on m'aſſure qu'il eſt en de bonnes mains ; je ne ſçais ſi on ne veut pas dire par la dans de beaux bras. Without entering into a nice diſcuſſion of the laſt queſtion, I congratulate you and myſelf upon your being ſo near that point which I ſo anxiouſly wiſh you may arrive at. I am ſure, that all your attention and endeavours will be exerted; and, if exerted, they will ſucceed. Mr. Tollot ſays, that you are inclined to be fat; but I hope you will decline it as much as you can; not by taking any thing corroſive to make you lean, but by taking as little as you can of thoſe things that would make you fat. Drink no chocolate, take your coffee without cream; you cannot poſſibly avoid ſuppers at Paris, unleſs you avoid company too, which I would by no means have you do; but eat as little at ſupper as you can, and make even an allowance for that little at your dinners. Take, occaſionally, a double doſe of riding and fencing; and now, that the ſummer is come, walk a good deal in the Tuilleries: it is a real inconveniency to any body to be fat; and, beſides, it is ungraceful for a young fellow. *A propos*, I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I charged Tollot to attend particularly to your utterance and diction; two points of the utmoſt importance. To the firſt he ſays, * *Il ne s'énonce pas mal, mais il ſeroit à ſouhaiter qu'il le fit encore mieux; et il s'exprime avec plus de feu que d'élegance. L'uſage de la bonne compagnie mettra auſſi ordre à tout cela.* Theſe, I allow, are all little things, ſeparately; but, aggregately, they make a moſt important and great article in the account of a gentleman. In the Houſe of Commons you can never make a figure, without elegancy of ſtile, and graceſulneſs of utterance; and you can never ſucceed as a courtier, at your own court, or as a miniſter at any other, without thoſe innumerable *petits riens dans les manières, et dans les attentions.* Mr. Yorke is by this time at Paris; make your court to him, but not ſo as to diſguſt, in the leaſt, Lord Albemarle; who may poſſibly diſlike your conſidering Mr. Yorke as the man of buſineſs, and him as only *pour orner la ſcene.* Whatever your opinion may be upon *that point*, take care not

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" wants thoſe little nothings, thoſe graces in detail, and that " amiable eaſe, which can only be acquired by uſage of the " great world. I am aſſured that he is, in that reſpect, in " good hands; I do not know whether that does not rather " imply in fine arms."

* " His enunciation is not bad, but it is to be wiſhed that it " were ſtill better; and he expreſſes himſelf with more fire than " elegancy. Uſage of good company will inſtruct him likewiſe in that."

not to let it appear; but be well with them both, by ſhowing no public preference to either.

Though I muſt neceſſarily fall into repetitions, by treating the ſame ſubject ſo often, I cannot help recommending to you again the utmoſt attention to your air and addreſs. Apply yourſelf now to Marcel's lectures, as diligently as you did formerly to Profeſſor Maſcow's; deſire him to teach you every genteel attitude, that the human body can be put into; let him make you go in and out of his room frequently, and preſent yourſelf to him, as if he were by turns different perſons; ſuch as a miniſter, a lady, a ſuperior, an equal, an inferior, &c. Learn to ſit genteelly in different companies, to loll genteelly, and with good manners, in thoſe companies where you are authorized to be free, and to ſit up reſpectfully where the ſame freedom is not allowable. Learn even to compoſe your countenance occaſionally to the reſpectful, the chearful, and the inſinuating. Take particular care that the motions of your hands and arms be eaſy and graceful; for the genteelneſs of a man conſiſts more in them than in any thing elſe, eſpecially in his dancing. Deſire ſome women to tell you of any little awkwardneſs that they obſerve in your carriage: they are the beſt judges of thoſe things; and if they are ſatisfied, the men will be ſo too. Think, now, only of the decorations. Are you acquainted with Madame Geoffrain, who has a great deal of wit; and who, I am informed, receives only the very beſt company in her houſe. Do you know Madame du Pin, who, I remember, had beauty, and I hear has wit and reading? I could wiſh you to converſe only with thoſe, who, either from their rank, their merit, or their beauty, require conſtant attention; for a young man can never improve in company, where he thinks he may neglect himſelf. A new bow muſt be conſtantly kept bent; when it grows older, and has taken the right turn, it may now and then be relaxed.

I have this moment paid your draught of £. 89 15s. it was ſigned in a very good hand; which proves that a good hand may be written without the aſſiſtance of magic. Nothing provokes me much more, than to hear people indolently ſay, that they cannot do, what is in every body's power to do, if it be but in their will. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

London, May the 6th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE beſt authors are always the ſevereſt critics of their own works; they reviſe, correct, file, and poliſh them, till they think they have brought them to perfection. Conſidering you as my work, I do not look upon myſelf as a bad author, and am therefore a ſevere critic. I examine narrowly into the leaſt inaccuracy or inelegancy, in order to correct, not to expoſe

poſe them, and that the work may be perfect at laſt. You are, I know, exceedingly improved in your air, addreſs, and manners, ſince you have been at Paris; but ſtill there is, I believe, room for farther improvement, before you come to that perfection which I have ſet my heart upon ſeeing you arrive at: and till that moment, I muſt continue filing and poliſhing. In a letter that I received by laſt poſt, from a friend of yours at Paris, there was this paragraph: * *Sans flatterie, j'ay l'honneur de vous aſſurer que Monſieur Stanhope réuſſit ici au de la de ce qu'on attendroit a'une perſonne de ſon age; il voit très bonne compagnie, et ce petit ton qu'on regardoit d'abord comme un peu décidé et un peu bruſque, n'eſt rien moins que cela, parcequ'il eſt l'effet de la franchiſe, accompagnée de la politeſſe et de la déference. Il s'étudie à plaire, et y réuſſit. Madame de Puiſieux en parloit l'autre jour avec complaiſance et interet: vous en ſerez content à tous egards.* This is extremely well, and I rejoice at it: one little circumſtance only may, and I hope will, be altered for the better. Take pains to undeceive thoſe who thought *petit ton un peu décidé et un peu bruſque*; as it is not meant ſo, let it not appear ſo. Compoſe your countenance to an air of gentleneſs and *douceur*, uſe ſome expreſſions of diffidence of your own opinion, and deference to other people's; ſuch as, † *s'il m'eſt permis de le dire—je croirois,—ne ſeroit-ce pas plutôt comme cela? Au moins j'ai tout lieu de me défier de moi même:* ſuch mitigating, engaging words do by no means weaken your argument; but, on the contrary, make it more powerful, by making it more pleaſing. If it is a quick and haſty manner of ſpeaking that people miſtake, *pour décidé et bruſque*, prevent their miſtakes for the future, by ſpeaking more deliberately, and taking a ſofter tone of voice; as in this caſe you are free from the guilt, be free from the ſuſpicion too. Mankind, as I have often told you, is more governed by appearances, than by realities: and, with regard to opinion, one had better be really rough and hard, with the appearance of gentleneſs and ſoftneſs, than juſt the reverſe. Few people have penetration

* "I have the honour to aſſure you, without flattery, that "Mr. Stanhope ſucceeds, beyond what might be expected "from a perſon of his age. He goes into very good company; "and that kind of manner, which was at firſt thought to be "too deciſive and peremptory, is now judged otherwiſe; be-"cauſe it is acknowledged to be the effect of an ingenuous "frankneſs, accompanied by politeneſs, and by a proper de-"ference. He ſtudies to pleaſe, and ſucceeds. Madame de "Puiſieux was the other day ſpeaking of him with complacency "and friendſhip. You will be ſatisfied with him in all re-"ſpects."

† If I might be permitted to ſay—I ſhould think—Is it not rather ſo? At leaſt I have the greateſt reaſon to be diffident of myſelf.

penetration enough to diſcover, attention enough to obſerve, or even concern enough to examine, beyond the exterior; they take their notions from the ſurface, and go no deeper; they commend, as the gentleſt and beſt-natured man in the world, that man who has the moſt engaging exterior manner, though poſſibly they have been but once in his company. An air, a tone of voice, a compoſure of countenance to mildneſs and ſoftneſs, which are all eaſily acquired, do the buſineſs; and without farther examination, and poſſibly with the contrary qualities, that man is reckoned the gentleſt, the modeſteſt, and the beſt-natured man alive. Happy the man who, with a certain fund of parts and knowledge, gets acquainted with the world early enough to make it his bubble, at an age, when moſt people are the bubbles of the world! for that is the common caſe of youth. They grow wiſer, when it is too late; and, aſhamed and vexed at having been bubbles ſo long, too often turn knaves at laſt. Do not therefore truſt to appearances and outſide yourſelf, but pay of other people with them; becauſe you may be ſure that nine in ten of mankind do, and ever will, truſt to them. This is by no means a criminal or blameable ſimulation, if not uſed with an ill intention. I am by no means blameable in deſiring to have other people's good word, good will, and affection, if I do not mean to abuſe them. Your heart, I know, is good, your ſenſe is ſound, and your knowledge extenſive. What then remains for you to do? Nothing, but to adorn thoſe fundamental qualifications, with ſuch engaging and captivating manners, ſoftneſs, and gentleneſs, as will endear you to thoſe who are able to judge of your real merit, and which always ſtand in the ſtead of merit with thoſe who are not. I do not mean by this to recommend to you *le fade doucereux*, the inſipid ſoftneſs of a gentle fool: no, aſſert your own opinion, oppoſe other people's, when wrong; but let your manner, your air, your terms, and your tone of voice, be ſoft and gentle, and that eaſily and naturally, not affectedly. Uſe palliatives when you contradict; ſuch as, *I may be miſtaken, I am not ſure, but I believe, I ſhould rather think*, &c. Finiſh any argument or diſpute with ſome little good-humoured pleaſantry, to ſhow that you are neither hurt yourſelf, nor meaned to hurt your antagoniſt; for an argument, kept up a good while, often occaſions a temporary alienation on each ſide. Pray obſerve particularly, in thoſe French people who are diſtinguiſhed by that character, *cette douceur de mœurs et de maniéres*, which they talk of ſo much, and value ſo juſtly; ſee in what it conſiſts; in mere trifles, and moſt eaſy to be acquired, where the heart is really good. Imitate, copy it, till it becomes habitual and eaſy to you. Without a compliment to you, I take it to be the only thing you now want: nothing will ſooner give it you than a real paſſion, or at leaſt, *un goût vif*, for ſome woman of faſhion; and, as I ſuppoſe that you have either the one or the other by this time, you are conſequently

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in the beſt ſchool. Beſides this, if you were to ſay to Lady Hervey, Madame Monconſeil, or ſuch others as you look upon to be your friends, * *On dit que j'ay un certain petit ton trop décidé et trop bruſque, l'intention pourtant n'y eſt pas ; corrigez moy, je vous en ſupplie, et châtiez moi meme publiquement quand vous me trouverez ſur le fait. Ne me paſſez rien, pouſſez votre critique juſqu' à l'excès ; un juge auſſi éclairé eſt en droit d'être ſévére, et je vous promets que le coupable tâchera de ſe corriger.*

Yeſterday I had two of your acquaintances to dine with me, Baron B. and his companion Monſieur S. I cannot ſay of the former, *qu'il eſt paitri de graces* ; and I would rather adviſe him to go and ſettle quietly at home, than to think of improving himſelf by farther travels, *Ce n'eſt pas le bois dont on en fait.* His companion is much better, though he has a ſtrong *tocco di tedeſco.* They both ſpoke well of you, and ſo far I liked them both. † *Comment vont vos affaires avec l'aimable petite Blot? ſe prête t'elle à vos fleurettes, êtes vous cenſé etre ſur les rangs? Madame du——— eſt elle votre Madame de Lurſay, et fait elle quelquefois des nœuds? Seriez vous ſon Meilcour? Elle a, dit on, de la douceur, de l'eſprit, des manieres ; il y a à apprendre dans un tel apprentiſſage.* ‡ A woman like her, who has always pleaſed, and often been pleaſed, can beſt teach the art of pleaſing ; that art, without which *ogni fatica è vana.* Marcel's lectures are no ſmall part of that art ; they are the engaging fore-runner of all other accompliſhments Dreſs is alſo an article not to be neglected, and I hope you do not neglect it ; it helps in the *premier abord*, which is often deciſive. By dreſs, I mean your clothes being well made, fitting you, in the faſhion and not above it ; your hair well done, and a general cleanlineſs and ſpruceneſs in your perſon. I hope you take infinite care of your teeth ; the conſequences of neglecting the mouth are ſerious, not only

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* It is ſaid that I have a kind of manner which is rather too deciſive and too peremptory ; it is not however my intention that it ſhould be ſo : I intreat you to correct, and even publicly to puniſh me, whenever I am guilty. Do not treat me with the leaſt indulgence, but criticiſe to the utmoſt. So clear-ſighted a judge as you has a right to be ſevere ; and I promiſe you that the criminal will endeavour to correct himſelf.

† How go you on with the amiable little Blot ? Does ſhe liſten to your flattering tale ? Are you numbered among the liſt of her admirers ? Is Madame du ——— your Madame de Lurſay ? Does ſhe ſometimes knot, and are you her Meilcour : They ſay ſhe has ſoftneſs, ſenſe, and engaging manners ; in ſuch an apprenticeſhip much may be learned.

‡ This whole paſſage, and ſeveral others, allude to Crébillon's *Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Eſprit*, a ſentimental novel written about that time, and then much in vogue at Paris.

only to one's-ſelf but to others. In ſhort, my dear child, neglect nothing; a little more will complete the whole. Adieu! I have not heard from you theſe three weeks, which I think a great while.

LETTER XXXIV.

London, May the 10th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday, at the ſame time, your letters of the 4th and the 11th, N. S. and being much more careful of my commiſſions than you are of yours, I do not delay one moment ſending you my final inſtructions concerning the pictures. The Man, you allow to be a Titian, and in good preſervation; the Woman is an indifferent and damaged picture; but, as I want them for furniture for a particular room, companions are neceſſary; and therefore I am willing to take the woman for better for worſe, upon account of the man; and if ſhe is not too much damaged, I can have her tolerably repaired, as many a fine woman is, by a ſkilful hand here; but then I expect that the lady ſhould be, in a manner, thrown into the bargain with the man: and, in this ſtate of affairs, the woman being worth little or nothing, I will not go above fourſcore Louïs for the two together. As for the Rembrandt you mention, though it is very cheap, if good, I do not care for it. I love *la belle nature*; Rembrandt paints caricaturas. Now for your own commiſſions, which you ſeem to have forgotten. You mention nothing of the patterns which you received by Monſieur Tollot, though I told you in a former letter, which you muſt have had before the date of your laſt, that I ſhould ſtay till I received the patterns pitched upon by your ladies; for as to the inſtructions which you ſent me in Madame Monconſeil's hand, I could find no mohairs * in London, that exactly anſwered that deſcription: I ſhall, therefore, wait till you ſend me (which you may eaſily do in a letter) the patterns choſen by your three Graces.

I would, by all means, have you go now and then, for two or three days, to Maréchal Coigny's, at Orli; it is but a proper civility to that family, which has been particularly civil to you; and moreover, I would have you familiarize yourſelf with, and learn the interior and domeſtic manners of, people of that rank and faſhion. I alſo deſire that you will frequent Verſailles and St. Cloud, at both which courts you have been received with diſtinction. Profit of that diſtinction, and familiarize yourſelf at both. Great courts are the ſeats of true good-breeding; you are to live at courts, loſe no time in learning them. Go and ſtay ſometimes at Verſailles, for three or four days, where you will be domeſtic in the beſt families, by means of your friend Madame de Puiſieux; and mine, L'Abbé de la Ville. Go to the King's

* By mohairs we ſuppoſe his Lordſhip means tabbies.

and

and the Dauphin's levées, and diſtinguiſh yourſelf from the reſt of your countrymen, who, I dare ſay, never go there when they can help it. Though the young Frenchmen of faſhion may not be worth forming intimate connections with, they are well worth making acquaintance of; and I do not ſee how you can avoid it, frequenting ſo many good French houſes as you do, where, to be ſure, many of them come. Be cautious how you contract friendſhips, but be deſirous, and even induſtrious, to obtain an univerſal acquaintance. Be eaſy, and even forward, in making new acquaintances; that is the only way of knowing manners and characters in general, which is, at preſent, your great object. You are *enfant de famille* in three miniſters houſes; but I wiſh you had a footing, at leaſt, in thirteen; and that, I ſhould think, you might eaſily bring about, by that common chain, which, to a certain degree, connects thoſe you do not, with thoſe you do know. For inſtance, I ſuppoſe that neither Lord Albemarle, nor Marquis de St. Germain, would make the leaſt difficulty to preſent you to Comte Caunitz, the Nuncio, *&c. Il aut être rompu au monde*, which can only be done by an extenſive, various, and almoſt univerſal acquaintance.

When you have got your emaciated Philomath, I deſire that his triangles, rhomboids, *&c.* may not keep you one moment out of the good company you would otherwiſe be in. Swallow all your learning in the morning, but digeſt it in company in the evenings. The reading of ten new characters is more your buſineſs now, than the reading of twenty old books; ſhowiſh and ſhining people always get the better of all others, though ever ſo ſolid. If you would be a great man in the world when you are old, ſhine and be ſhowiſh in it while you are young; know every body, and endeavour to pleaſe every body, I mean exteriorly; for fundamentally it is impoſſible. Try to engage the heart of every woman, and the affections of almoſt every man you meet with. Madam Monconſeil aſſures me, that you are moſt ſurpriſingly improved in your air, manners, and addreſs; go on, my dear child, and never think that you are come to a ſufficient degree of perfection; *Nil actum reputans ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum*; and in thoſe ſhining parts of the character of a gentleman, there is always ſomething remaining to be acquired. Modes and manners vary in different places, and at different times; you muſt keep pace with them, know them, and adopt them, wherever you find them. The great uſage of the world, the knowledge of characters, the *brillant d' un galant homme*, is all that you now want. Study Marcel and the *beau monde* with great application; but read Homer and Horace, only when you have nothing elſe to do. Pray who is *la belle Madame de Caſe*, whom I know you frequent? I like the epithet given her very well; if ſhe deſerves it, ſhe deſerves your attention too. A man of faſhion ſhould be gallant to a fine woman, though he does not make love to her, or may be otherwiſe engaged. *On lui doit des politeſſes, on fait l'éloge de ſes charmes, et il n'en eſt ni plus ni*

moins pour cela: it pleaſes, it flatters; you get their good word, and you loſe nothing by it. Theſe *gentilieſſes* ſhould be accompanied, as indeed every thing elſe ſhould, with an air; *un air, un ton de douceur et de politeſſe. Les graces* muſt be of the party, or it will never do; and they are ſo eaſily had, that it is aſtoniſhing to me that every body has them not; they are ſooner gained than any woman of common reputation and decency. Purſue them but with care and attention, and you are ſure to enjoy them at laſt: without them, I am ſure, you will never enjoy any body elſe. You obſerve, truly, that Mr. * * * * is *gauche*; it is to be hoped that will mend with keeping company; and is yet pardonable in him, as juſt come from ſchool. But reflect what you would think of a man, who had been any time in the world, and yet ſhould be ſo awkward. For God's ſake therefore, now, think of nothing but ſhining, and even diſtinguiſhing yourſelf in the moſt polite courts, by your air, your addreſs, your manners, your politeneſs, your *douceur*, your graces. With thoſe advantages (and not without them) take my word for it, you will get the better of all rivals, in buſineſs as well as in *ruelles*. Adieu! Send me your patterns by the next poſt, and alſo your inſtructions to Grevenkop, about the ſeal, which you ſeem to have forgot.

LETTER XXXV.

London, May the 16th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN about three months, from this day, we ſhall probably meet. I look upon that moment, as a young woman does upon her bridal night; I expect the greateſt pleaſure, and yet cannot help fearing ſome little mixture of pain. My reaſon bids me doubt a little, of what my imagination makes me expect. In ſome articles, I am very ſure, that my moſt ſanguine wiſhes will not be diſappointed; and thoſe are the moſt material ones. In others, I fear ſomething or other, which I can better feel than deſcribe. However, I will attempt it. I fear the want of that amiable and engaging *je ne ſçais quoi*, which, as ſome philoſophers have, unintelligibly enough, ſaid of the ſoul, is all in all, and all in every part; it ſhould ſhed its influence over every word and action. I fear the want of that air, and firſt *abord*, which ſuddenly lays hold of the heart, one does not know diſtinctly how nor why. I fear an inaccuracy, or, at leaſt, inelegancy of diction, which will wrong, and lower, the beſt and juſteſt matter. And, laſtly, I fear an ungraceful, if not an unpleaſant utterance, which would diſgrace and vilify the whole. Should theſe fears be at preſent founded, yet the objects of them are (thank God) of ſuch a nature, that you may, if you pleaſe, between this and our meeting, remove every one of them. All theſe engaging and endearing accompliſhments are mechanical, and to be acquired by care and obſervation, as eaſily as turning, or any mechanical trade. A common country fellow, taken from the plough,

plough, and inliſted in an old corps, ſoon lays aſide his ſhambling gait, his ſlouching air, his clumſy and aukward motions; and acquires the martial air, the regular motions, and the whole exerciſe of the corps, and, particularly, of his right and left hand man. How ſo? Not from his parts; which were juſt the ſame before as after he was inliſted; but either from a commendable ambition of being like, and equal to, thoſe he is to live with; or elſe from the fear of being puniſhed for not being ſo. If then both or either of theſe motives, change ſuch a fellow, in about ſix months time, to ſuch a degree, as that he is not to be known again, how much ſtronger ſhould both theſe motives be with you, to acquire, in the utmoſt perfection, the whole exerciſe of the people of faſhion, with whom you are to live all your life? Ambition ſhould make you reſolve to be, at leaſt, their equal in that exerciſe, as well as the fear of puniſhment; which, moſt inevitably, will attend the want of it. By that exerciſe, I mean the air, the manners, the graces, and the ſtyle of people of faſhion. A friend of yours, in a letter I received from him by the laſt poſt, after ſome other commendations of you, ſays, * *Il eſt étonnant, que penſant avec tant de ſolidité qu'il fait, et aiant le gout auſſi ſur, et auſſi délicat qu'il l'a, il s'exprime avec ſi peu d'élegance et de délicateſſe. Il neglige même totalement le choix des mots et la tournure des phraſes.* This I ſhould not be ſo much ſurpriſed or concerned at, if it related only to the Engliſh language; which, hitherto, you have had no opportunity of ſtudying, and but few of ſpeaking, at leaſt, to thoſe who could correct your inaccuracies. But if you do not expreſs yourſelf elegantly and delicately in French and German, (both which languages I know you poſſeſs perfectly, and ſpeak eternally) it can be only from an unpardonable inattention, to what you moſt erroneouſly think a little object, though, in truth, it is one of the moſt important of your life. Solidity and delicacy of thought muſt be given us, it cannot be acquired, though it may be improved; but elegancy and delicacy of expreſſion may be acquired by whoever will take the neceſſary care and pains. I am ſure you love me ſo well, that you would be very ſorry, when we meet, that I ſhould be either diſappointed or mortified; and I love you ſo well, that, I aſſure you, I ſhould be both, if I ſhould find you want any of thoſe exterior accompliſhments, which are the indiſpenſably neceſſary ſteps to that figure, and fortune, which I ſo earneſtly wiſh you may one day make in the world.

I hope you do not neglect your exerciſes of riding, fencing, and dancing, but particularly the latter; for they all concur to *d'gourdir*, and to give a certain air. To ride well, is not only a proper and graceful accompliſhment for a gentleman, but may alſo ſave you many a fall hereafter; to fence well, may poſſibly ſave your life; and to dance well, is abſolutely neceſſary, in order to ſit, ſtand, and walk well. To tell you the truth, my friend, I have ſome little ſuſpicion, that you now and then neglect or omit your exerciſes, for more ſerious ſtudies. But now *non eſt his locus*, every

thing has its time; and this is yours for your exerciſes; for when you return to Paris, I only propoſe your continuing your dancing; which you ſhall two years longer, if you happen to be where there is a good dancing-maſter. Here, I will ſee you take ſome leſſons with your old maſter Deſnoyers, who is our Marcel.

What ſays Madame du Pin to you? I am told ſhe is very handſome ſtill; I know ſhe was ſo ſome few years ago. She has good parts, reading, manners, and delicacy; ſuch an *arrangement* would be both creditable and advantageous to you. She will expect to meet with all the good-breeding and delicacy that ſhe brings; and as ſhe is paſt the glare and *éclat* of youth, may be the more willing to liſten to your ſtory, if you tell it well. For an attachment, I ſhould prefer her to *la petite Blot*; and, for a mere gallantry, I ſhould prefer *le petite Blot* to her; ſo that they are conſiſtent, *et l'une n'empêche pas l'autre.* Adieu! Remember *la douceur et les graces.*

LETTER XXXVI.

London, May the 23d, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 25th, N. S. and being rather ſomething more attentive to my commiſſions, than you are to yours, return you this immediate anſwer to the queſtion you aſk me about the two pictures: I will not give one livre more than what I told you in my laſt; having no ſort of occaſion for them, and not knowing very well where to put them, if I had them.

I wait with impatience for your final orders about the mohairs; the mercer perſecuting me every day, for three pieces which I thought pretty, and which I have kept by me eventually, to ſecure them, in caſe your ladies ſhould pitch upon them.

What do you mean by your * Si j'oſois? qu'eſt ce qui vous empêche d'oſer? On oſe toujours quand il y a eſpérance de ſuccès;

* If I durſt? What ſhould hinder you from daring? One always dares if there are hopes of ſucceſs; and if even there are none, one is no loſer by daring. A man of faſhion knows how, and when, to dare. He begins his approaches by diſtant attacks, by aſſiduities, and by attentions. If he is not immediately and totally repulſed, he continues to advance. After certain ſteps, ſucceſs is infallible; and none but very ſilly fellows can then either doubt, or not attempt it. Is it the reſpectable character of Madame de la Valliere, which prevents your daring; or are you intimidated at the fierce virtue of Madame du Pin? Does the invincible modeſty of the handſome Madame Caſe diſcourage, more than her beauty invites you? Fie, for ſhame! Be convinced that the moſt virtuous woman, far from being offended at a declaration of love, is flattered by it, if it is made in a polite and

cès ; et on ne perd rien à oſer, quand même il n'y en a pas. Un honnête homme ſçait oſer, et quand il faut oſer, il ouvre la tranchée par des travaux, des ſoins, et des attentions ; s'il n'en eſt pas délogé d'abord il avance toujours à l'attaque de la place même. Après de certaines approches le ſuccès eſt infaillible, et il n'y a que les nigauds qui en doutent, ou qui ne le tentent point. Seroit-ce le caractére reſpectable de Madame de la Valliere, qui vous empêche d'oſer, ou ſeroit-ce la vertu farouche de Madame du Pin qui vous retient ? La ſageſſe invincible de la belle Madame Caſe vous décourage 't-elle plus que ſa beauté ne vous invite ? Mais ſi donc. Soïez convaincu que la femme la plus ſage ſe trouve flattée, bien loin d'être offenſée par une déclaration d'amour, faite avec politeſſe, et agrément. Il ſe peut bien qu'elle ne s'y prêtera point, c'eſt à dire ſi elle a un gout ou une paſſion pour quelque autre ; mais en tout cas elle ne vous en ſçaura pas mauvais gré ; de façon qu'il n'eſt pas queſtion d'oſer dès qu'il n'y a pas de danger. Mais ſi elle s'y prête, ſi elle écoute, et qu'elle vous permet de redoubler votre déclaration, comptez qu'elle ſe moquera bien de vous ſi vous n'oſez pas tout le reſte. Je vous conſeille de débuter plutôt par Madame du Pin, qui a encore de la

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and agreeable manner. It is poſſible that ſhe may not be propitious to your vows ; that is to ſay, if ſhe has a liking or a paſſion for another perſon. But, at all events, ſhe will not be diſpleaſed with you for it ; ſo that, as there is no danger, this cannot even be called daring. But if ſhe attends, if ſhe liſtens, and allows you to repeat your declaration, be perſuaded that if you do not dare all the reſt, ſhe will laugh at you. I adviſe you to begin rather by Madame du Pin, who has ſtill more than beauty enough for ſuch a youngſter as you. She has, beſides, knowledge of the world, ſenſe, and delicacy. As ſhe is not ſo extremely young, the choice of her lovers cannot be entirely at her option. I promiſe you, ſhe will not refuſe the tender of your moſt humble ſervices. Diſtinguiſh her then by attentions, and by tender looks. Take favourable opportunities of whiſpering, that you wiſh eſteem and friendſhip were the only motives of your regard for her ; but that it derives from ſentiments of a much more tender nature : that you made not this declaration without pain ; but that the concealing your paſſions was a ſtill greater torment.

I am ſenſible that in ſaying this for the firſt time, you will look ſilly, abaſhed, and even expreſs yourſelf very ill. So much the better ; for, inſtead of attributing your confuſion to the little uſage you have of the world, particularly in theſe ſort of ſubjects, ſhe will think that exceſs of love is the occaſion of it. In ſuch a caſe, the lover's beſt friend is ſelf-love. Do not then be afraid ; behave gallantly. Speak well, and you will be heard. If you are not liſtened to the firſt time, try a ſecond, a third, and a fourth. If the place is not already taken, depend upon it, it may be conquered.

la beauté plus qu'il n'en faut pour un jeune drôle comme vous; elle a auſſi du monde, de l'eſprit, de la délicateſſe; ſon âge ne lui laiſſe pas abſolument le choix de ſes amans, et je vous réponds qu'elle ne rejetteroit pas les offres de vos très humbles ſervices. Diſtinguez la donc par vos attentions, et des regards tendres; et prenez les occaſions favorables de lui dire à l'oreille que vous voudriez bien que l'amitié et l'eſtime fuſſent les ſeuls motifs de vos égards pour elle, mais que des ſentimens bien plus tendres en ſont les véritables ſources. Que vous ſouffriez bien en les lui déclarant, mais que vous ſouffriez encore plus en les lui cachant.

Je ſens bien qu'en lui diſant cela pour la premiere fois vous aurez l'air aſſez ſot, et aſſez penaud, et que vous le direz fort mal. Tant mieux, elle attribuera vôtre déſordre à l'excès de vôtre amour, au lieu de l'attribuer à la véritable cauſe, vôtre peu d'uſage du monde, ſurtout dans ces matiéres. En pareil cas l'amour propre eſt le fidele ami de l'amant. Ne craignez donc rien, ſoïez galant homme; parlez bien, et on vous écoutera. Si on ne vous écoute pas la premiere, parlez une ſeconde, une troiſieme, une quatrieme fois; ſi la place n'eſt pas déjà priſe, ſoïez ſur qu'à la longue elle eſt prenable.

I am very glad you are going to Orli, and from thence to St. Cloud; go to both, and to Verſailles alſo often. It is that interior, domeſtic familiarity with people of faſhion, that alone, can give you *l'uſage du monde, et les maniéres aiſées.* It is only with women one loves, or men one reſpects, that the deſire of pleaſing exerts itſelf; and without the deſire of pleaſing, no man living can pleaſe. Let that deſire be the ſpring of all your words and actions. That happy talent, the art of pleaſing, which ſo few do, though almoſt all might poſſeſs, is worth all your learning and knowledge put together. The latter can never raiſe you high, without the former; but the former may carry you, as it has carried thouſands, a great way, without the latter.

I am glad that you dance ſo well, as to be reckoned by Marcel among his beſt ſcholars; go on, and dance better ſtill. Dancing well is pleaſing *pro tanto*, and makes a part of that neceſſary *whole*, which is compoſed of a thouſand parts, many of them of *les infiniment petits quoi qu'infiniment néceſſaires.*

I ſhall never have done upon this ſubject, which is indiſpenſably neceſſary towards your making any figure or fortune in the world; both which I have ſet my heart upon, and for both which you now abſolutely want no one thing but the art of pleaſing; and I muſt not conceal from you, that you have ſtill a good way to go, before you arrive at it. You ſtill want a thouſand of thoſe little attentions that imply a deſire of pleaſing: you want a *douceur* of air and expreſſion that engages: you want an elegancy and delicacy of expreſſion, neceſſary to adorn the beſt ſenſe and moſt ſolid matter: in ſhort, you ſtill want a great deal of the *brillant* and the *poli*. Get them at any rate; ſacrifice hecatombs of books to them: ſeek for them in company, and renounce your cloſet till

you

you have got them. I never received the letter you refer to, if ever you wrote it. Adieu, *et bon ſoir, Monſeigneur.*

LETTER XXXVII.

Greenwich, June the 6th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SOLICITOUS and anxious as I have ever been to form your heart, your mind, and your manners; and to bring you as near perfection as the imperfection of our natures will allow; I have exhauſted, in the courſe of our correſpondence, all that my own mind could ſuggeſt, and have borrowed from others whatever I thought could be uſeful to you; but this has neceſſarily been interruptedly and by ſnatches. It is now time, and you are of an age to review and to weigh in your own mind all that you have heard, and all that you have read, upon theſe ſubjects; and to form your own character, your conduct, and your manners, for the reſt of your life; allowing for ſuch improvements as a farther knowledge of the world will naturally give you. In this view, I would recommend to you to read, with the greateſt attention, ſuch books as treat particularly of thoſe ſubjects; reflecting ſeriouſly upon them, and then comparing the ſpeculation with the practice. For example, if you read in the morning ſome of la Rochefoucault's maxims; conſider them, examine them well, and compare them with the real characters you meet with in the evening. Read la Bruyere in the morning, and ſee in the evening whether his pictures are like. Study the heart and mind of man, and begin with your own. Meditation and reflection muſt lay the foundation of that knowledge; but experience and practice muſt, and alone can, complete it. Books, it is true, point out the operations of the mind, the ſentiments of the heart, the influence of the paſſions; and ſo far they are of previous uſe: but without ſubſequent practice, experience, and obſervation, they are as ineffectual, would even lead you into as many errors, in fact, as a map would do, if you were to take your notions of the towns and provinces from their delineations in it. A man would reap very little benefit by his travels, if he made them only in his cloſet upon a map of the whole world. Next to the two books that I have already mentioned, I do not know a better for you to read, and ſeriouſly reflect upon, than *avis d'une mere à un fils par la Marquiſe de Lambert.* She was a woman of a ſuperior underſtanding and knowledge of the world, had always kept the beſt company, was ſolicitous that her ſon ſhould make a figure and a fortune in the world, and knew better than any body how to point out the means. It is very ſhort, and will take you much leſs time to read, than you ought to employ in reflecting upon it, after you have read it. Her ſon was in the army, ſhe wiſhed he might riſe there; but ſhe well knew, that in order to riſe, he muſt firſt pleaſe: ſhe ſays to him, § *a l'égard de ceux dont vous dépendez, le*

§ With regard to thoſe upon whom you depend, the chief merit is to pleaſe.

le premier mérite eſt de plaire. And in another place, † *Dans les emplois ſubalternes vous ne vous ſoutenez que par les agrémens, les maitres ſont comme les maitreſſes; quelque ſervice que vous leur aïez rendû ils ceſſent de vous aimer quand vous ceſſez de leur plaire.* This I can aſſure you, is at leaſt as true in courts as in camps, and poſſibly more ſo. If to your merit and knowledge you add the art of pleaſing, you may very probably come in time to be Secretary of ſtate; but, take my word for it, twice your merit and knowledge, without the art of pleaſing, would at moſt, raiſe you to the *important poſt* of Reſident at Hamburgh or Ratiſbon. I need not tell you now, for I often have, and your own diſcernment muſt have told you, of what numberleſs little ingredients that art of pleaſing is compounded, and how the want of the leaſt of them lowers the whole; but the principal ingredient is, undoubtedly, *la douceur dans les maniéres:* nothing will give you this more than keeping company with your ſuperiors. Madame Lambert tells her ſon, ‡ *que vos liaiſons ſoient avec des perſonnes au deſſus de vous, par la vous accoutumez au reſpect et à la politeſſe; avec ſes egaux on ſe neglige, l'eſprit s'aſſoupit.* She adviſes him too to frequent thoſe people, and to ſee their inſide; * *il eſt bon d'approcher les hommes, de les voir à découvert; et avec leur mérite de tous les jours.* A happy expreſſion! It was for this reaſon that I have ſo often adviſed you to eſtabliſh and domeſticate yourſelf, wherever you can, in good houſes of people above you, that you may ſee their *every-day* character, manners, habits, *&c.* One muſt ſee people undreſſed, to judge truly of their ſhape; when they are dreſſed to go abroad, their clothes are contrived to conceal, or at leaſt palliate the defects of it: as full-bottomed wigs were contrived for the Duke of Burgundy, to conceal his hump back. Happy thoſe who have no faults to diſguiſe, nor weakneſſes to conceal! there are few, if any ſuch: but unhappy thoſe, who know little enough of the world to judge by outward appearances. Courts are the beſt keys to characters: there every paſſion is buſy, every art exerted, every character analyſed: jealouſy, ever watchful, not only diſcovers, but expoſes, the myſteries of the trade, ſo that even by-ſtanders *y apprenent a déviner.* There too the great art of pleaſing is practiſed, taught, and

† In ſubaltern employments, the art of pleaſing muſt be your ſupport. Maſters are like miſtreſſes; whatever ſervices they may be indebted to you for, they ceaſe to love when you ceaſe to be agreeable.

‡ Let your connections be with people above you; by that means you will acquire a habit of reſpect and politeneſs. With one's equals one is apt to become negligent, and the mind grows torpid.

* In order to judge of men, one muſt be intimately connected; thus you ſee them without a veil, and with their mere every day merit.

and learned, with all its graces and delicacies. It is the firſt thing needful there: it is the abſolutely neceſſary harbinger of merit and talents, let them be ever ſo great. There is no advancing a ſtep without it. Let miſanthropes and would-be philoſophers declaim as much as they pleaſe againſt the vices, the ſimulation, and diſſimulation of courts; thoſe invectives are always the reſult of ignorance, ill-humour, or envy. Let them ſhew me a cottage, where there are not the ſame vices of which they accuſe courts; with this difference only, that in a cottage they appear in their native deformity, and that in courts, manners and good-breeding make them leſs ſhocking, and blunt their edge. No, be convinced that the good-breeding, the *tournure*, *la douceur dans les maniéres*, which alone are to be acquired at courts, are not the ſhowiſh trifles only which ſome people call or think them: they are ſolid good; they prevent a great deal of real miſchief; they create, adorn, and ſtrengthen friendſhips: they keep hatred within bounds, they promote good-humour and good-will in families, where the want of good-breeding and gentleneſs of manners is commonly the original cauſe of diſcord. Get then, before it is too late, an habit of theſe *mitiores virtutes*: practiſe them upon every the leaſt occaſion, that they may be eaſy and familiar to you upon the greateſt; for they loſe a great deal of their merit if they ſeem laboured, and only called in upon extraordinary occaſions. I tell you truly, this is now the only doubtful part of your character with me; and it is for that reaſon that I dwell upon it ſo much, and inculcate it ſo often. I ſhall ſoon ſee whether this doubt of mine is founded; or rather, I hope I ſhall ſoon ſee that it is not.

This moment I receive your letter of the 9th, N. S. I am ſorry to find that you have had, though ever ſo ſlight, a return of your Carniolan diſorder; and I hope your concluſion will prove a true one, and that this will be the laſt. I will ſend the mohairs by the firſt opportunity. As for the pictures, I am already ſo full, that I am reſolved not to buy one more, unleſs by great accident I ſhould meet with ſomething ſurpriſingly good, and as ſurpriſingly cheap.

I ſhould have thought that Lord * * * at his age, and with his parts and addreſs, need not have been reduced to keep an opera wh—e, in ſuch a place as Paris, where ſo many women of faſhion generouſly ſerve as volunteers. I am ſtill more ſorry that he is in love with her; for that will take him out of good company, and ſink him into bad; ſuch as fidlers, pipers, and *id genus omne*; moſt unedifying and unbecoming company for a man of faſhion!

Lady Cheſterfield makes you a thouſand compliments. Adieu, my dear child.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Greenwich, June the 10th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR ladies were ſo ſlow in giving their ſpecific orders, that the mohairs, of which you at laſt ſent me the patterns, were all ſold. However, to prevent farther delays (for ladies are apt to be very impatient, when at laſt they know their own minds) I have taken the quantities deſired, of three mohairs which come neareſt to the deſcription you ſent me ſome time ago, in Madame Monconſeil's own hand; and I will ſend them to Calais by the firſt opportunity. In giving *la petite Blot* her piece, you have a fine occaſion of ſaying fine things, if ſo inclined.

Lady Hervey, who is your puff and panegyriſt, writes me word, that ſhe ſaw you lately dance at a ball, and that you dance very genteelly. I am extremely glad to hear it; for (by the maxim that *omne majus continet in ſe minus)* if you dance genteelly, I preſume you walk, ſit, and ſtand genteelly too; things which are much more eaſy, though much more neceſſary, than dancing well. I have known many very genteel people, who could not dance well; but I never knew any body dance very well, who was not genteel in other things. You will probably often have occaſion to ſtand in circles, at the levées of princes and miniſters, when it is very neceſſary, *de païer de ſa perſonne, et d'être bien planté*, with your feet not too near nor too diſtant from each other. More people ſtand and walk, than ſit genteelly. Awkward, ill-bred people, being aſhamed, commonly ſit up bolt upright, and ſtiff; others, too negligent and eaſy, *ſe veautrent dans leur fauteuil*, which is ungraceful and ill-bred, unleſs where the familiarity is extreme; but a man of faſhion makes himſelf eaſy, and appears ſo, by leaning gracefully, inſtead of lolling ſupinely; and by varying thoſe eaſy attitudes, inſtead of that ſtiff immobility of a baſhful booby. You cannot conceive, nor can I expreſs, how advantageous a good air, genteel motions, and engaging addreſs are, not only among women, but among men, and even in the courſe of buſineſs; they faſcinate the affections, they ſteal a preference, they play about the heart till they engage it. I know a man, and ſo do you, who, without a grain of merit, knowledge, or talents, has raiſed himſelf millions of degrees above his level, ſingly by a good air, and engaging manners; inſomuch, that the very prince who raiſed him ſo high, calls him, *mon aimable vaut-rien* *: but of this do not open your lips, *pour cauſe*. I give you this ſecret, as the ſtrongeſt proof imaginable, of the efficacy of air, addreſs, *tournure et tous ces petits riens*.

Your other puff and panegyriſt, Mr. Harte, is gone to Windſor, in his way to Cornwall, in order to be back ſoon enough to

* The Maréchal de Richelieu.

to meet you here; I really believe he is as impatient for that moment as I am, *et c'eſt tout dire:* but, however, notwithſtanding my impatience, if by chance, you ſhould then be in a ſituation, that leaving Paris would coſt your heart too many pangs, I allow you to put off your journey, and to tell me, as Feſtus did Paul, *at a more convenient ſeaſon I will ſpeak to thee.* You ſee by this, that I eventually ſacrifice my ſentiments to yours, and this in a very uncommon object of paternal complaiſance. Provided always, and be it underſtood (as they ſay in Acts of Parliament) that, *quæ te cumque domat Venus non erubeſcendis adurit ignibus.* If your heart will let you come, bring with you only your valet de chambre, Chriſtian, and your own footman; not your valet de place, whom you may diſmiſs for the time, as alſo your coach; but you had beſt keep on your lodgings, the intermediate expence of which will be but inconſiderable, and you will want them to leave your books and baggage in. Bring only the clothes you travel in, one ſuit of black, for the mourning, for the prince will not be quite out by that time, and one ſuit of your fine clothes, two or three of your laced ſhirts, and the reſt plain ones; of other things, as bags, feathers, *&c.* as you think proper. Bring no books, unleſs two or three for your amuſement upon the road; for we muſt apply ſingly to Engliſh, in which you are certainly no *puriſte*, and I will ſupply you ſufficiently with the proper Engliſh authors. I ſhall, probably, keep you here till about the middle of October, and certainly not longer; it being abſolutely neceſſary for you to paſs the next winter at Paris; ſo that ſhould any fine eyes ſhed tears for your departure, you may dry them by the promiſe of your return in two months.

Have you got a maſter for Geometry? If the weather is very hot, you may leave your riding at the *mênage* till you return to Paris, unleſs you think the exerciſe does you more good than the heat can do you harm; but I deſire you will not leave off Marcel for one moment: your fencing likewiſe, if you have a mind, may ſubſide for the ſummer; but you will do well to reſume it in the winter, and to be *adroit* at it, but by no means for offence, only for defence, in caſe of neceſſity. Good night. Yours.

P. S. I forgot to give you one commiſſion, when you come here, which is, not to fail bringing the *graces* along with you.

LETTER XXXIX.

Greenwich, June the 13th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LES bienſéances * are a moſt neceſſary part of the knowledge of the world. They conſiſt in the relations of perſons, things, time, and place; good ſenſe points them out, good company perfects them, (ſuppoſing always an attention and a deſire to pleaſe) and good policy recommends them.

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* This ſingle word implies decorum, good breeding, and propriety.

Were you to converſe with a King, you ought to be as eaſy, and unembarraſſed as with your own valet de chambre: but yet every look, word, and action, ſhould imply the utmoſt reſpect. What would be proper and well-bred with others, much your ſuperiors, would be abſurd and ill-bred with one ſo very much ſo. You muſt wait till you are ſpoken to; you muſt receive, not give, the ſubject of converſation; and you muſt even take care that the given ſubject of ſuch converſation do not lead you into any impropriety. The art would be to carry it, if poſſible, to ſome indirect flattery: ſuch as commending thoſe virtues in ſome other perſon, in which that Prince either thinks he does, or at leaſt would be thought by others to excel. Almoſt the ſame precautions, are neceſſary to be uſed with Miniſters, Generals, *&c.* who expect to be treated with very near the ſame reſpect as their maſters, and commonly deſerve it better. There is, however, this difference, that one may begin the converſation with them, if on their ſide it ſhould happen to drop, provided one does not carry it to any ſubject, upon which it is improper either for them to ſpeak or to be ſpoken to. In theſe two caſes, certain attitudes and actions would be extremely abſurd, becauſe too eaſy, and conſequently diſreſpectful. As for inſtance, if you were to put your arms acroſs in your boſom, twirl your ſnuff-box, trample with your feet, ſcratch your head, *&c.* it would be ſhockingly ill-bred in that company; and, indeed, not extremely well-bred in any other. The great difficulty in thoſe caſes, though a very ſurmountable one by attention and cuſtom, is to join perfect inward eaſe with perfect outward reſpect.

In mixed companies with your equals (for in mixed companies all people are to a certain degree equal) greater eaſe and liberty are allowed; but they too have their bounds within *bienſéance*. There is a ſocial reſpect neceſſary: you may ſtart your own ſubject of converſation with modeſty, taking great care, however, * *de ne jamais parler de cordes dans le maiſon d'un pendû*. Your words, geſtures, and attitudes, have a greater degree of latitude, though by no means an unbounded one. You may have your hands in your pockets, take ſnuff, ſit, ſtand, or occaſionally walk, as you like; but I believe you would not think it very *bienſéant* to whiſtle, put on your hat, looſen your garters or your buckles, lie down upon a couch, or go to bed, and welter in an eaſy chair. Theſe are negligences and freedoms which one can only take when quite alone: they are injurious to ſuperiors, ſhocking and offenſive to equals, brutal and inſulting to inferiors. That eaſineſs of carriage and behaviour, which is exceedingly engaging, widely differs from negligence and inattention, and by no means implies that one may do whatever one pleaſes; it only means that one is not to be ſtiff, formal,

* Never to mention a rope in the family of a man who has been hanged.

mal, embarraſſed, diſconcerted, and aſhamed, like country bumpkins, and people who have never been in good company; but it requires great attention to, and a ſcrupulous obſervation of *les bienſéances:* whatever one ought to do, is to be done with eaſe and unconcern; whatever is improper muſt not be done at all. In mixed companies alſo, different ages and ſexes are to be differently addreſſed. You would not talk of your pleaſures to men of a certain age, gravity, and dignity; they juſtly expect, from young people, a degree of deference and regard. You ſhould be full as eaſy with them, as with people of your own years: but your manner muſt be different; more reſpect muſt be implied; and it is not amiſs to inſinuate, that from them you expect to learn. It flatters, and comforts age for not being able to take a part in the joy and titter of youth. To women you ſhould always addreſs yourſelf with great outward reſpect and attention, whatever you feel inwardly; their ſex is by long preſcription intitled to it; and it is among the duties of *bienſéance:* at the ſame time, that reſpect is very properly, and very agreeably, mixed with a degree of *enjouement*, if you have it: but then, that *badinage* muſt either directly or indirectly tend to their praiſe, and even not be liable to a malicious conſtruction to their diſadvantage. But here too, great attention muſt be had to the difference of age, rank, and ſituation. A *Maréchale* of fifty muſt not be played with like a young coquette of fifteen: reſpect and *ſerious enjouement*, if I may couple thoſe two words, muſt be uſed with the former, and mere *badinage*, *c'eſt meme d'un peu de poliſſonerie*, is pardonable with the latter.

Another important point of *les bienſéances*, ſeldom enough attended to, is not to run your own preſent humour and diſpoſition indiſcriminately againſt every body: but to obſerve, conform to, and adopt theirs. For example; if you happened to be in high good-humour, and a flow of ſpirits, would you go and ſing a * *pont neuf*, or cut a caper to la Maréchale de Coigny, the Pope's Nuncio, or Abbé Sallier, or to any perſon of natural gravity and melancholy, or who at that time ſhould be in grief? I believe not; as, on the other hand, I ſuppoſe, that if you were in low ſpirits, or real grief, you would not chuſe to bewail your ſituation with *la petite Blot*. If you cannot command your preſent humour and diſpoſition, ſingle out thoſe to converſe with, who happen to be in the humour the neareſt to your own.

Loud laughter is extremely inconſiſtent with *les bienſéances*, as it is only the illiberal and noiſy teſtimony of the joy of the mob, at ſome very ſilly thing. A gentleman is often ſeen, but very ſeldom heard to laugh: nothing is more contrary to *les bienſéances* than horſe play, *or jeux de main* of any kind whatever,

* Ballad.

ever, and has often very ſerious, ſometimes very fatal conſequences. Romping, ſtruggling, throwing things at one another's heads, are the becoming pleaſantries of the mob, but degrade a gentleman; *giuoco di mano, giuoco di villano*, is a very true ſaying, among the few true ſayings of the Italians.

Peremptorineſs and deciſion in young people is *contraire aux bienſéances*: they ſhould ſeldom ſeem to aſſert, and always uſe ſome ſoftening mitigating expreſſion; ſuch as *s'il m'eſt permis de le dire, je croirois plutôt, ſi j'oſe m'expliquer*, which ſoften the manner, without giving up or even weakening the thing. People of more age and experience expect, and are intitled to that degree of deference.

There is a *bienſéance* alſo with regard to people of the loweſt degree; a gentleman obſerves it with his footman, even with the beggar in the ſtreet. He conſiders them as objects of compaſſion, not of inſult; he ſpeaks to neither *d'un ton bruſque*, but corrects the one coolly, and refuſes the other with humanity. There is no one occaſion in the world, in which *le ton bruſque* is becoming a gentleman. In ſhort, *les bienſéances* are another word for *manners*, and extend to every part of life. They are propriety; the Graces ſhould attend in order to complete them: the Graces enable us to do, genteelly and pleaſingly, what *les bienſéances* require to be done at all. The latter are an obligation upon every man; the former are an infinite advantage and ornament to any man. May you unite both!

Though you dance well, do not think that you dance well enough, and conſequently not endeavour to dance ſtill better. And though you ſhould be told that you are genteel, ſtill aim at being genteeller. If Marcel ſhould, do not you be ſatisfied. Go on, court the Graces all your life-time; you will find no better friends at court: they will ſpeak in your favour, to the hearts of Princes, Miniſters, and Miſtreſſes.

Now that all tumultuous paſſions and quick ſenſations have ſubſided with me, and that I have no tormenting cares nor boiſterous pleaſures to agitate me, my greateſt joy is to conſider the fair proſpect you have before you, and to hope and believe you will enjoy it. You are already in the world, at an age when others have hardly heard of it. Your character is hitherto not only unblemiſhed in its moral part, but even unſullied by any low, dirty, and ungentleman-like vice; and will, I hope, continue ſo.

Your knowledge is ſound, extenſive, and avowed, eſpecially in every thing relative to your deſtination. With ſuch materials to begin with, what then is wanting? Not fortune, as you have found by experience. You have had, and ſhall have, fortune ſufficient to aſſiſt your merit and your induſtry; and, if I can help it, you never ſhall have enough to make you negligent of either. You have too *mens ſana in corpore ſano*, the greateſt bleſſing of all. All therefore that you want, is as much in your power to acquire, as to eat your breakfaſt when

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ſet before you: it is only that knowledge of the world, that elegancy of manners, that univerſal politeneſs, and thoſe graces, which keeping good company, and ſeeing variety of places and characters, muſt inevitably, with the leaſt attention on your part, give you. Your foreign deſtination leads to the greateſt things, and your parliamentary ſituation will facilitate your progreſs; conſider then this pleaſing proſpect as attentively for yourſelf, as I conſider it for you. Labour on your part to realiſe it, as I will on mine to aſſiſt and enable you to do it. *Nullum numen abeſt, ſi ſit prudentia.*

Adieu! my dear child. I count the days till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you: I ſhall ſoon count the hours, and at laſt the minutes, with increaſing impatience.

P. S. The mohairs are this day gone from hence for Calais; recommended to the care of Madame Morel, and directed, as deſired, to the Comptroller General The three pieces come to ſix hundred and eighty French livres.

LETTER XL.

Greenwich, June the 20th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SO very few people, eſpecially young travellers, ſee what they ſee, or hear what they hear, that though I really believe it may be unneceſſary with you, yet there can be no harm in reminding you, from time to time, to ſee what you ſee, and to hear what you hear; that is, to ſee and hear as you ſhould do. Frivolous futile people, who make, at leaſt, three parts in four of mankind, only deſire to ſee and hear what their frivolous and futile præ-curſors have ſeen and heard; as St. Peter's, the Pope, and High Maſs, at Rome; Notre Dame, Verſailles, the French King, and the French Comedy, in France. A man of parts ſees and hears very differently from theſe gentlemen, and a great deal more. He examines and informs himſelf thoroughly, of every thing he ſees or hears; and, more particularly, as it is relative to his own profeſſion or deſtination. Your deſtination is political; the object therefore of your inquiries and obſervations ſhould be the political, interior of things: the forms of government, laws, regulations, cuſtoms, trade, manufactures, *&c.* of the ſeveral nations of Europe. This knowledge is much better acquired by converſation, with ſenſible and well-informed people, than by books; the beſt of which, upon theſe ſubjects, are always imperfect. For example, there are Preſent States of France, as there are of England; but they are always defective, being publiſhed by people uninformed, who only copy one another: they are, however, worth looking into; becauſe they point out objects for inquiry, which otherwiſe might poſſibly never have occured to one's mind: but an hour's converſation with a ſenſible *Preſident*, or *Conſeiller*, will let you more into the true ſtate of the parliament of Paris, than all the books

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in France. In the ſame manner, the *Almanach Militaire* is worth your having; but two or three converſations with officers will inform you much better of their military regulations. People have, commonly, a partiality for their own profeſſions, love to talk of them, and are even flattered by being conſulted upon the ſubject; when, therefore, you are with any of thoſe military gentlemen (and you can hardly be in any company without ſome) aſk them military queſtions. Inquire into their methods of diſcipline, quartering, and clothing their men; inform yourſelf of their pay, their perquiſites, *leurs montres*, *leurs étapes*, &c. Do the ſame, as to the *marine*, and make yourſelf particularly maſter of that *détail*; which has, and always will have, a great relation to the affairs of England; and, in proportion as you get good informations, make minutes of them in writing.

The regulations of trade and commerce in France are excellent, as appears but too plainly for us, by the great increaſe of both, within theſe thirty years; for, not to mention their extenſive commerce in both the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, they have got the whole trade of the Levant from us; and now ſupply all the foreign markets with their ſugars, to the ruin almoſt of our ſugar colonies, as Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the Leeward Iſlands. Get, therefore, what informations you can of theſe matters alſo.

Inquire too into their church matters; for which the preſent diſputes, between the court and the clergy, give you fair and frequent opportunities. Know the particular rights of the Gallician church, in oppoſition to the pretenſions of the ſee of Rome. I need not recommend eccleſiaſtical hiſtory to you, ſince I hear that you ſtudy *Du Pin* very aſſiduouſly.

You cannot imagine how much this ſolid and uſeful knowledge of other countries will diſtinguiſh you in your own (where, to ſay the truth, it is very little known or cultivated) beſides the great uſe it is of in all foreign negotiations: not to mention, that it enables a man to ſhine in all companies. When Kings and Princes have any knowledge, it is of this ſort, and more particularly; and therefore it is the uſual topic of their levée converſations, in which it will qualify you to bear a conſiderable part; it brings you more acquainted with them; and they are pleaſed to have people talk to them on a ſubject in which they think to ſhine.

There is a ſort of chit-chat, or *ſmall-talk*, which is the general run of converſation, at courts, and in moſt mixed companies. It is a ſort of middling converſation, neither ſilly nor edifying; but, however, very neceſſary for you to be maſter of. It turns upon the public events of Europe, and then is at its beſt; very often upon the number, the goodneſs, or badneſs, the diſcipline, or the clothing of the troops of different Princes; ſometimes upon the families, the marriages, the relations of princes, and conſiderable people; and, ſometimes, *ſur la bonne chere*, the magnificence of public entertainments, balls, maſquerades, &c. I would

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wiſh you to be able to talk upon all theſe things, better, and with more knowledge than other people; inſomuch that, upon thoſe occaſions, you ſhould be applied to, and that people ſhould ſay, *I dare ſay Mr. Stanhope can tell us.*

Second-rate knowledge, and middling talents, carry a man farther at courts, and in the buſy part of the world, than ſuperior knowledge and ſhining parts. Tacitus very juſtly accounts for a man's having always kept in favour, and enjoyed the beſt employments, under the tyrannical reigns of three or four of the very worſt Emperors, by ſaying, that it was not *propter aliquam eximiam artem, ſed quia par negotiis neque ſupra erat.* Diſcretion is the great article; all thoſe things are to be learned, and only learned by keeping a great deal of the beſt company. Frequent thoſe good houſes where you have already a footing, and wriggle yourſelf ſomehow or other into every other. Haunt the courts particularly, in order to get that *routine.*

This moment I receive yours of the 18th N. S. You will have had ſome time ago my final anſwers concerning the pictures; and, by my laſt, an account that the mohairs were gone, to Madam Morel at Calais, with the proper directions.

I am ſorry that your two ſons-in-law, the princes B———, are ſuch boobies; however, as they have the honour of being ſo nearly related to you, I will ſhow them what civilities I can.

I confeſs you have not time time for long abſences from Paris at preſent, becauſe of your various maſters, all which I would have you apply to cloſely while you are now in that capital: but when you return thither, after the viſit you intend me the honour of; I do not propoſe your having any maſter at all, except Marcel, once or twice a week. And then the courts will, I hope, be no longer ſtrange countries to you; for I would have you run down frequently to Verſailles and St. Cloud, for three or four days at a time. You know the Abbé de la Ville, who will preſent you to others, ſo that you will ſoon be *faufilé* with the reſt of the court. Court is the ſoil in which you are to grow and flouriſh; you ought to be well acquainted with the nature of it; like all other ſoil, it is in ſome places deeper, in others lighter, but always capable of great improvement by cultivation and experience.

You ſay that you want ſome hints for a letter to Lady Cheſterfield; more uſe and knowledge of the world will teach you occaſionally to write and talk genteelly, *ſur des riens*, which I can tell you is a very uſeful part of worldly knowledge; for, in ſome companies, it would be imprudent to talk upon any thing elſe, and with very many people it is impoſſible to talk of any thing elſe; they would not underſtand you. Adieu!

LETTER XLI.

London, June 24th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AIR, addreſs, manners, and graces, are of ſuch infinite advantage to whoever has them, and ſo peculiarly and eſſentially neceſſary for you, that now, as the time of our meeting draws near, I tremble for fear I ſhould not find you poſſeſſed of them; and, to tell you the truth, I doubt you are not yet ſufficiently convinced of their importance. There is, for inſtance, your intimate friend Mr. H———, who, with great merit, deep knowledge, and a thouſand good qualities, will never make a figure in the world while he lives; Why? Merely for want of thoſe external and ſhowiſh accompliſhments, which he began the world too late to acquire; and which, with his ſtudious and philoſophical turn, I believe he thinks are not worth his attention. He may, very probably, make a figure in the republic of letters; but he had ten thouſand times better make a figure as a man of the world and of buſineſs in the republic of the United Provinces; which, take my word for it, he never will.

As I open myſelf, without the leaſt reſerve, whenever I think that my doing ſo can be of any uſe to you, I will give you a ſhort account of myſelf. When I firſt came into the world, (which was at the age you are of now, ſo that (by the way) you have got the ſtart of me in that important article by two or three years at leaſt) at nineteen, I left the univerſity of Cambridge, where I was an abſolute pedant: when I talked my beſt, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common ſenſe; that the Claſſics contained every thing that was either neceſſary, uſeful, or ornamental to men; and I was not without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans, inſtead of the vulgar and illiberal dreſs of the moderns. With theſe excellent notions, I went firſt to the Hague, where, by the help of ſeveral letters of recommendation, I was ſoon introduced into all the beſt company; and where I very ſoon diſcovered, that I was totally miſtaken in almoſt every one notion I had entertained. Fortunately, I had a ſtrong deſire to pleaſe (the mixed reſult of good-nature, and a vanity by no means blameable) and was ſenſible, that I had nothing but the deſire. I therefore reſolved, if poſſible, to acquire the means too. I ſtudied attentively and minutely the dreſs, the air, the manner, the addreſs, and turn of converſation of all thoſe whom I found to be the people in faſhion, and moſt generally allowed to pleaſe. I imitated them as well as I could; if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dreſs, motions and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another. whoſe converſation was agreeable and engaging; I liſtened and attended to the turn of it. I addreſſed myſelf, though *de très mauvaiſe grace*, to all the moſt

moſt faſhionable fine ladies; confeſſed, and laughed with them at my own awkwardneſs and rawneſs, recommending myſelf as an object for them to try their ſkill in forming. By theſe means, and with a paſſionate deſire of pleaſing every body, I came by degrees to pleaſe ſome; and, I can aſſure you, that what little figure I have made in the world, has been much more owing to that paſſionate deſire I had of pleaſing univerſally, than to any intrinſic merit, or ſound knowledge I might ever have been maſter of. My paſſion for pleaſing was ſo ſtrong (and I am very glad it was ſo) that I own to you fairly, I wiſhed to make every woman I ſaw, in love with me, and every man I met with, admire me. Without this paſſion for the object, I ſhould never have been ſo attentive to the means; and I own I cannot conceive how it is poſſible for any man of good-nature and good-ſenſe to be without this paſſion. Does not good-nature incline us to pleaſe all thoſe we converſe with, of whatever rank or ſtation they may be? And does not good-ſenſe, and common obſervation, ſhow of what infinite uſe it is to pleaſe? Oh! but one may pleaſe by the good qualities of the heart, and the knowledge of the head, without that faſhionable air, addreſs, and manner, which is mere tinſel. I deny it. A man may be eſteemed and reſpected, but I defy him to pleaſe without them. Moreover, at your age, I would not have contented myſelf with barely pleaſing; I wanted to ſhine, and to diſtinguiſh myſelf in the world as a man of faſhion and gallantry, as well as buſineſs. And that ambition or vanity, call it what you pleaſe, was a right one; it hurt nobody, and made me exert whatever talents I had. It is the ſpring of a thouſand right and good things.

I was talking you over the other day with one very much your friend, and who had often been with you, both at Paris and Italy. Among the innumerable queſtions, which you may be ſure I aſked him concerning you, I happened to mention your dreſs (for, to ſay the truth, it was the only thing of which I thought him a competent judge) upon which he ſaid, that you dreſſed tolerably well at Paris; but that in Italy you dreſſed ſo ill, that he uſed to joke with you upon it, and even to tear your cloaths. Now I muſt tell you, that at your age it is as ridiculous not to be very well dreſſed, as at my age it would be, if I were to wear a white feather and red-heeled ſhoes. Dreſs is one of the various ingredients that contribute to the art of pleaſing; it pleaſes the eyes at leaſt, and more eſpecially of women. Addreſs yourſelf to the ſenſes, if you would pleaſe; dazzle the eyes, ſooth and flatter the ears of mankind; engage their heart, and let their reaſon do its worſt againſt you. *Suaviter in modo* is the great ſecret. Whenever you find yourſelf engaged inſenſibly in favour of any body, of no ſuperior merit nor diſtinguiſhed talents, examine, and ſee what it is that has made thoſe impreſſions upon you; and you will find that it is that *douceur*, that gentleneſs of manners, that air and addreſs, which I have ſo often recommended to you; and from thence draw this obvious con-

cluſion, that what pleaſes you in them, will pleaſe others in you; for we are all made of the ſame clay, though ſome of the lumps are a little finer, and ſome a little coarſer; but, in general, the ſureſt way to judge of others is to examine and analyſe one's ſelf thoroughly. When we meet I will aſſiſt you in that analyſis, in which every man wants ſome aſſiſtance againſt his own ſelf-love. Adieu.

LETTER XLII.

Greenwich, June the 30th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

PRAY give the encloſed to our friend the Abbé; it is to congratulate him upon his *canonicat*, which I am really very glad of, and I hope it will fatten him up to Boileau's *Chanoine*; at preſent he is as meagre as an Apoſtle or a Prophet. By the way, has he ever introduced you to la Ducheſſe d'Aiguillon? If he has not, make him preſent you; and if he has, frequent her, and make her many compliments from me. She has uncommon ſenſe and knowledge for a woman, and her houſe is the reſort of one ſet of *les beaux eſprits*. It is a ſatisfaction and a ſort of credit to be acquainted with thoſe gentlemen; and it puts a young fellow in faſhion. *A propos des beaux eſprits*, have you *les entrées* at Lady Sandwich's; who, old as ſhe was, when I ſaw her laſt, had the ſtrongeſt parts of any woman I ever knew in my life? If you are not acquainted with her, either the Dutcheſs d'Aiguillon or Lady Hervey can, and I dare ſay will, introduce you. I can aſſure you, it is very well worth your while, both upon her own account, and for the ſake of the people of wit and learning who frequent her. In ſuch companies there is always ſomething to be learned, as well as manners; the converſation turns upon ſomething above trifles: ſome point of literature, criticiſm, hiſtory, *&c.* is diſcuſſed with ingenuity and good manners; for I muſt do the French people of learning juſtice; they are not bears, as moſt of ours are; they are gentlemen.

Our Abbé writes me word that you were gone to Compiegne; I am very glad of it; other courts muſt form you for your own. He tells me too, that you have left off riding at the *ménage*; I have no objection to that, it takes up a great deal of the morning; and if you have got a genteel and firm ſeat on horſeback, it is enough for you, now that tilts and tournaments are laid aſide. I ſuppoſe you have hunted at Compiegne. The King's hunting there, I am told, is a fine ſight. The French manner of hunting is gentleman-like; ours is only for bumpkins and boobies. The poor beaſts here, are purſued and run down by much greater beaſts than themſelves; and the true Britiſh fox-hunter is moſt undoubtedly a ſpecies appropriated and peculiar to this country, which no other part of the globe produces.

I hope

I hope you apply the time you have ſaved from the riding-houſe to uſeful, more than to learned purpoſes; for I can aſſure you, they are very different things. I would have you allow but one hour a day for Greek; and that more to keep what you have, than to encreaſe it: by Greek, I mean uſeful Greek books, ſuch as Demoſthenes, Thucydides, &c. and not the poets, with whom you are already enough acquainted. Your Latin will take care of itſelf. Whatever more time you have for reading, pray beſtow it upon thoſe books which are immediately relative to your deſtination; ſuch as modern hiſtory, in the modern languages; memoirs, anecdotes, letters, negotiations, &c. Collect alſo if you can, authentically, the preſent ſtate of all the courts and countries in Europe, the characters of the Kings and Princes, their wives, their miniſters, and their w—s; their ſeveral views, connections, and intereſts; the ſtate of their *finances*, their military force, their trade, manufactures, and commerce. That is the uſeful, the neceſſary knowledge for you, and indeed for every gentleman. But with all this, remember that living books are much better than dead ones; and throw away no time (for it is thrown away) with the latter, which you can employ well with the former; for books muſt now be only your amuſement, but by no means your buſineſs. I had much rather that you were paſſionately in love with ſome determined coquette of condition, (who would lead you a dance, faſhion, ſupple, and poliſh you) than that you knew all Plato and Ariſtotle by heart: an hour at Verſailles, Compiegne, or St. Cloud, is now worth more to you, than three hours in your cloſet, with the beſt books that ever were written.

I hear the diſpute between the Court and the Clergy is made up amicably; both parties have yielded ſomething; the King being afraid of loſing more of his ſoul, and the Clergy more of their revenue. Thoſe gentlemen are very ſkilful in making the moſt of the vices, and the weakneſſes of the laity. I hope you have read and informed yourſelf fully of every thing relative to that affair; it is a very important queſtion, in which the prieſthood of every country in Europe is highly concerned. If you would be thoroughly convinced that their tythes are of divine inſtitution, and their property the property of God himſelf, not to be touched by any power on earth, read Frà-Paolo *de beneficiis*, an excellent and ſhort book; for which, and ſome other treatiſes againſt the court of Rome, he was ſtilletto'd; which made him ſay afterwards, upon ſeeing an anonymous book written againſt him, by order of the Pope, *Conoſco bene lo ſtile Romano*.

The Parliament of Paris, and the States of Languedoc, will, I believe, hardly ſcramble off; having only reaſon and juſtice, but no terrors on their ſide. Thoſe are political and conſtitutional queſtions, that well deſerve your attention and inquiries. I hope you are thoroughly maſter of them. It is alſo worth your while to collect and keep all the pieces written upon thoſe ſubjects.

I hope

I hope you have been thanked by your ladies, at leaſt, if not paid in money, for the mohairs, which I ſent by a courier to Paris ſome time ago, inſtead of ſending them to Madame Morel at Calais, as I told you I ſhould. Do they like them; and do they like you the better for getting them? *La petite Blot devroit au moins pair de ſa perſonne.* As for Madame de Polignac, I believe you will very willingly hold her excuſed from perſonal payment.

Before you return to England, pray go again to Orli, for two or three days, and alſo to St. Cloud, in order to ſecure a good reception there at your return. Aſk the Marquis de Matignon too, if he has any orders for you in England, or any letters or packets for Lord Bolingbroke. Adieu! Go on and proſper.

LETTER XLIII.

Greenwich, July the 8th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE laſt mail brought me your letter of the 3d July, N. S. I am glad that you are ſo well with Colonel Yorke, as to be let into ſecret correſpondences. Lord Albemarle's reſerve to you is, I believe, more owing to his ſecretary than to himſelf; for you ſeem to be much in favour with him; and poſſibly too, *he has no very ſecret letters* to communicate. However, take care not to diſcover the leaſt diſſatisfaction upon this ſcore: make the proper acknowledgments to Colonel Yorke, for what he does ſhow you; but let neither Lord Albemarle nor his people perceive the leaſt coldneſs on your part, upon acount of what they do not ſhow you. It is very often neceſſary not to manifeſt all one feels. Make your court to, and connect yourſelf as much as poſſible with, Colonel Yorke, he may be of great uſe to you hereafter; and when you take leave, not only offer to bring over any letters or packets, by way of ſecurity; but even aſk, as a favour, to be the carrier of a letter from him to his father, the Chancellor. *A propos* of your coming here; I confeſs that I am weakly impatient for it, and think a few days worth getting; I would therefore, inſtead of the 25th of next month, N. S. which was the day, that, ſome time ago, I appointed for your leaving Paris, have you ſet out on Friday the 20th Auguſt, N. S.; in conſequence of which, you will be at Calais ſome time on the Sunday following, and probably at Dover within four-and-twenty hours afterwards. If you land in the morning, you may in a poſt-chaiſe get to Sittingborne that day; if you come on ſhore in the evening, you can only get to Canterbury, where you will be better lodged than at Dover. I will not have you travel in the night, nor fatigue and overheat yourſelf, by running on fourſcore miles the moment you land. You will come ſtraight to Blackheath, where I ſhall be ready to meet you, and which is directly upon the Dover road to London; and we will go to town together, after you have reſted yourſelf a day or two here. All the other directions, which I gave you in my former letter, hold ſtill the ſame. But, notwithſtanding this

this regulation, ſhould you have any particular reaſons for leaving Paris two or three days ſooner, or later, than the abovementioned *vous êtes le maître*. Make all your *arrangemens* at Paris for about a ſix weeks ſtay in England at fartheſt.

I had a letter the other day from Lord Huntingdon, of which one half at leaſt was your panegyric: it was extremely welcome to me from ſo good an hand. Cultivate that friendſhip; it will do you honour, and give you ſtrength. Connections, in our mixed parliamentary government, are of great uſe.

I ſend you here encloſed the particular price of each of the mohairs; but I do not ſuppoſe that you will receive a ſhilling for any one of them. However, if any one of your ladies ſhould take an odd fancy to pay, the ſhorteſt way, in the courſe of buſineſs, is for you to keep the money, and to take ſo much leſs from Sir John Lambert, in your next draught upon him.

I am very ſorry to hear that Lady Hervey is ill. Paris does not ſeem to agree with her; ſhe uſed to have great health here. *A propos* of her; remember, when you are with me, not to mention her, but when you and I are quite alone, for reaſons which I will tell you when we meet: but this is only between you and me; and I deſire that you will not ſo much as hint it to her, or any body elſe.

If old Kurzay goes to the Valley of Jehoſaphat, I cannot help it; it will be an eaſe to our friend Madame Monconſeil, who I believe maintains her, and a little will not ſatisfy her in any way.

Remember to bring your mother ſome little preſents; they need not be of value, but only marks of your affection and duty for one who has always been tenderly fond of you. You may bring lady Cheſterfield a little Martin ſnuff-box, of about five louis: and you need bring over no other preſents; you and I not wanting *les petits preſens pour entretenir l'amitié*.

Since I wrote what goes before, I have talked you over minutely with Lord Albemarle; who told me, that he could very ſincerely commend you upon every article but one; but upon that one you were often joked, both by him and others. I deſired to know what that was; he laughed, and told me, it was the article of dreſs, in which you were exceedingly negligent. Though he laughed, I can aſſure you, that it is no laughing matter for you; and you will poſſibly be ſurprized, when I aſſert, (but, upon my word, it is literally true) that to be very well dreſt is of much more importance to you, than all the Greek you know will be of, theſe thirty years. Remember, that the world is now your only buſineſs; and that you muſt adopt its cuſtoms and manners, be they ſilly or be they not. To neglect your dreſs, is an affront to all the women you keep company with; as it implies, that you do not think them worth that attention which every body elſe doth; they mind dreſs, and you will never pleaſe them if you neglect yours; and if you do not pleaſe the women, you will

not

not pleaſe half the men you otherwiſe might. It is the women who put a young fellow in faſhion, even with the men. A young fellow ought to have a certain fund of coquetry; which ſhould make him try all the means of pleaſing, as much as any coquette in Europe can do. Old as I am, and little thinking of women, God knows, I am very far from being negligent of my dreſs; and why? From conformity to cuſtom; and out of decency to men, who expect that degree of complaiſance. I do not, indeed, wear feathers and red heels; which would ill ſuit my age; but I take care to have my clothes well made, my wig well combed and powdered, my linen and perſon extremely clean. I even allow my footmen forty ſhillings a year extraordinary, that they may be ſpruce and neat. Your figure eſpecially, which from its ſtature cannot be very majeſtic and intereſting, ſhould be the more attended to in point of dreſs: as it cannot be *impoſante*, it ſhould be *gentille*, *aimable*, *bien miſe*. It will not admit of negligence and careleſſneſs.

I believe Mr. Hayes thinks that you have ſlighted him a little of late, ſince you have got into ſo much other company. I do not, by any means, blame you for not frequenting his houſe ſo much as you did at firſt, before you had got into ſo many other houſes, more entertaining and more inſtructing than his: on the contrary, you do very well; but, however, as he was extremely civil to you, take care to be ſo to him; and make up in manner, what you omit in matter. See him, dine with him before you come away, and aſk his commands for England.

Your triangular ſeal is done, and I have given it to an Engliſh gentleman, who ſets out in a week for Paris, and who will deliver it to Sir John Lambert for you.

I cannot conclude this letter, without returning again to the ſhowiſh, the ornamental, the ſhining parts of your character; which, if you neglect, upon my word, you will render the ſolid ones abſolutely uſeleſs: nay, ſuch is the preſent turn of the world, that ſome valuable qualities are even ridiculous, if not accompanied by the genteeler accompliſhments. Plainneſs, ſimplicity, and Quakeriſm, either in dreſs or manners, will by no means do; they muſt both be laced and embroidered: ſpeaking, or writing ſenſe, without elegancy and turn, will be very little perſuaſive; and the beſt figure in the world, without air and addreſs, will be very ineffectual. Some pedants may have told you, that ſound ſenſe, and learning, ſtand in need of no ornaments; and, to ſupport that aſſertion, elegantly quote the vulgar proverb, that *good wine needs no buſh*; but, ſurely, the little experience you have already had of the world, muſt have convinced you, that the contrary of that aſſertion is true. All thoſe accompliſhments are now in your power; think of them, and of them only. I hope you frequent La Foire St. Laurent, which I ſee is now open: you will improve more, by going there with your miſtreſs, than by ſtaying at home, and reading Euclid with your geometry maſter. Adieu. *Divertiſſez vous, il n'y a rien de tel.*

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LETTER XLIV.

Greenwich, July 15th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS this is the laſt, or the laſt letter but one, that I think I ſhall write before I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you here, it may not be amiſs to prepare you a little for our interview, and for the time we ſhall paſs together. Before Kings and Princes meet, Miniſters on each ſide adjuſt the important points of precedence, arm chairs, right hand and left, *&c.* ſo that they know previouſly what they are to expect, what they have to truſt to: and it is right that they ſhould; for they commonly envy or hate, but moſt certainly diſtruſt each other. We ſhall meet upon very different terms; we want no ſuch preliminaries: you know my tenderneſs, I know your affection. My only object, therefore, is to make your ſhort ſtay with me as uſeful as I can to you; and yours, I hope, is to co-operate me. Whether, by making it wholeſome, I ſhall make it pleaſant to you, I am not ſure. Emetics and cathartics I ſhall not adminiſter, becauſe I am ſure you do not want them: but for alteratives you muſt expect a great many; and I can tell you, that I have a number of *noſtrums*, which I ſhall communicate to nobody but yourſelf. To ſpeak without a metaphor, I ſhall endeavour to aſſiſt your youth with all the experience that I have purchaſed, at the price of ſeven-and-fifty years. In order to this, frequent reproofs, corrections, and admonitions will be neceſſary; but then, I promiſe you, that they ſhall be in a gentle, friendly, and ſecret manner; they ſhall not put you out of countenance in company, nor out of humour when we are alone. I do not expect, that, at nineteen, you ſhould have that knowledge of the world, thoſe manners, that dexterity, which few people have at nine-and-twenty. But I will endeavour to give them you; and I am ſure you will endeavour to learn them, as far as your youth, my experience, and the time ſhall paſs together will allow. You may have many inaccuracies, (and to be ſure you have, for who has not at your age) which few people will tell you of, and ſome nobody can tell you of but myſelf. You may poſſibly have others too, which eyes leſs intereſted, and leſs vigilant than mine, do not diſcover: all thoſe you ſhall hear of, from one, whoſe tenderneſs for you will excite his curioſity, and ſharpen his penetration. The ſmalleſt inattention, or error in manners, the minuteſt inelegancy in diction, the leaſt awkwardneſs in your dreſs and carriage, will not eſcape my obſervation, nor paſs without amicable correction. Two, the moſt intimate friends in the world, can freely tell each other their faults, and even their crimes; but cannot poſſibly tell each other of certain little weakneſſes, awkwardneſſes, and blindneſſes of ſelf-love; to authoriſe that unreſerved freedom, the relation between us is abſolutely neceſſary. For example, I had a very worthy friend, with whom I was intimate enough to tell him his faults; he had but few; I told him of them, he took it kindly of me, and corrected

them.

them. But then, he had ſome weakneſſes that I could never tell him of directly, and which he was ſo little ſenſible of himſelf, that hints of them were loſt upon him. He had a ſcrag neck, of about a yard long; notwithſtanding which, bags being in faſhion, truly he would wear one to his wig, and did ſo; but never behind him, for, upon every motion of his head, his bag came forwards over one ſhoulder or the other. He took it into his head too, that he muſt, occaſionally, dance minuets, becauſe other people did; and he did ſo, not only extremely ill, but ſo awkward, ſo diſ-jointed, ſo ſlim, ſo meagre, was his figure, that had he danced as well as ever Marcel did, it would have been ridiculous in him to have danced at all. I hinted theſe things to him as plainly as friendſhip would allow, and to no purpoſe; but to have told him the whole, ſo as to cure him, I muſt have been his father, which, thank God, I am not. As fathers commonly go, it is ſeldom a misfortune to be fatherleſs; and, conſidering the general run of ſons, as ſeldom a misfortune to be childleſs. You and I form, I believe, an exception to that rule; for, I am perſuaded, that we would neither of us change our relation, were it in our power. You will, I both hope and believe, be not only the comfort, but the pride of my age; and, I am ſure, I will be the ſupport, the friend, the guide of your youth. Truſt me without reſerve; I will adviſe you without private intereſt, or ſecret envy. Mr. Harte will do ſo too; but ſtill there may be ſome little things proper for you to know, and neceſſary for you to correct, which even his friendſhip would not let him tell you of ſo freely as I ſhould; and ſome of which he may, poſſibly, not be ſo good a judge of as I am, not having lived ſo much in the great world.

One principal topic of our converſation will be, not only the purity, but the elegancy of the Engliſh language; in both which you are very deficient. Another will be the conſtitution of this country, which, I believe, you know leſs of, than of moſt other countries in Europe. Manners, attentions, and addreſs, will alſo be the frequent ſubjects of our lectures; and whatever I know, of that important and neceſſary art, the art of pleaſing, I will unreſervedly communicate to you. Dreſs too (which, as things are, I can logically prove, requires ſome attention) will not always eſcape our notice. Thus, my lectures will be more various, and in ſome reſpects more uſeful, than Profeſſor Maſcow's; and therefore, I can tell you, that I expect to be paid for them: but, as poſſibly you would not care to part with your ready money, and as I do not think that it would be quite handſome in me to accept it, I will compound for the payment, and take it in attention and practice.

Pray remember to part with all your friends, acquaintances, and miſtreſſes, if you have any at Paris, in ſuch a manner, as may make them not only willing, but impatient to ſee you there again. Aſſure them of your deſire of returning to them; and do it in a manner, that they may think it in earneſt, that is *avec*

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onction et une eſpéce d' attendriſſement. All people ſay pretty near the ſame things, upon thoſe occaſions, it is the manner only that makes the difference; and that difference is great. Avoid however, as much as you can, charging yourſelf with commiſſions, in your return from hence to Paris; I know, by experience, that they are exceedingly troubleſome, commonly expenſive, and very ſeldom ſatisfactory at laſt, to the perſons who give them: ſome you cannot refuſe, to people to whom you are obliged, and would oblige in your turn; but as to common fiddle-faddle commiſſions, you may excuſe yourſelf from them with truth, by ſaying, that you are to return to Paris through Flanders, and ſee all thoſe great towns; which I intend you ſhall do, and ſtay a week or ten days at Bruſſels. Adieu! A good journey to you, if this is my laſt; if not, I can repeat again what I ſhall wiſh conſtantly.

LETTER XLV.

London, Dec. the 19th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now entered upon a ſcene of buſineſs, where I hope you will one day make a figure. Uſe does a great deal, but care and attention muſt be joined to it. The firſt thing neceſſary in writing letters of buſineſs, is extreme clearneſs and perſpicuity; every paragraph ſhould be ſo clear, and unambiguous, that the dulleſt fellow in the world may not be able to miſtake it, nor obliged to read it twice in order to underſtand it. This neceſſary clearneſs implies a correctneſs, without excluding an elegancy of ſtyle. Tropes, figures, antitheſes, epigrams, *&c.* would be as miſplaced, and as impertinent, in letters of buſineſs, as they are ſometimes (if judiciouſly uſed) proper and pleaſing in familiar letters, upon common and trite ſubjects. In buſineſs, an elegant ſimplicity, the reſult of care, not of labour, is required. Buſineſs muſt be well, not affectedly dreſſed; but by no means negligently. Let your firſt attention be to clearneſs, and read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of diſcovering whether it is poſſible that any one man can miſtake the true ſenſe of it; and correct it accordingly.

Our pronouns and relatives often create obſcurity or ambiguity; be therefore exceedingly attentive to them, and take care to mark out with preciſion, their particular relations. For example: Mr. Johnſon acquainted me, that he had ſeen Mr. Smith, who had promiſed him to ſpeak to Mr. Clarke, to return him (Mr. Johnſon) thoſe papers, which he (Mr. Smith) had left ſome time ago with him (Mr. Clarke:) it is better to repeat a name, though unneceſſarily, ten times, than to have the perſon miſtaken once. *Who*, you know, is ſingly relative to perſons, and cannot be applied to things; *which*, and *that*, are chiefly relative to things, but not abſolutely excluſive of perſons; for one may ſay, the man *that* robbed, or killed ſuch-a-one; but it is much better to ſay, the man *who* robbed or killed. One never ſays, the man

or the woman *which*. *Which* and *that*, though chiefly relative to things, cannot be always uſed indifferently as to things; and the *συφονα* muſt ſometimes determine their place. For inſtance, the letter *which* I received from you, *which* you referred to in your laſt, *which* came by Lord Albemarle's meſſenger, and *which* I ſhowed to ſuch a-one; I would change it thus—The letter *that* I received from you, *which* you referred to in your laſt, *that* came by Lord Albemarle's meſſenger, and *which* I ſhowed to ſuch-a one.

Buſineſs does not exclude, (as poſſibly you wiſh it did) the uſual terms of politeneſs and good breeding; but, on the contrary, ſtrictly requires them: ſuch as, *I have the honour to acquaint your Lordſhip*; *Permit me to aſſure you*; *If I may be allowed to give my opinion*, *&c.* For the Miniſter abroad, who writes to the Miniſter at home, writes to his ſuperior; poſſibly to his patron, or at leaſt to one whom he deſires ſhould be ſo.

Letters of buſineſs will not only admit of, but be the better for, *certain graces:* but then, they muſt be ſcattered with a ſparing and a ſkilful hand; they muſt fit their place exactly. They muſt decently adorn without incumbering, and modeſtly ſhine without glaring. But as this is the utmoſt degree of perfection in letters of buſineſs, I would not adviſe you to attempt thoſe embelliſhments, till you have firſt laid your foundation well.

Cardinal d'Oſſat's letters, are the true letters of buſineſs; thoſe of Monſieur d'Avaux are excellent; Sir William Temple's are very pleaſing, but, I fear, too affected. Carefully avoid all Greek or Latin quotations; and bring no precedents from the *virtuous Spartans*, *the polite Athenians*, *and the brave Romans.* Leave all that to futile pedants. No flouriſhes, no declamation. But (I repeat it again) there is an elegant ſimplicity and dignity of ſtyle abſolutely neceſſary for good letters of buſineſs; attend to that carefully. Let your periods be harmonious, without ſeeming to be laboured; and let them not be too long, for that always occaſions a degree of obſcurity. I ſhould not mention correct orthography, but that you very often fail in that particular, which will bring ridicule upon you; for no man is allowed to ſpell ill. I wiſh too that your hand-writing were much better; and I cannot conceive why it is not, ſince every man may certainly write whatever hand he pleaſes. Neatneſs in folding up, ſealing, and directing your packets, is by no means to be neglected: though, I dare ſay, you think it is. But there is ſomething in the exterior, even of a packet, that may pleaſe or diſpleaſe; and conſequently worth ſome attention.

You ſay that your time is very well employed, and ſo it is, though as yet only in the outlines, and firſt *routine* of buſineſs. They are previouſly neceſſary to be known; they ſmooth the way for parts and dexterity. Buſineſs requires no conjuration nor ſupernatural talents, as people, unacquainted with it, are apt to think. Method, diligence, and diſcretion will carry a man, of good ſtrong common ſenſe, much higher than the fineſt parts, without

without them, can do. *Par negotiis, neque ſupra*, is the true character of a man of buſineſs: but then it implies ready attention, and no *abſences*; and a flexibility and verſatility of attention from one object to another, without being engroſſed by any one.

Be upon your guard againſt the pedantry and affectation of buſineſs, which young people are apt to fall into, from the pride of being concerned in it young. They look thoughtful, complain of the weight of buſineſs, throw out myſterious hints, and ſeem big with ſecrets which they do not know. Do you, on the contrary, never talk of buſineſs, but to thoſe with whom you are to tranſact it; and learn to ſeem *vacuus*, and idle, when you have the moſt buſineſs. Of all things, the *volto ſciolto*, and the *penſieri ſtretti*, are neceſſary. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

London, Dec. the 30th, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Parliaments are the courts of juſtice of France, and are what our courts of juſtice in Weſtminſter-Hall are here. They uſed anciently to follow the court, and adminſter juſtice in preſence of the King. Philip le Bel firſt fixed it at Paris, by an edict of 1302. It conſiſted then of but one *chambre*, which was called *La Chambre des Prélats*, moſt of the members being eccleſiaſtics; but the multiplicity of buſineſs made it by degrees neceſſary to create ſeveral other *chambres*: it conſiſts now of ſeven *chambres*.

La Grand-Chambre, which is the higheſt court of juſtice, and to which appeals lie from the others.

Les cinq Chambres des Enquêtes, which are like our Common Pleas, and Court of Exchequer.

La Tournelle, which is the court for criminal juſtice, and anſwers to our Old Bailey and King's Bench.

There are in all twelve Parliaments in France.

1. Paris—2. Toulouſe—3. Grenoble.—4. Bourdeaux.—5. Dijon.—6. Rouen.—7. Aix en Provence.—8. Rennes en Bretagne.—9. Pau en Navarre.—10. Metz.—11. Dole en Franche Comté.—12. Douay.

There are three *Conſeils ſouverains*, which may almoſt be called Parliaments; they are thoſe of

Perpignan.—Arras.—Alſace.

For further particulars of the French Parliaments, read *Bernard de la Rochefavin des Parlemens de France*, and other authors, who have treated that ſubject conſtitutionally. But what will be ſtill better, converſe upon it with people of ſenſe and knowledge who will inform you of the particular objects of the ſeveral *chambres*, and the buſineſs of the reſpective members, as, *les Préſidens, les Préſidens a Mortier* (theſe laſt ſo called from their black velvet caps laced with gold) *les Maîtres des Requêtes, les Greffiers, le Procureur Général, les Avocats Généraux, les Conſeillers, &c.* The great point in diſpute is, concerning the powers

of

of the Parliament of Paris, in matters of ſtate, and relative to the Crown. They pretend to the powers of the States General of France, when they uſed to be aſſembled (which, I think, they have not been ſince the reign of Lewis the XIIIth, in the year 1615.) The Crown denies thoſe pretenſions, and conſiders them only as courts of juſtice. Mezeray ſeems to be on the ſide of the Parliament in this queſtion, which is very well worth your inquiry. But, be that as it will, the Parliament of Paris is certainly a very reſpectable body, and much regarded by the whole kingdom. The edicts of the Crown, eſpecially thoſe for levying money on the ſubjects, ought to be regiſtered in Parliament; I do not ſay to have their effect, for the Crown would take good care of that; but to have a decent appearance, and to procure a willing acquieſcence in the nation. And the Crown itſelf, abſolute as it is, does not love that ſtrong oppoſition, and thoſe admirable remonſtrances, which it ſometimes meets with from the Parliaments. Many of thoſe detached pieces are very well worth your collecting; and I remember, a year or two ago, a remonſtrance of the Parliament of Douay, upon the ſubject, as I think, of the *vingtième*, which was, in my mind, one of the fineſt and moſt moving compoſitions I ever read. They owned themſelves, indeed, to be ſlaves, and ſhowed their chains; but humbly begged of his Majeſty to make them a little lighter and leſs galling.

The *States of France* were general aſſemblies of the three ſtates or orders of the kingdom; the clergy, the nobility, and the *tiers état*, that is, the people. They uſed to be called together by the King, upon the moſt important affairs of ſtate, like our Lords and Commons in parliament, and our Clergy in convocation. Our parliament is our States, and the French parliaments are only their courts of juſtice. The nobility conſiſted of all thoſe of noble extraction, whether belonging to the *ſword* or to the *robe*; excepting ſuch who were choſen (which ſometimes happened) by the *tiers état*, as their deputies to the States General. The *tiers état* was exactly our Houſe of Commons, that is, the people, repreſented by deputies of their own chuſing. Thoſe who had the moſt conſiderable places, *dans la robe*, aſſiſted at thoſe aſſemblies, as commiſſioners on the part of the crown. The States met, for the firſt time, that I can find, (I mean by the name of *les états*) in the reign of Pharamond, 424, when they confirmed the Salic law. From that time they have been very frequently aſſembled, ſometimes upon important occaſions, as making war and peace, reforming abuſes, *&c.* at other times, upon ſeemingly trifling ones, as coronations, marriages, *&c.* Francis the firſt aſſembled them, in 1526, to declare null and void his famous treaty of Madrid, ſigned and ſworn to by him, during his captivity there. They grew troubleſome to the Kings and to their Miniſters, and were but ſeldom called, after the power of the crown grew ſtrong; and they have never been heard

of

of ſince the year 1615. Richelieu came and ſhackled the nation, and Mazarin and Lewis the XIVth riveted the ſhackles.

There ſtill ſubſiſt in ſome provinces in France, which are called *païs d'états*, an humble local imitation, or rather mimicry, of the great *états*, as in *Languedoc*, *Bretagne*, *&c.* They meet, they ſpeak, they grumble, and finally ſubmit to whatever the King orders.

Independently of the intrinſic utility of this kind of knowledge to every man of buſineſs, it is a ſhame for any man to be ignorant of it, eſpecially relative to any country he has been long in. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

London, January the 2d, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAZINESS of mind, and inattention, are as great enemies to knowledge, as incapacity; for, in truth, what difference is there between a man who will not, and a man who cannot be informed? This difference only, that the former is juſtly to be blamed, the latter to be pitied. And yet how many are there, very capable of receiving knowledge, who from lazineſs, inattention, and incuriouſneſs, will not ſo much as aſk for it, much leſs take the leaſt pains to acquire it.

Our young Engliſh travellers generally diſtinguiſh themſelves by a voluntary privation of all that uſeful knowledge for which they are ſent abroad; and yet at that age, the moſt uſeful knowledge is the moſt eaſy to be acquired; converſation being the book, and the beſt book, in which it is contained. The drudgery of dry grammatical learning is over, and the fruits of it are mixed with, and adorned by, the flowers of converſation. How many of our young men have been a year at Rome, and as long at Paris, without knowing the meaning and inſtitution of the Conclave in the former, and of the Parliament in the latter? and this merely for want of aſking the firſt people they met with in thoſe ſeveral places, who could at leaſt have given them ſome general notions of thoſe matters.

You will, I hope, be wiſer, and omit no opportunity (for opportunities preſent themſelves every hour in the day) of acquainting yourſelf with all thoſe political and conſtitutional particulars of the kingdom and government of France. For inſtance; when you hear people mention *le Chancelier*, or *le Garde des Sçeaux*, is it any great trouble for you to aſk, or for others to tell you, what is the nature, the powers, the objects, and the profits, of thoſe two employments, either when joined together, as they often are, or when ſeparate, as they are at preſent? When you hear of a *Gouverneur*, a *Lieutenant de Roy*, a *Commandant*, and an *Intendant* of the ſame province, is it not natural, is it not becoming, is it not neceſſary, for a ſtranger to inquire into their reſpective rights and privileges? And yet I dare ſay there are very

very few Engliſhmen who know the difference between the civil department of the Intendant, and the military powers of the others. When you hear (as I am perſuaded you muſt) every day of the *Vingtiéme*, which is one in twenty, and conſequently five *per cent.* inquire upon what that tax is laid, whether upon lands, money, merchandize, or upon all three; how levied; and what it is ſuppoſed to produce. When you find in books (as you will ſometimes) alluſion to particular laws and cuſtoms, do not reſt till you have traced them up to their *ſource*. To give you two examples; you will meet in ſome French comedies, *Cri*, or *Clameur de Haro*; aſk what it means, and you will be told that it is a term of the law in Normandy, and means citing, arreſting, or obliging, any perſon to appear in the courts of juſtice, either upon a civil or a criminal account; and that it is derived from *à Raoul*, which Raoul was anciently Duke of Normandy, and a Prince eminent for his juſtice; inſomuch, that when any injuſtice was committed, the cry immediately was, *venez à Raoul, à Raoul*; which words are now corrupted and jumbled into *haro*. Another, *Le vol du Chapon*; that is, a certain diſtrict of ground immediately contiguous to the manſion ſeat of a family, and anſwers to what we call in Engliſh *demeſnes*. It is in France computed at about 1600 feet round the houſe, that being ſuppoſed to be the extent of the capon's flight from *la baſſe cour*. This little diſtrict muſt go along with the manſion ſeat, however the reſt of the eſtate may be divided.

I do not mean that you ſhould be a French lawyer; but I would not have you be unacquainted with the general principles of their law, in matters that occur every day. Such is the nature of their deſcents; that is, the inheritance of lands: Do they all go to the eldeſt ſon, or are they equally divided among the children of the deceaſed? In England, all lands unſettled deſcend to the eldeſt ſon, as heir at law, unleſs otherwiſe diſpoſed of by the father's will: except in the county of Kent; where a particular cuſtom prevails, called Gavel-Kind; by which, if the father dies inteſtate, all his children divide his lands equally among them. In Germany, as you know, all lands that are not fiefs are equally divided among all the children, which ruins thoſe families; but all male fiefs of the empire deſcend unalienably to the next male heir, which preſerves thoſe families. In France, I believe, deſcents vary in different provinces.

The nature of marriage contracts deſerves inquiry. In England, the general practice is, the huſband takes all the wife's fortune; and, in conſideration of it, ſettles upon her a proper pin-money, as it is called; that is, an annuity during his life, and a jointure after his death. In France, it is not ſo, particularly at Paris; where *la communauté des biens* is eſtabliſhed. Any married woman at Paris *(if you are acquainted with one)* can inform you of all theſe particulars.

Theſe,

These, and other things of the same nature, are the useful and rational objects of the curiosity of a man of sense and business Could they only be attained by laborious researches in folio books, and worm-eaten manuscripts, I should not wonder at a young fellow's being ignorant of them; but as they are the frequent topics of conversation, and to be known by a very little degree of curiosity, inquiry, and attention, it is unpardonable not to know them.

Thus I have given you some hints only for your inquiries; *l'Etat de la France*, *L'Almanach Royal*, and twenty other such superficial books, will furnish you with a thousand more. *Approfondissez.*

How often, and how justly, have I since regretted negligencies of this kind in my youth! And how often have I since been at a great trouble to learn many things, which I could then have learned without any! Save yourself now, then, I beg of you, that regret and trouble hereafter. Ask questions, and many questions; and leave nothing till you are thoroughly informed of it. Such pertinent questions are far from being ill-bred, or troublesome to those of whom you ask them; on the contrary, they are a tacit compliment to their knowledge; and people have a better opinion of a young man, when they see him desirous to be informed.

I have, by last post, received your two letters of the 1st and 5th of January, N. S. I am very glad that you have been at all the shows at Versailles: frequent the courts. I can conceive the murmurs of the French at the poorness of the fire-works, by which they thought their King or their country degraded; and, in truth, were things always as they should be, when Kings give shows, they ought to be magnificent.

I thank you for the *Thèse de la Sorbonne*, which you intend to send me, and which I am impatient to receive. But pray read it carefully yourself first; and inform yourself what the Sorbonne is, by whom founded, and for what purposes.

Since you have time, you have done very well, to take an Italian and a German master; but pray take care to leave yourself time enough for company; for it is in company only that you can learn what will be much more useful to you than either Italian or German; I mean *la politesses, les manières, et les graces*, without which, as I told you long ago, and I told you true, *ogni fatica è vana*. Adieu.

Pray make my compliments to Lady Brown.

LETTER XLVIII.

London, Jan. the 6th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECOMMENDED to you, in my last, some inquiries into the constitution of that famous society the *Sorbonne*; but as I cannot wholly trust to the diligence of those inquiries, I will

give you here the out-lines of that eſtabliſhment; which may poſſibly excite you to inform yourſelf of particulars, which you are more *à portée* to know than I am.

It was founded by Robert *de Sorbon*, in the year 1256, for ſixteen poor ſcholars in divinity; four of each nation, of the univerſity, of which it made a part; ſince that it hath been much extended and enriched, eſpecially by the liberality and pride of Cardinal Richelieu; who made it a magnificent building, for ſix-and-thirty doctors of that ſociety to live in; beſides which, there are ſix profeſſors and ſchools for divinity. This ſociety hath been long famous for theological knowledge, and exercitations. There unintelligible points are debated with paſſion, though they can never be determined by reaſon. Logical ſubtilties ſet common ſenſe at defiance; and myſtical refinements diſfigure and diſguiſe the native beauty and ſimplicity of true natural religion; wild imaginations form ſyſtems, which weak minds adopt implicitly, and which ſenſe and reaſon oppoſe in vain; their voice is not ſtrong enough to be heard in ſchools of divinity. Political views are by no means neglected in thoſe ſacred places; and queſtions are agitated and decided, according to the degree of regard, or rather ſubmiſſion, which the Sovereign is pleaſed to ſhow the Church. Is the King a ſlave to the church, though a tyrant to the laity, the leaſt reſiſtance to his will ſhall be declared damnable? But if he will not acknowledge the ſuperiority of their ſpiritual, over his temporal, nor even admit their *imperium in imperio*, which is the leaſt they will compound for, it becomes meritorious, not only to reſiſt, but to depoſe him. And I ſuppoſe, that the bold propoſitions in the Theſis you mention, are a return for the valuation of *les biens du Clergé*.

I would adviſe you, by all means, to attend two or three of their public diſputations, in order to be informed both of their manner and the ſubſtance of thoſe ſcholaſtic exerciſes. Pray remember to go to all thoſe kind of things. Do not put it off, as one is too apt to do thoſe things which one knows can be done every day, or any day; for one afterwards repents extremely, when too late, the not having done them.

But there is another (ſo called) religious ſociety, of which the minuteſt circumſtance deſerves attention, and furniſhes great matter for uſeful reflections. You eaſily gueſs that I mean the ſociety of *les R. R. P. P. Jeſuites*, eſtabliſhed but in the year 1540, by a Bull of Pope Paul III. Its progreſs, and I may ſay its victories, were more rapid than thoſe of the Romans; for within the ſame century it governed all Europe; and in the next it extended its influence over the whole world. Its founder was an abandoned profligate Spaniſh officer, Ignatius Loyola; who in the year 1521, being wounded in the leg at the ſiege of Pampelona, went mad from the ſmart of his wound, the reproaches of his conſcience, and his confinement, during which he

he read the Lives of the Saints. Conſciouſneſs of guilt, a fiery temper, and a wild imagination, the common ingredients of enthuſiaſm, made this madman devote himſelf to the particular ſervice of the Virgin Mary; whoſe knight errant he declared himſelf, in the very ſame form, in which the old knight errants in romances uſed to declare themſelves the knights and champions of certain beautiful and incomparable princeſſes, whom ſometimes they had, but oftener had not ſeen. For Dulcinea del Toboſo was by no means the firſt Princeſs, whom her faithful and valorous knight had never ſeen in his life. The enthuſiaſt went to the Holy Land, from whence he returned to Spain, where he began to learn Latin and Philoſophy at three-and-thirty years old, ſo that no doubt but he made a great progreſs in both. The better to carry on his mad and wicked deſigns, he choſe four Diſciples, or rather Apoſtles, all Spaniards, *viz.* Layne's, Salmeron, Bobadilla, and Rodriguèz. He then compoſed the rules and conſtitutions of his order; which, in the year 1547, was called the Order of Jeſuits, from the church of Jeſus in Rome, which was given them. Ignatius died in 1556, aged ſixty-five, thirty-five years after his converſion, and ſixteen years after the eſtabliſhment of his ſociety. He was canonized the year 1690, and is doubtleſs now a ſaint in heaven.

If the religious and moral principles of this ſociety are to be deteſted, as they juſtly are; the wiſdom of their political principles is as juſtly to be admired. Suſpected, collectively as an order, of the greateſt crimes, and convicted of many, they have either eſcaped puniſhment, or trumphed after it; as in France, in the reign of Henry IV. They have, directly or indirectly, governed the conſciences and the councils of all the Catholic Princes in Europe: they almoſt governed China, in the reign of Cangghi; and they are now actually in poſſeſſion of Paraguay in America, pretending, but paying no obedience to the crown of Spain. As a collective body they are deteſted, even by all the Catholics, not excepting the clergy, both ſecular and regular; and yet, as individuals, they are loved, reſpected; and they govern wherever they are.

Two things, I believe, chiefly contribute to their ſucceſs. The firſt, that paſſive, implicit, unlimited obedience to their General (who always reſides at Rome) and to the ſuperiors of their ſeveral houſes, appointed by him. This obedience is obſerved by them all, to a moſt aſtoniſhing degree; and, I believe, there is no one ſociety in the world, of which ſo many individuals ſacrifice their private intereſt to the general one of the Society itſelf. The ſecond is, the education of youth, which they have in a manner ingroſſed; there they give the firſt, and the firſt are laſting impreſſions: thoſe impreſſions are always calculated to be favourable to the ſociety. I have known many Catholics, educated by the Jeſuits, who, though they deteſted the ſociety, from reaſon and knowledge, have always remained attached to it, from habit and prejudice. The Jeſuits know,

better than any ſet of people in the world, the importance of the art of pleaſing, and ſtudy it more: they become all thing to all men, in order to gain, not a few, but many. In Aſia, Africa, and America, they become more than half Pagans, in order to convert the Pagans to be leſs than half Chriſtians. In private families they begin by inſinuating themſelves as friends, they grow to be favourites, and they end *directors*. Their manners are not like thoſe of any other regulars in the world, but gentle, polite, and engaging. They are all carefully bred up to that particular deſtination, to which they ſeem to have a natural turn; for which reaſon one ſees moſt Jeſuits excel in ſome particular thing. They even breed up ſome for martyrdom, in caſe of need; as the Superior of a Jeſuit ſeminary at Rome told Lord Bolingbroke. ***E abbiamo anche martiri per il martirio, ſe biſogna.***

Inform yourſelf minutely of every thing concerning this extraordinary eſtabliſhment: go into their houſes, get acquainted with individuals, hear ſome of them preach. The fineſt preacher I ever heard in my life is le Pere Neufville, who, I believe, preaches ſtill at Paris, and is ſo much in the beſt company, that you may eaſily get perſonally acquainted with him.

If you would know their *morale*, read Paſchal's *Lettres Provinciales*, in which it is very truly diſplayed from their own writings.

Upon the whole, this is certain, that a ſociety, of which ſo little good is ſaid, and ſo much ill believed, and that ſtill, not only ſubſiſts but flouriſhes, muſt be a very able one. It is always mentioned as a proof of the ſuperior abilities of the Cardinal Richelieu, that, though hated by all the nation, and ſtill more by his maſter, he kept his power in ſpight of both.

I would earneſtly wiſh you to do every thing now, which I wiſh that I had done at your age, and did not do. Every country hath its peculiarities, which one can be much better informed of during one's reſidence there, than by reading all the books in the world afterwards. While you are in Catholic countries, inform yourſelf of all the forms and ceremonies of that tawdry church: ſee their convents both of men and women, know their ſeveral rules and orders, attend their moſt remarkable ceremonies; have their terms of art explained to you, their *tierce*, *ſexte*, *nones*, *matines*, *vêpres*, *complies*; their *breviaires*, *roſaires*, *heures*, *chapelets*, *agnus*, *&c.* things that many people talk of from habit, though few know the true meaning of any one of them. Converſe with, and ſtudy the characters of ſome of thoſe incarcerated enthuſiaſts. Frequent ſome *parloirs*, and ſee the air and manners of thoſe Recluſe, who are a diſtinct nation themſelves, and like no other.

I dined yeſterday with Mrs. F——d, her mother, and huſband. He is an athletic Hibernian, handſome in his perſon, but exceſſively awkward and vulgar in his air and manner. She inquired much after you, and, I thought, with intereſt. I anſwered

ſwered her as a *Mezzano* ſhould do. *Et je prônai votre tendreſſe, vos ſoins, et vos ſoupirs.*

When you meet with any Britiſh returning to their own country, pray ſend me by them any little *brochûres, factums, théſes, &c. qui font du bruit on du plaiſir à Paris.* Adieu, child.

LETTER XLIX.

London, January the 23d, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVE you ſeen the tragedy of *Varon*, and what do you think of it? Let me know, for I am determined to form my taſte upon yours. I hear that the ſituations and incidents are well brought on, and the cataſtrophe unexpected and ſurprizing, but the verſes bad. I ſuppoſe it is the ſubject of all the converſations at Paris, where both women and men are judges and critics of all ſuch performances: ſuch converſations, that both form and improve the taſtes and whet the judgment, are ſurely preferable to the converſations of our mixed companies here; which, if they happen to riſe above bragg and whiſt, infallibly ſtop ſhort of every thing either pleaſing or inſtructive. I take the reaſon of this to be, that (as women generally give the tone to the converſation) our Engliſh women are not near ſo well informed and cultivated as the French; beſides that they are naturally more ſerious and ſilent.

I could wiſh that there were a treaty made between the French and the Engliſh theatres, in which both parties ſhould make conſiderable conceſſions. The Engliſh ought to give up their notorious violations of all the unities; and all their maſſacres, racks, dead bodies, and mangled carcaſes, which they ſo frequently exhibit upon their ſtage. The French ſhould engage to have more action, and leſs declamation; and not to cram and crowd things together, to almoſt a degree of impoſſibility, from a too ſcrupulous adherence to the unities. The Engliſh ſhould reſtrain the licentiouſneſs of their poets, and the French enlarge the liberty of theirs: their poets are the greateſt ſlaves in their country, and that is a bold word; ours are the moſt tumultuous ſubjects in England, and that is ſaying a good deal. Under ſuch regulations, one might hope to ſee a play, in which one ſhould not be lulled to ſleep by the length of a monotonical declamation, nor frighted and ſhocked by the barbarity of the action. The unity of time extended occaſionally to three or four days, and the unity of place broke into, as far as the ſame ſtreet, or ſometimes the ſame town; both which, I will affirm, are as probable, as four-and-twenty hours and the ſame room.

More indulgence too, in my mind, ſhould be ſhewn, than the French are willing to allow, to bright thoughts, and to ſhining images; for though, I confeſs, it is not very natural for a Hero or a Princeſs to ſay fine things, in all the violence of grief, love, rage, *&c.* yet, I can as well ſuppoſe that, as I can

that

that they ſhould talk to themſelves for half an hour; which they muſt neceſſarily do, or no tragedy could be carried on, unleſs they had recourſe to a much greater abſurdity, the choruſſes of the ancients. Tragedy is of a nature, that one muſt ſee it with a degree of ſelf deception; we muſt lend ourſelves, a little, to the deluſion; and I am very willing to carry that complaiſance ſomething farther than the French do.

Tragedy muſt be ſomething bigger than life, or it would not affect us. In nature the moſt violent paſſions are ſilent; in Tragedy they muſt ſpeak, and ſpeak with dignity too. Hence the neceſſity of their being written in verſe, and, unfortunately for the French, from the weakneſs of their language, in rhymes. And for the ſame reaſon, Cato the Stoic, expiring at Utica, rhymes maſculine and feminine, at Paris; and fetches his laſt breath at London, in moſt harmonious and correct blank verſe.

It is quite otherwiſe with Comedy, which ſhould be mere common life, and not one jot bigger. Every character ſhould ſpeak upon the ſtage, not only what it would utter in the ſituation there repreſented, but in the ſame manner in which it would expreſs it. For which reaſon, I cannot allow rhymes in Comedy, unleſs they were put into the mouth, and came out of the mouth of a mad poet. But it is impoſſible to deceive one's ſelf enough (nor is it the leaſt neceſſary in Comedy) to ſuppoſe a dull rogue of an uſurer cheating, or *gros Jean* blundering in the fineſt rhymes in the world.

As for Operas, they are eſſentially too abſurd and extravagant to mention: I look upon them as a magic ſcene, contrived to pleaſe the eyes and the ears, at the expence of the underſtanding; and I conſider ſinging, rhiming, and chiming Heroes and Princeſſes and Philoſophers, as I do the hills, the trees, the birds, and the beaſts, who amicably joined in one common country dance, to the irreſiſtible tune of Orpheus's lyre. Whenever I go to an Opera, I leave my ſenſe and reaſon at the door with my half guinea, and deliver myſelf up to my eyes and my ears.

Thus I have made you my poetical confeſſion, in which I have acknowledged as many ſins againſt the eſtabliſhed taſte in both countries, as a frank heretic could have owned againſt the eſtabliſhed church in either; but, I am now privileged by my age to taſte and think for myſelf, and not to care what other people think of me in thoſe reſpects; an advantage which youth, among its many advantages, hath not. It muſt occaſionally and outwardly conform, to a certain degree, to eſtabliſhed taſtes, faſhions, and deciſions. A young man may, with a becoming modeſty, diſſent, in private companies, from public opinions and prejudices: but he muſt not attack them with warmth, nor magiſterially ſet up his own ſentiments againſt them. Endeavour to hear and know all opinions; receive them with complaiſance; form your own with coolneſs, and give it with modeſty.

I have

I have received a letter from Sir John Lambert, in which he requeſts me to uſe my intereſt to procure him the remittance of Mr. Spencer's money, when he goes abroad; and alſo deſires to know to whoſe account he is to place the poſtage of my letters. I do not trouble him with a letter in anſwer, ſince you can execute the commiſſion. Pray make my compliments to him, and aſſure him, that I will do all I can to procure him Mr. Spencer's buſineſs; but that his moſt effectual way will be by Meſſrs. Hoare, who are Mr. Spencer's caſhiers, and who will, undoubtedly, have their choice whom they will give him his credit upon. As for the poſtage of the letters, your purſe and mine being pretty near the ſame, do you pay it, over and above your next draught.

Your relations, the Princes B*****, will ſoon be with you at Paris; for they leave London this week: whenever you converſe with them, I deſire it may be in Italian; that language not being yet familiar enough to you.

By our printed papers, there ſeems to be a ſort of compromiſe between the King and the Parliament, with regard to the affairs of the hoſpitals, by taking them out of the hands of the Archbiſhop of Paris, and placing them in Monſieur d'Argenſon's: if this be true, that compromiſe, as it is called, is clearly a victory on the ſide of the Court, and a defeat on the part of the Parliament; for if the Parliament had a right, they had it as much to the excluſion of Monſieur d'Argenſon as of the Archbiſhop. Adieu.

LETTER L.

London, February the 6th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR criticiſm of *Varon* is ſtrictly juſt; but, in truth, ſevere. You French critics ſeek for a fault as eagerly as I do for a beauty: you conſider things in the worſt light, to ſhow your ſkill, at the expence of your pleaſure; I view them in the beſt, that I may have more pleaſure, though at the expence of my judgment. *A trompeur trompeur et demi* is prettily ſaid; and if you pleaſe, you may call *Varon*, *un Normand*, and *Soſtrate*, *un Manceau*, *qui vaut un Normand et demi*; and, conſidering the *dénouement*, in the light of trick upon trick, it would undoubtedly be below the dignity of the buſkin, and fitter for the ſock.

But let us ſee if we cannot bring off the author. The great queſtion, upon which all turns, is to diſcover and aſcertain who *Cleonice* really is. There are doubts concerning her *ſtat*; how ſhall they be cleared? Had the truth been extorted from *Varon*, (who alone knew) by the rack, it would have been a true tragical *dénouement*. But that would probably not have done with *Varon*, who is repreſented as a bold, determined, wicked, and at that time deſperate fellow; for he was in the hands of an enemy, who he knew could not forgive him, with common prudence

prudence or ſafety. The rack would therefore have extorted no truth from him; but he would have died enjoying the doubts of his enemies, and the confuſion that muſt neceſſarily attend thoſe doubts. A ſtratagem is therefore thought of, to diſcover what force and terror could not; and the ſtratagem ſuch as no King or Miniſter would diſdain, to get at an important diſcovery. If you call that ſtratagem *a trick*, you vilify it, and make it comical; but call that trick *a ſtratagem*, or a *meaſure*, and you dignify it up to tragedy: ſo frequently do ridicule or dignity turn upon one ſingle word. It is commonly ſaid, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the beſt teſt of truth; for that it will not ſtick where it is not juſt. I deny it. A truth viewed in a certain light, and attacked in certain words, by men of wit and humour, may, and often doth, become ridiculous, at leaſt ſo far, that the truth is only remembered and repeated for the ſake of the ridicule. The overturn of Mary of Medicis into a river, where ſhe was half-drowned, would never have been remembered, if Madame de Vernueil, who ſaw it, had not ſaid *la Reine boit*. Pleaſure or malignity often gives ridicule a weight, which it does not deſerve. The verſification, I muſt confeſs, is too much neglected, and too often bad: but, upon the whole, I read the play with pleaſure.

If there is but a great deal of wit and character in your new comedy, I will readily compound for its having little or no plot. I chiefly mind dialogue and character in comedies. Let dull critics feed upon the carcaſes of plays; give me the taſte and the dreſſing.

I am very glad you went to Verſailles, to ſee the ceremony of creating the Prince de Condé, *Chevalier de l'Ordre*; and I do not doubt but that, upon this occaſion, you informed yourſelf thoroughly of the inſtitution and rules of that order. If you did, you were certainly told, it was inſtituted by Henry III. immediately after his return, or rather his flight from Poland; he took the hint of it at Venice, where he had ſeen the original manuſcript of an Order of the *St. Eſprit, ou droit deſir*, which had been inſtituted in 1352, by Louis d'Anjou, King of Jeruſalem and Sicily, and huſband to Jane, Queen of Naples, Counteſs of Provence. This order was under the protection of St. Nicholas de Bari, whoſe image hung to the collar. Henry III. found the order of St. Michael proſtituted and degraded, during the civil wars; he therefore joined it to his new order of the St. Eſprit, and gave them both together; for which reaſon a very knight of the St. Eſprit is now called *Chevalier des Ordres du Roi*. The number of the knights hath been different, but is now fixed to *one hundred*, excluſive of the Sovereign. There are many officers, who wear the ribbon of this order, like the other knights; and what is very ſingular is, that theſe officers frequently ſell their employments, but obtain leave to wear the blue ribbon ſtill, though the purchaſers of thoſe offices wear it alſo.

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As you will have been a great while in France, people will expect that you ſhould be *au fait* of all theſe ſort of things relative to that country. But the hiſtory of all the orders of all countries is well worth your knowledge; the ſubject occurs often, and one ſhould not be ignorant of it, for fear of ſome ſuch accident as happened to a ſolid Dane at Paris, who, upon ſeeing *l'Ordre du St. Eſprit*, ſaid, *Nôtre St. Eſprit chez vous c'eſt un Elephant*. Almoſt all the Princes in Germany have their Orders too, not dated, indeed, from any important events, or directed to any great object; but becauſe they will have Orders, to ſhow that they may; as ſome of them, who have the *jus cudendæ monetæ*, borrow ten ſhillings worth of gold to coin a ducat. However, wherever you meet with them, inform yourſelf, and minute down a ſhort account of them: they take in all the colours of Sir Iſaac Newton's priſms. N. B. When you inquire about them, do not ſeem to laugh.

I thank you for *le Mandement de Monſeigneur L'Archeveque*; it is very well drawn, and becoming an Archbiſhop. But pray do not loſe ſight of a much more important object, I mean the political diſputes between the King and the Parliament, and the King and the Clergy; they ſeem both to be patching up; but, however, get the whole clue to them, as far as they have gone.

I received a letter yeſterday from Madame Monconſeil, who aſſures me you have gained ground *du coté des manières*, and that ſhe looks upon you to be *plus qu' à moitié chemin*. I am very glad to hear this, becauſe, if you are got half way of your journey, ſurely you will finiſh it, and not faint in the courſe. Why do you think I have this affair ſo extremely at heart, and why do I repeat it ſo often? Is it for your ſake, or for mine? You can immediately anſwer yourſelf that queſtion; you certainly have, I cannot poſſibly have any, intereſt in it: if then you will allow me, as I believe you may, to be a judge of what is uſeful and neceſſary to you, you muſt, in conſequence, be convinced of the infinite importance of a point, which I take ſo much pains to inculcate.

I hear that the new Duke of Orléans *a remercié Monſieur de Meiſort*, and I believe, *pas ſans raiſon*, having had obligations to him; *mais il ne l'a pas remercié en mari poli*, but rather roughly. *Il faut que ce ſeit un bourru*. I am told too, that people get bits of his father's rags, by way of relicks; I wiſh them joy, they will do them a great deal of good. See from hence what weakneſſes human nature is capable of, and make allowances for ſuch in all your plans and reaſonings. Study the characters of the people you have to do with, and know what they are, inſtead of thinking them what they ſhould be; addreſs yourſelf generally to the ſenſes, to the heart, and to the weakneſſes of mankind, but very rarely to their reaſon.

Good night, or good morrow to you, according to the time you ſhall receive this letter. From yours.

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LETTER LI.

London, Feb. the 14th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN a month's time, I believe, I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſending you, and you will have the pleaſure of reading, a work of Lord Bolingbroke's, in two volumes octavo, *upon the uſe of Hiſtory*; in ſeveral letters to Lord Hyde, then Lord Cornbury. It is now put into the preſs. It is hard to determine, whether this work will inſtruct or pleaſe moſt: the moſt material hiſtorical facts, from the great æra of the treaty of Munſter, are touched upon, accompanied by the moſt ſolid reflections, and adorned by all that elegancy of ſtyle, which was peculiar to himſelf, and in which, if Cicero equals, he certainly does not exceed him; but every other writer falls ſhort of him. I would adviſe you almoſt to get this book by heart. I think you have a turn to hiſtory: you love it, and have a memory to retain it; this book will teach you the proper uſe of it. Some people load their memories, indiſcriminately, with hiſtorical facts, as others do their ſtomachs with food; and bring out the one, and bring up the other, entirely crude and undigeſted. You will find, in Lord Bolingbroke's book, an infallible ſpecific againſt that epidemical complaint †.

I remember a gentleman, who had read hiſtory in this thoughtleſs and undiſtinguiſhing manner, and who, having travelled, had gone through the Valteline. He told me that it was a miſerable poor country, and therefore it was, ſurely, a great error in Cardinal Richelieu, to make ſuch a rout, and put France to ſo much expence about it. Had my friend read hiſtory as he ought to have done, he would have known, that the great object of that great Miniſter was to reduce the power of the houſe of Auſtria; and, in order to that, to cut off, as much as he could, the communication between the ſeveral parts of their then extenſive dominions; which reflections would have juſtified the Cardinal to him, in the affair of the Valteline. But it was eaſier to him to remember facts, than to combine and reflect.

One obſervation, I hope, you will make in reading hiſtory; for it is an obvious and a true one. It is, that more people have made great figures, and great fortunes in courts, by their exterior accompliſhments, than by their interior qualifications. Their engaging addreſs, the politeneſs

† We cannot but obſerve with pleaſure, that at this time Lord Bolingbroke's Philoſophical works had not appeared; which accounts for Lord Cheſterfield's recommending to his ſon, in this as well as in ſome foregoing paſſages, the ſtudy of Lord Bolingbroke's writings.

politeneſs of their manners, their air, their turn, hath almoſt always paved the way for their ſuperior abilities, if they have ſuch, to exert themſelves. They have been Favourites, before they have been Miniſters. In courts, an univerſal gentleneſs and *douceur dans les maniéres* is moſt abſolutely neceſſary: an offended fool, or a ſlighted *valet de chambre*, may, very poſſibly, do you more hurt at court, than ten men of merit can do you good. Fools, and low people, are always jealous of their dignity; and never forget nor forgive what they reckon a ſlight. On the other hand, they take civility, and a little attention, as a favour; remember, and acknowledge it: this, in my mind, is buying them cheap; and therefore they are worth buying. The Prince himſelf, who is rarely the ſhining genius of his court, eſteems you only by hearſay, but likes you by his ſenſes; that is, from your air, your politeneſs, and your manner of addreſſing him; of which alone he is a judge. There is a court garment, as well as a wedding garment, without which you will not be received. That garment is the *volto ſciolto*; an impoſing air, an elegant politeneſs, eaſy and engaging manners, univerſal attention, an inſinuating gentleneſs, and all thoſe *je ne ſçais quoi* that compoſe the *Graces*.

I am this moment diſagreeably interrupted by a letter; not from you, as I expected, but from a friend of yours at Paris, who informs me, that you have a fever, which confines you at home. Since you have a fever, I am glad you have prudence enough, with it, to ſtay at home, and take care of yourſelf; a little more prudence might probably have prevented it. Your blood is young, and conſequently hot; and you naturally make a great deal, by your good ſtomach, and good digeſtion; you ſhould therefore, neceſſarily, attenuate and cool it, from time to time, by gentle purges, or by a very low diet, for two or three days together, if you would avoid fevers. Lord Bacon, who was a very great phyſician, in both ſenſes of the word, hath this aphoriſm in his Eſſay upon Health, *Nihil magis ad ſanitatem tribuit quam crebræ et domeſticæ purgationes.* By *domeſticæ*, he means thoſe ſimple uncompounded purgatives, which every body can adminiſter to themſelves; ſuch as ſenna-tea, ſtewed prunes and ſenna, chewing a little rhubarb, or diſſolving an ounce and a half of manna in fair water, with the juice of a lemon to make it palatable. Such gentle and unconfining evacuations would certainly prevent thoſe feveriſh attacks, to which every body at your age is ſubject.

By the way, I do deſire, and inſiſt, that whenever, from any indiſpoſition, you are not able to write to me upon the fixed days, that Chriſtian ſhall; and give me a *true* account how you are. I do not expect from him the Ciceronian epiſtolary ſtile; but I will content myſelf with the Swiſs ſimplicity and truth.

I hope you extend your acquaintance at Paris, and frequent variety of companies; the only way of knowing the world: every

every ſet of company differs in ſome particulars from another; and a man of buſineſs muſt, in the courſe of his life, have to do with all ſorts. It is a very great advantage to know the languages of the ſeveral countries one travels in; and different companies may, in ſome degree, be conſidered as different countries: each hath its diſtinctive language, cuſtoms, and manners: know them all, and you will wonder at none. Adieu, child. Take care of your health; there are no pleaſures without it.

LETTER LII.

London, February the 20th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN all ſyſtems whatſoever, whether of religion, government, morals, *&c.* perfection is the object always propoſed, though poſſibly unattainable; hitherto at leaſt, certainly unattained. However thoſe who aim carefully at the mark itſelf, will unqueſtionably come nearer it, than thoſe who from deſpair, negligence, or indolence, leave to chance the work of ſkill. This maxim holds equally true in common life; thoſe who aim at perfection will come infinitely nearer it, than thoſe deſponding, or indolent ſpirits, who fooliſhly ſay to themſelves, nobody is perfect; perfection is unattainable; to attempt it is chimerical; I ſhall do as well as others; why then ſhould I give myſelf trouble to be what I never can, and what, according to the common courſe of things, I need not be, *perfect?*

I am very ſure that I need not point out to you the weakneſs and the folly of this reaſoning, if it deſerves the name of reaſoning. It would diſcourage, and put a ſtop to the exertion of any one of our faculties. On the contrary, a man of ſenſe and ſpirit ſays to himſelf, Though the point of perfection may (conſidering the imperfection of our nature) be unattainable, my care, my endeavours, my attention, ſhall not be wanting to get as near it as I can. I will approach it every day; poſſibly I may arrive at it at laſt; at leaſt (what I am ſure is in my own power) I will not be diſtanced. Many fools (ſpeaking of you) ſay to me, What would you have him perfect? I anſwer, Why not? What hurt would it do him or me? O but that is impoſſible, ſay they. I reply, I am not ſure of that: perfection in the abſtract, I admit to be unattainable; but what is commonly called perfection in a character, I maintain to be attainable, and not only that, but in every man's power. He hath, continue they, a good head, a good heart, a good fund of knowledge, which will increaſe daily, what would you have more? Why, I would have every thing more that can adorn and compleat a character. Will it do his head, his heart, or his knowledge, any harm, to have the utmoſt delicacy of manners, the moſt ſhining advantages of air and addreſs, the moſt endearing attentions, and the moſt engaging graces? But as he is, ſay they, he is loved wherever he is known. I am very glad of it, ſay I; but I would have him be liked before he is known, and loved afterwards. I would have him, by his firſt *abord* and addreſs,

addreſs, make people wiſh to know him, and inclined to love him: he will ſave a great deal of time by it. Indeed, reply they, you are too nice, too exact, and lay too much ſtreſs upon things that are of very little conſequence. Indeed, rejoin I, you know very little of the nature of mankind, if you take thoſe things to be of little conſequence: one cannot be too attentive to them; it is they that always engage the heart, of which the underſtanding is commonly the bubble. And I would much rather that he erred in a point of grammar, of hiſtory, of philoſophy, *&c.* than in a point of manners and addreſs. But conſider, he is very young; all this will come in time. I hope ſo; but that time muſt be while he is young, or it will never be at all: the right *pli* muſt be taken young, or it will never be eaſy, nor ſeem natural. Come, come, ſay they (ſubſtituting, as is frequently done, aſſertion inſtead of argument) depend upon it he will do very well; and you have a great deal of reaſon to be ſatisfied with him. I hope and believe he will do well, but I would have him do better than well. I am very well pleaſed with him, but I would be more, I would be proud of him. I would have him have luſtre as well as weight. Did you ever know any body that re-united all theſe talents? Yes I did, Lord Bolingbroke joined all the politeneſs, the manners, and the graces of a courtier, to the ſolidity of a ſtateſman, and to the learning of a pedant. He was *omnis homo*; and pray what ſhould hinder my boy from being ſo too, if he hath, as I think he hath, all the other qualifications that you allow him? Nothing can hinder him, but neglect of, or inattention to, thoſe objects, which his own good ſenſe muſt tell him are of infinite conſequence to him, and which therefore I will not ſuppoſe him capable of either neglecting or deſpiſing.

This (to tell you the whole truth) is the reſult of a controverſy that paſſed yeſterday between Lady Hervey and myſelf, upon your ſubject, and almoſt in the very words. I ſubmit the deciſion of it to yourſelf; let your own good ſenſe determine it, and make you act in conſequence of that determination. The receipt to make this compoſition is ſhort and infallible; here I give it you.

Take variety of the beſt company, wherever you are; be minutely attentive to every word and action; imitate reſpectively thoſe whom you obſerve to be diſtinguiſhed and conſidered for any one accompliſhment; then mix all thoſe ſeveral accompliſhments together, and ſerve them up yourſelf to others.

I hope your fair, or rather your brown *American* is well. I hear that ſhe makes very handſome preſents, if ſhe is not ſo herſelf. I am told there are people at Paris who expect from this ſecret connection, to ſee in time, a volume of letters, ſuperior to Madame de Graffigny's Peruvian one: I lay in my claim to one of the firſt copies.

Francis's *Cénie* * hath been acted twice, with moſt univerſal applauſe;

* Francis's Eugenia.

applauſe; to-night is his third night, and I am going to it. I did not think it would have ſucceeded ſo well, conſidering how long our Britiſh audiences have been accuſtomed to murder, racks, and poiſon, in every tragedy; but it affected the heart ſo much, that it triumphed over habit and prejudice. All the women cried, and all the men were moved. The prologue, which is a very good one, was made entirely by Garrick. The epilogue is old Cibber's: but corrected, though not enough, by Francis. He will get a great deal of money by it; and, conſequently, be better able to lend you ſix-pence, upon any emergency.

The Parliament of Paris I find, by the news-papers, has not carried its point, concerning the hoſpitals; and though the King hath given up the Archbiſhop, yet, as he has put them under the management and direction *du Grand Conſeil*, the Parliament is equally out of the queſtion. This will naturally put you upon inquiring into the Conſtitution of the *Grand Conſeil*. You will, doubtleſs, inform yourſelf, who it is compoſed of, what things are *de ſon reſſort*, whether or not there lies an appeal from thence to any other place; and of all other particulars, that may give you a clear notion of this aſſembly. There are alſo three or four other *Conſeils* in France, of which you ought to know the conſtitution, and the objects: I dare ſay you do know them already; but if you do not, loſe no time in informing yourſelf. Theſe things, as I have often told you, are beſt learned in various French companies; but in no Engliſh ones; for none of our countrymen trouble their heads about them. To uſe a very trite image, collect, like the bee, your ſtore from every quarter. In ſome companies *(parmi les fermiers généraux nommément)* you may, by proper inquiries, get a general knowledge at leaſt of *les affaires du finances*. When you are with *des gens de robe*, ſuck them with regard to the conſtitution, and civil government, and *ſic de cæteris*. This ſhows you the advantage of keeping a great deal of different French company; an advantage much ſuperior to any that you can poſſibly receive from loitering and ſauntering away evenings in any Engliſh company at Paris, not even excepting Lord A****'s. Love of eaſe, and fear of reſtraint, (to both which I doubt you are, for a young fellow, too much addicted) may invite you among your countrymen; but pray withſtand thoſe mean temptations, *et prenez ſur vous*, for the ſake of being in thoſe aſſemblies, which alone can inform your mind and improve your manners. You have not now many months to continue at Paris; make the moſt of them: get into every houſe there, if you can; extend acquaintance, know every thing and every body there; that when you leave it for other places, you may be *au fait*, and even able to explain whatever you may hear mentioned concerning it. Adieu.

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LETTER LIII.

London, March the 2d, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEREABOUTS are you in Arioſto? Or have you gone through that moſt ingenious contexture of truth and lies, of ſerious and extravagant, of knights errant, magicians, and all that various matter, which he announces in the beginning of his poem:

Le Donne, i Cavalier, L'arme, gli amori,
Le corteſie, L'audaci impreſe io canto.

I am by no means ſure that Homer had ſuperior invention, or excelled more in deſcription, than Arioſto. What can be more ſeducing and voluptuous, than the deſcription of Alcina's perſon and palace? What more ingeniouſly extravagant, than the ſearch made in the moon for Orlando's loſt wits, and the account of other people's that were found there? The whole is worth your attention, not only as an ingenious poem, but as the ſource of all modern tales, novels, fables, and romances; as Ovid's Metamorphoſis was of the ancient ones: beſides, that when you have read this work, nothing will be difficult to you in the Italian language. You will read Taſſo's *Gieruſalemme*, and the *Decamerone di Boccaccio*, with great facility afterwards; and when you have read thoſe three authors, you will, in my opinion, have read all the works of invention, that are worth reading, in that language; though the Italians would be very angry at me for ſaying ſo.

A gentleman ſhould know thoſe which I call claſſical works, in every language; ſuch as Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Moliere, *&c.* in French; Milton, Dryden, Pope, Swift, *&c.* in Engliſh; and the three authors above-mentioned in Italian: whether you have any ſuch in German, I am not quite ſure, nor, indeed, am I inquiſitive. Theſe ſort of books adorn the mind, improve the fancy, are frequently alluded to by, and are often the ſubjects of, converſation in the beſt companies. As you have languages to read, and memory to retain them, the knowledge of them is very well worth the little pains it will coſt you, and will enable you to ſhine in company. It is not pedantic to quote and allude to them, which it would be with regard to the ancients.

Among the many advantages which you have had in your education, I do not conſider your knowledge of ſeveral languages as the leaſt. You need not truſt to tranſlations; you can go to the ſource: you can both converſe and negotiate with people of all nations, upon equal terms; which is by no means the caſe of a man, who converſes or negotiates in a language which thoſe with whom he hath to do know much better than himſelf. In buſineſs, a great deal may depend upon the force and extent of one word; and in converſation, a moderate thought may gain, or a good one loſe, by the propriety or impropriety, the elegancy

or

or inelegancy, of one ſingle word. As therefore you now know four modern languages well, I would have you ſtudy (and, by the way, it will be very little trouble to you) to know them correctly, accurately, and delicately. Read ſome little books that treat of them, and aſk queſtions concerning their delicacies, of thoſe who are able to anſwer you. As for inſtance, ſhould I ſay in French, *la lettre que je vous ai* écrit, or, *la lettre que je vous ai* écrite? in which, I think, the French differ among themſelves. There is a ſhort French grammar, by the Port Royal, and another by Pere Buffier, both which are worth your reading; as is alſo a little book called, *les ſynonimes François*. There are books of that kind upon the Italian language, into ſome of which I would adviſe you to dip: poſſibly the German language may have ſomething of the ſame ſort; and ſince you already ſpeak it, the more properly you ſpeak it, the better: one would, I think, as far as poſſible, do all one does, correctly and elegantly. It is extremely engaging, to people of every nation, to meet with a foreigner who hath taken pains enough to ſpeak their language correctly: it flatters that local and national pride and prejudice, of which every body hath ſome ſhare.

Francis's Eugenia, which I will ſend you, pleaſed moſt people of good taſte here: the boxes were crowded till the ſixth night; when the pit and gallery were totally deſerted, and it was dropped. Diſtreſs, without death, was not ſufficient to affect a true Britiſh audience, ſo long accuſtomed to daggers, racks, and bowls of poiſon; contrary to Horace's rule, they deſire to ſee Medea murder her children upon the ſtage. The ſentiments were too delicate to move them; and their hearts are to be taken by ſtorm, not by parley.

Have you got the things, which were taken from you at Calais, reſtored? and among them, the little packet, which my ſiſter gave you for Sir Charles Hotham? In this caſe, have you forwarded it to him? If you have not yet had an opportunity, you will have one ſoon; which I deſire you will not omit: it is by Monſieur D'Allion, whom you will ſee in a few days at Paris, in his way to Geneva; where Sir Charles now is, and will remain ſome time. Adieu.

LETTER LIV.

London, March the 5th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS I have received no letter from you by the uſual poſt, I am uneaſy upon account of your health: for, had you been well, I am ſure you would have written, according to your engagement, and my requiſition. You have not the leaſt notion of any care of your health; but, though I would not have you be a valetudinarian, I muſt tell you, that the beſt and moſt robuſt health requires ſome degree of attention to preſerve. Young fellows, thinking they have ſo much health and time before them, are very apt to neglect or laviſh both, and beggar themſelves before

fore they are aware: whereas a prudent œconomy in both, would make them rich indeed; and that ſo far from breaking in upon their pleaſures, that it would improve, and almoſt perpetuate them. Be you wiſer; and, before it is too late, manage both with care and frugality: and lay out neither, but upon good intereſt and ſecurity.

I will now confine myſelf to the employment of your time, which, though I have often touched upon formerly, is a ſubject that, from its importance, will bear repetition. You have, it is true, a great deal of time before you: but, in this period of your life, one hour uſefully employed may be worth more than four-and-twenty hereafter; a minute is precious to you now, whole days may poſſibly not be ſo forty years hence. Whatever time you allow, or can ſnatch for ſerious reading (I ſay ſnatch, becauſe company and the knowledge of the world is now your chief object) employ it in the reading of ſome one book, and that a good one, till you have finiſhed it: and do not diſtract your mind with various matters at the ſame time. In this light, I would recommend to you to read *tout de ſuite* Grotius *de Jure Belli et Pacis*, tranſlated by Barbeyrac, and Puffendorf's *Jus Gentium*, tranſlated by the ſame hand. For accidental quarters of hours, read works of invention, wit, and humour, of the beſt, and not of trivial authors, either ancient or modern.

Whatever buſineſs you have, do it the firſt moment you can; never by halves, but finiſh it without interruption, if poſſible. Buſineſs muſt not be ſauntered and trifled with; and you muſt not ſay to it, as Felix did to Paul, "at a more convenient ſeaſon I will ſpeak to thee." The moſt convenient ſeaſon for buſineſs is the firſt; but ſtudy and buſineſs, in ſome meaſure, point out their own times, to a man of ſenſe; time is much oftener ſquandered away in the wrong choice and improper methods of amuſement and pleaſures.

Many people think that they are in pleaſures, provided they are neither in ſtudy nor in buſineſs. Nothing like it; they are doing nothing, and might juſt as well be aſleep. They contract habitudes from lazineſs, and they only frequent thoſe places where they are free from all reſtraints and attentions. Be upon your guard againſt this idle profuſion of time; and let every place you go to be either the ſcene of quick and lively pleaſures, or the ſchool of your improvements: let every company you go into, either gratify your ſenſes, extend your knowledge, or refine your manners. Have ſome decent object of gallantry in view at ſome places; frequent others, where people of wit and taſte aſſemble; get into others, where people of ſuperior rank and dignity command reſpect and attention from the reſt of the company; but pray frequent no neutral places, from mere idleneſs and indolence. Nothing forms a young man ſo much as being uſed to keep reſpectable and ſuperior company, where a conſtant regard and attention is neceſſary. It is true, this is at firſt a diſagreeable

ſtate of reſtraint; but it ſoon grows habitual, and conſequently eaſy; and you are amply paid for it, by the improvement you make, and the credit it gives you. What you ſaid ſome time ago was very true, concerning *le Palais Royal*; to one of your age the ſituation is diſagreeable enough; you cannot expect to be much taken notice of: but all that time you can take notice of others; obſerve their manners, decypher their characters, and inſenſibly you will become one of the company.

All this I went through myſelf, when I was of your age. I have ſate hours in company, without being taken the leaſt notice of; but then I took notice of them, and learned, in their company, how to behave myſelf better in the next, till by degrees I became part of the beſt companies myſelf. But I took great care not to laviſh away my time in thoſe companies, where there were neither quick pleaſures, nor uſeful improvements to be expected.

Sloth, indolence, and *molleſſe* are pernicious and unbecoming a young fellow; let them be your *reſſource* forty years hence at ſooneſt. Determine, at all events, and however diſagreeable it may be to you in ſome reſpects, and for ſome time, to keep the moſt diſtinguiſhed and faſhionable company of the place you are at, either for their rank or for their learning, or *le bel eſprit et le goût*. This gives you credentials to the beſt companies, wherever you go afterwards. Pray, therefore, no indolence, no lazineſs; but employ every minute of your life in active pleaſures, or uſeful employments. Addreſs yourſelf to ſome woman of faſhion and beauty, wherever you are, and try how far that will go. If the place be not ſecured beforehand, and garriſoned, nine times in ten you will take it. By attentions and reſpect, you may always get into the higheſt company; and by ſome admiration and applauſe, whether merited or not, you may be ſure of being welcome among *les ſçavants et les beaux eſprits*. There are but theſe three ſorts of company for a young fellow; there being neither pleaſure nor profit in any other.

My uneaſineſs with regard to your health is this moment removed by your letter of the 8th, N. S. which, by what accident I do not know, I did not receive before.

I long to read Voltaire's *Rome Sauvée*, which, by the very faults that your *ſevere* critics find with it, I am ſure I ſhall like; for I will, at any time, give up a good deal of regularity for a great deal of *brillant*; and for the *brillant*, ſurely nobody is equal to Voltaire. Catiline's conſpiracy is an unhappy ſubject for a tragedy; it is too ſingle, and gives no opportunity to the poet to excite any of the tender paſſions; the whole is one intended act of horror. Crebillon was ſenſible of this defect, and to create another intereſt, moſt abſurdly made Catiline in love with Cicero's daughter, and her with him.

I am very glad that you went to Verſailles, and dined with Monſieur de St. Conteſt. That is company to learn *les bonnes*

manières

manières in; and it seems you had *les bons morçeaux* into the bargain. Though you were no part of the King of France's conversation with the foreign ministers, and probably not much entertained with it; do you think that it is not very useful to you to hear it, and to observe the turn and manners of people of that sort? It is extremely useful to know it well. The same in the next rank of people, such as ministers of state, *&c.* in whose company, though you cannot yet, at your age, bear a part, and consequently be diverted, you will observe and learn, what hereafter it may be necessary for you to act.

Tell Sir John Lambert, that I have this day fixed Mr. Spencer's having his credit upon him; Mr. Hoare had also recommended him. I believe Mr. Spencer will set out next month for some place in France, but not Paris. I am sure he wants a great deal of France, for at present he is most entirely English; and you know very well what I think of that. And so we bid you heartily good night.

LETTER LV.

London, March the 16th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HOW do you go on with the most useful and most necessary of all studies, the study of the world? Do you find that you gain knowledge? And does your daily experience at once extend and demonstrate your improvement? You will possibly ask me how you can judge of that yourself. I will tell you a sure way of knowing. Examine yourself, and see whether your notions of the world are changed, by experience, from what they were two years ago in theory; for that alone is one favourable symptom of improvement. At that age (I remember it in myself) every notion that one forms is erroneous; one hath seen few models, and those none of the best, to form one's-self upon. One thinks that every thing is to be carried by spirit and vigour; that art is meanness, and that versatility and complaisance are the refuge of pusillanimity and weakness. This most mistaken opinion gives an indelicacy, a *brusquerie*, and a roughness to the manners. Fools, who can never be undeceived, retain them as long as they live: reflection, with a little experience, makes men of sense shake them off soon. When they come to be a little better acquainted with themselves, and with their own species, they discover, that plain right reason is, nine times in ten, the fettered and shackled attendant of the triumph of the heart and the passions; and, consequently, they address themselves nine times in ten, to the conqueror, not to the conquered: and conquerors, you know, must be applied to in the gentlest, the most engaging, and the most insinuating manner. Have you found out that every woman is infallibly to be gained by every sort of flattery, and every man by one sort or other? Have you discovered what variety

of little things affect the heart, and how ſurely they collectively gain it? If you have, you have made ſome progreſs. I would try a man's knowledge of the world, as I would a ſchool-boy's knowledge of Horace; not by making him conſtrue *Mecænas atavis edite regibus*, which he could do in the firſt form; but by examining him as to the delicacy and *curioſa felicitas* of that poet. A man requires very little knowledge and experience of the world, to underſtand glaring, high-coloured, and decided characters; they are but few, and they ſtrike at firſt: but to diſtinguiſh the almoſt imperceptible ſhades, and the nice gradations of virtue and vice, ſenſe and folly, ſtrength and weakneſs (of which characters are commonly compoſed) demands ſome experience, great obſervation, and minute attention. In the ſame caſes moſt people do the ſame things, but with this material difference, upon which the ſucceſs commonly turns,—A man who hath ſtudied the world knows when to time, and where to place them; he hath analyſed the characters he applies to, and adapted his addreſs and his arguments to them: but a man, of what is called plain good ſenſe, who hath only reaſoned by himſelf, and not acted with mankind, miſ-times, miſ-places, runs precipitately and bluntly at the mark, and falls upon his noſe in the way. In the common manners of ſocial life, every man of common ſenſe hath the rudiments, the ABC of civility; the means not to offend; and even wiſhes to pleaſe: and, if he hath any real merit, will be received, and tolerated in good company. But that is far from being enough; for though he may be received, he will never be deſired; though he does not offend, he will never be loved, but like ſome little, inſignificant, neutral power, ſurrounded by great ones, he will neither be feared nor courted by any; but, by turns, invaded by all, whenever it is their intereſt. A moſt contemptible ſituation! Whereas, a man who hath carefully attended to, and experienced, the various workings of the heart, and the artifices of the head; and who, by one ſhade, can trace the progreſſion of the whole colour; who can, at the proper times, employ all the ſeveral means of perſuading the underſtanding, and engaging the heart; may and will have enemies; but will and muſt have friends: he may be oppoſed, but he will be ſupported too; his talents may excite the jealouſy of ſome, but his engaging arts will make him beloved by many more; he will be conſiderable, he will be conſidered. Many different qualifications muſt conſpire to form ſuch a man, and to make him at once reſpectable and amiable, and the leaſt muſt be joined to the greateſt; the latter would be unavailing, without the former; and the former would be futile and frivolous, without the latter. Learning is acquired by reading books; but the much more neceſſary learning, the knowledge of the world, is only to be acquired by reading men, and ſtudying all the various editions of them. Many words in every language are generally thought to be ſynonimous; but thoſe who ſtudy

the language attentively will find, that there is no ſuch thing; they diſcover ſome little difference, ſome diſtinction, between all thoſe words that are vulgarly called ſynonimous; one hath always more energy, extent, or delicacy, than another: it is the ſame with men; all are in general, and yet no two in particular, exactly alike. Thoſe who have not accurately ſtudied, perpetually miſtake them: they do not diſcern the ſhades and gradations that diſtinguiſh characters ſeemingly alike. Company, various company, is the only ſchool for this knowledge. You ought to be, by this time, at leaſt in the third form of that ſchool, from whence the riſe to the uppermoſt is eaſy and quick; but then you muſt have application and vivacity; and you muſt not only bear with, but even ſeek, reſtraint in moſt companies, inſtead of ſtagnating in one or two only, where indolence and love of eaſe may be indulged.

In the plan which I gave you in my laſt, * for your future motions, I forgot to tell you, that, if a King of the Romans ſhould be choſen this year, you ſhall certainly be at that election; and as upon thoſe occaſions, all ſtrangers are excluded from the place of the election, except ſuch as belong to ſome Embaſſador, I have already eventually ſecured you a place in the *ſuite* of the King's electoral Embaſſador, who will be ſent upon that account to Frankfort, or wherever elſe the election may be. This will not only ſecure you a ſight of the ſhow, but a knowledge of the whole thing; which is likely to be a conteſted one, from the oppoſition of ſome of the Electors, and the proteſts of ſome of the Princes of the Empire. That election, if there is one, will, in my opinion, be a memorable æra in the hiſtory of the Empire; pens at leaſt, if not ſwords, will be drawn; and ink, if not blood, will be plentifully ſhed, by the contending parties in that diſpute. During the fray, you may ſecurely plunder, and add to your preſent ſtock of knowledge of the *jus publicum imperii*. The court of France hath, I am told, appointed le Preſident Ogier, a man of great abilities, to go immediately to Ratiſbon, *pour y ſouffler la diſcorde*. It muſt be owned, that France hath always profited ſkilfully of its having guarantied the treaty of Munſter; which hath given it a conſtant pretence to thruſt itſelf into the affairs of the Empire. When France got Alſace yielded by treaty, it was very willing to have held it as a fief of the Empire; but the Empire was then wiſer. Every power ſhould be very careful, not to give the leaſt pretence to a neighbouring power to meddle with the affairs of its interior. Sweden hath already felt the effects of the Czarina's calling herſelf guarantee of its preſent form of government, in conſequence of the treaty of Neuſtadt, confirmed afterwards by that of Abo; though, in truth, that guarantee was rather a proviſion againſt Ruſſia's attempting to alter the

* That letter is miſſing.

the then new eſtabliſhed form of government in Sweden, than any right given to Ruſſia, to hinder the Swedes from eſtabliſhing what form of government they pleaſed. Read them both, if you can get them. Adieu.

LETTER LVI.

London, April the 13th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Receive this moment your letter of the 19th, N. S. with the encloſed pieces relative to the preſent diſpute between the King and the Parliament. I ſhall return them by Lord Huntingdon, whom you will ſoon ſee at Paris, and who will likewiſe carry you the piece, which I forgot in making up the packet I ſent you by the Spaniſh Embaſſador. The repreſentation of the Parliament is very well drawn, *ſuaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* They tell the King very reſpectfully, that in a certain caſe, *which they ſhould think it criminal to ſuppoſe*, they would not obey him. This hath a tendency to what we call here revolution principles. I do not know what the Lord's anointed, his vicegerent upon earth, divinely appointed by him, and accountable to none but him for his actions, will either think or do, upon theſe ſymptoms of reaſon and good ſenſe, which ſeem to be breaking out all over France; but this I foreſee, that before the end of this century, the trade of both King and Prieſt will not be half ſo good a one as it has been. Du Clos, in his reflections, hath obſerved, and very truly, *qu'il y a un germe de raiſon qui commence à ſe développer en France.* A *développement* that muſt prove fatal to Regal and Papal pretenſions. Prudence may in many caſes, recommend an occaſional ſubmiſſion to either; but when that ignorance, upon which an implicit faith in both could only be founded, is once removed, God's Vicegerent, and Chriſt's Vicar, will only be obeyed and believed, as far as what the one orders, and the other ſays, is conformable to reaſon and to truth.

I am very glad (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) that *you make as if you* were not well, though you really are; I am ſure it is the likelieſt way to keep ſo. Pray leave off entirely your greaſy, heavy paſtry, fat creams, and indigeſtible dumplings; and then you need not confine yourſelf to white meats, which I do not take to be one jot wholeſomer than beef, mutton, and partridge.

Voltaire ſent me from Berlin his Hiſtory *du Siècle de Louis* XIV. It came at a very proper time; Lord Bolingbroke had juſt taught me how Hiſtory ſhould be read; Voltaire ſhows me how it ſhould be written. I am ſenſible, that it will meet with almoſt as many critics as readers. Voltaire muſt be criticiſed. beſides, every man's favourite is attacked; for every prejudice is expoſed, and our prejudices are our miſtreſſes; reaſon is at beſt our wife, very often heard indeed, but ſeldom minded. It is the hiſtory of the human underſtanding, written by a man of parts, for the uſe of men of parts. Weak minds will not like it, even though they

they do not understand it; which is commonly the measure of their admiration. Dull ones will want those minute, and uninteresting détails, with which most other histories are incumbered. He tells me all I want to know, and nothing more. His reflections are short, just, and produce others in his readers. Free from religious, philosophical, political, and national prejudices, beyond any historian I ever met with, he relates all those matters as truly and as impartially, as certain regards, which must always be to some degree observed, will allow him: for one sees plainly, that he often says much less than he would say, if he might. He hath made me much better acquainted with the times of Lewis XIV. than the innumerable volumes which I had read could do; and hath suggested this reflection to me, which I had never made before—His vanity, not his knowledge, made him encourage all, and introduce many, arts and sciences in his country. He opened in a manner the human understanding in France, and brought it to its utmost perfection; his age equalled in all, and greatly exceeded in many things (pardon me, pedants!) the Augustan. This was great and rapid: but still it might be done, by the encouragement, the applause, and the rewards, of a vain, liberal, and magnificent Prince. What is much more surprising, is, that he stopped the operations of the human mind, just where he pleased; and seemed to say, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." For a bigot to his religion, and jealous of his power, free and rational thoughts upon either, never entered into a French head during his reign; and the greatest geniuses that ever any age produced, never entertained a doubt of the divine right of Kings, or the infallibility of the church. Poets, Orators, and Philosophers, ignorant of their natural rights, cherished their chains; and blind active faith triumphed, in those great minds, over silent and passive reasons. The reverse of this seems now to be the case in France: reason opens itself; fancy and invention fade and decline.

I will send you a copy of this history, by Lord Huntingdon, as I think it very probable, that it is not allowed to be published and sold at Paris. Pray read it more than once, and with attention, particularly the second volume; which contains short, but very clear accounts of many very interesting things, which are talked of by every body, though fairly understood by very few. There are two very puerile affectations, which I wish this book had been free from; the one is, the total subversion of all the old established French orthography; the other is, the not making use of any one capital letter throughout the whole book, except at the beginning of a paragraph. It offends my eyes to see rome paris, france, cæsar, henry the 4th, &c. begin with small letters; and I do not conceive, that there can be any reason for doing it, half so strong as the reason of long usage is to the contrary. This is an affectation below Voltaire; who, I am not ashamed to say that I admire and delight in, as an author, equally in prose and in verse.

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I had a letter, a few days ago, from Monſieur du Boccage; in which he ſays, *Monſieur Stanhope s'eſt jetté dans la politique, et je crois qu'il y réuſſira*; you do very well, it is your deſtination; but remember, that, to ſucceed in great things, one muſt firſt learn to pleaſe in little ones. Engaging manners and addreſs muſt prepare the way for ſuperior knowledge and abilities to act with effect. The late Duke of Marlborough's manners and addreſs prevailed with the firſt King of Pruſſia, to let his troops remain in the army of the allies; when neither their repreſentations, nor his own ſhare in the common cauſe, could do it. The Duke of Marlborough had no new matter to urge to him; but had a manner, which he could not, and did not reſiſt. Voltaire, among a thouſand little delicate ſtrokes of that kind, ſays of the Duke de la Feuillade, *qu'il étoit l' homme le plus brillant et le plus aimable du Roïaume, et quoique gendre du Général et Miniſtre, il avoit pour lui la faveur publique.* Various little circumſtances of that ſort will often make a man of great real merit be hated, if he hath not addreſs and manners, to make him be loved. Conſider all your own circumſtances ſeriouſly; and you will find, that, of all arts, the art of pleaſing is the moſt neceſſary for you to ſtudy and poſſeſs. A ſilly tyrant ſaid, *oderint modo timeant*; a wiſe man would have ſaid, *modo ament nihil timendum eſt mihi.* Judge, from your own daily experience, of the efficacy of that pleaſing *je ne ſçais quoi*, when you feel, as you and every body certainly does, that in men it is more engaging than knowledge, in women than beauty.

I long to ſee Lord and Lady * * *, (who are not yet arrived) becauſe they have lately ſeen you; and I always fancy, that I can fiſh out ſomething new concerning you, from thoſe who have ſeen you laſt: not that I ſhall much rely upon their accounts, becauſe I diſtruſt the judgment of Lord and Lady * * *, in thoſe matters about which I am moſt inquiſitive. They have ruined their own ſon, by what they called and thought, loving him. They have made him believe that the world was made for him, not he for the world; and unleſs he ſtays abroad a great while, and falls into very good company, he will expect, what he will never find, the attentions and complaiſance from others, which he has hitherto been uſed to from Papa and Mamma. This, I fear, is too much the caſe of Mr. * * * *; who, I doubt, will be run through the body, and be near dying, before he knows how to live. However you may turn out, you can never make me any of theſe reproaches. I indulge no ſilly, womaniſh fondneſs for you: inſtead of inflicting my tenderneſs upon you, I have taken all poſſible methods to make you deſerve it; and thank God you do; at leaſt, I know but one article, in which you are different from what I could wiſh you; and you very well know what that is I want: That I and all the world ſhould like you, as well as I love you. Adieu.

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LETTER LVII.

London, April the 30th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Avoir du monde is, in my opinion, a very juſt and happy expreſſion, for having addreſs, manners, and for knowing how to behave properly in all companies; and it implies very truly, that a man, who hath not thoſe accompliſhments, is not of the world. Without them, the beſt parts are inefficient, civility is abſurd, and freedom offenſive. A learned parſon ruſting in his cell, at Oxford or Cambridge, will reaſon admirably well upon the nature of man; will profoundly analyſe the head, the heart, the reaſon, the will, the paſſions, the ſenſes, the ſentiments, and all thoſe ſubdiviſions of we know not what; and yet, unfortunately, he knows nothing of man: for he hath not lived with him; and is ignorant of all the various modes, habits, prejudices, and taſtes, that always influence, and often determine him. He views man as he does colours in Sir Iſaac Newton's priſm, where only the capital ones are ſeen; but an experienced dyer knows all their various ſhades and gradations, together with the reſult of their ſeveral mixtures. Few men are of one plain, decided colour; moſt are mixed, ſhaded, and blended; and vary as much, from different ſituations, as changeable ſilks do from different lights. The man *qui a du monde* knows all this from his own experience and obſervation: the conceited, cloiſtered philoſopher knows nothing of it from his own theory; his practice is abſurd and improper; and he acts as awkwardly as a man would dance, who had never ſeen others dance, nor learned of a dancing-maſter; but who had only ſtudied the notes by which dances are now pricked down, as well as tunes. Obſerve and imitate, then, the addreſs, the arts, and the manners of thoſe *qui ont du monde:* ſee by what methods they firſt make, and afterwards improve impreſſions in their favour. Thoſe impreſſions are much oftner owing to little cauſes, than to intrinſic merit; which is leſs volatile, and hath not ſo ſudden an effect. Strong minds have undoubtedly an aſcendant over weak ones, as Galigai Maréchale d'Ancre very juſtly obſerved, when, to the diſgrace and reproach of thoſe times, ſhe was executed for having governed Mary of Medicis by the arts of witchcraft and magic. But then aſcendant is to be gained by degrees, and by thoſe arts only which experience, and the knowledge of the world teaches; for few are mean enough to be bullied, though moſt are weak enough to be be bubbled. I have often ſeen people of ſuperior, governed by people of much inferior parts, without knowing or even ſuſpecting that they were ſo governed. This can only happen, when thoſe people of inferior parts have more worldly dexterity and experience, than thoſe they govern. They ſee the weak and unguarded part, and apply to it: they take it, and all the reſt follows. Would you gain either men or women, and every man of ſenſe deſires to gain both, *il faut du monde.* You have had more opportunities than ever any man had,

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at your age, of acquiring *ce monde*; you have been in the beſt companies of moſt countries, at an age when others have hardly been in any company at all. You are maſter of all thoſe languages, which John Trott ſeldom ſpeaks at all, and never well; conſequently you need be a ſtranger no where. This is the way, and the only way, of having *du monde*; but if you have it not, and have ſtill any coarſe ruſticity about you, may one not apply to you the *ruſticus expectat* of Horace?

This knowledge of the world teacheth us more particularly two things, both which are of infinite conſequence, and to neither of which nature inclines us; I mean, the command of our temper, and of our countenance. A man who has no *monde* is inflamed with anger, or annihilated with ſhame, at every diſagreeable incident: the one makes him act and talk like a madman, the other makes him look like a fool. But a man who has *du monde*, ſeems not to underſtand what he cannot or ought not to reſent. If he makes a ſlip himſelf, he recovers it by his coolneſs, inſtead of plunging deeper by his confuſion, like a ſtumbling-horſe. He is firm, but gentle; and practiſes that moſt excellent maxim, *ſuaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. The other is the *volto ſciolto e penſieri ſtretti*. People, unuſed to the world, have babbling countenances; and are unſkilful enough to ſhow, what they have ſenſe enough not to tell. In the courſe of the world, a man muſt very often put on an eaſy frank countenance, upon very diſagreeable occaſions; he muſt ſeem pleaſed, when he is very much otherwiſe; he muſt be able to accoſt and receive with ſmiles, thoſe whom he would much rather meet with ſwords. In courts he muſt not turn himſelf inſide out. All this may, nay muſt be done, without falſehood and treachery: for it muſt go no farther than politeneſs and manners, and muſt ſtop ſhort of aſſurances and profeſſions of ſimulated friendſhip. Good manners, to thoſe one does not love, are no more a breach of truth, than your humble ſervant at the bottom of a challenge is; they are univerſally agreed upon and underſtood, to be things of courſe. They are neceſſary guards of the decency, and peace of ſociety: they muſt only act defenſively; and then not with arms poiſoned by perfidy. Truth, but not the whole truth, muſt be the invariable principle of every man, who hath either religion, honour, or prudence. Thoſe who violate it, may be cunning, but they are not able. Lies and perfidy are the refuge of fools and cowards. Adieu!

P. S. I muſt recommend to you again, to take your leave of all your French acquaintance, in ſuch a manner as may make them regret your departure, and wiſh to ſee and welcome you at Paris again; where you may poſſibly return before it is very long. This muſt not be done in a cold, civil manner, but with, at leaſt, ſeeming warmth, ſentiment, and concern. Acknowledge the obligations you have to them, for the kindneſs they have ſhown you, during

during your ſtay at Paris; aſſure them, that, wherever you are, you ſhall remember them with gratitude; with for opportunities of giving them proofs of your *plus tendre et reſpectueux ſouvenir*; beg of them, in caſe your good fortune ſhould carry you to any part of the world where you could be of any the leaſt uſe to them, that they would employ you without reſerve. Say all this, and a great deal more, emphatically and pathetically; for you know *ſi vis me flere*. This can do you no harm, if you never return to Paris; but, if you do, as probably you may, it will be of infinite uſe to you. Remember too, not to omit going to every houſe, where you have ever been once, to take leave, and recommend yourſelf to their remembrance. The reputation which you leave at one place, where you have been, will circulate, and you will meet with it at twenty places, where you are to go. That is a labour never quite loſt.

This letter will ſhow you, that the accident which happened to me yeſterday, and of which Mr. Grevenkop gives you an account, hath had no bad conſequences. My eſcape was a great one.

LETTER LVIII.

London, May the 11th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I BREAK my word by writing this letter; but I break it on the allowable ſide, by doing more than I promiſed. I have pleaſure in writing to you; and you may poſſibly have ſome profit in reading what I write: either of the motives were ſufficient for me, both I cannot withſtand. By your laſt, I calculated that you will leave Paris this day ſe'nnight; upon that ſuppoſition, this letter may ſtill find you there.

Colonel Perry arrived here two or three days ago, and ſent me a book from you, Caſſandra abridged. I am ſure it cannot be too much abridged. The ſpirit of that moſt voluminous work, fairly extracted, may be contained in the ſmalleſt *duodecimo*; and it is moſt aſtoniſhing, that there ever could have been people idle enough to write or read ſuch endleſs heaps of the ſame ſtuff. It was, however, the occupation of thouſands in the laſt century; and is ſtill the private, though diſavowed, amuſement of young girls, and ſentimental ladies. A love-ſick girl finds, in the Captain whom ſhe is in love with, all the courage and all the graces of the tender and accompliſhed Oroondates; and many a grown-up, ſentimental lady, talks delicate Clelia to the hero, whom ſhe would engage to eternal love, or laments with her that love is not eternal.

Ah! qu'il eſt doux d'aimer, ſi l'on aimoit toujours!
Mais hélas! il n'eſt point d'éternelles amours.

It is, however, very well to have read one of thoſe extravagant works, (of all which La Calprenede's are the beſt) be-

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cauſe it is well to be able to talk, with ſome degree of knowledge, upon all thoſe ſubjects, that other people talk ſometimes upon; and I would by no means have any thing, that is known to others, be totally unknown to you. It is a great advantage for any man, to be able to talk, or to hear, neither ignorantly nor abſurdly, upon any ſubject; for I have known people, who have not ſaid one word, hear ignorantly and abſurdly; it has appeared in their inattentive and unmeaning faces.

This, I think, is as little likely to happen to you, as to any body of your age; and if you will but add a verſatility, and eaſy conformity of manners, I know no company in which you are likely to be *de trop*.

This verſatility is more particularly neceſſary for you at this time, now that you are going to ſo many different places; for though the manners and cuſtoms of the ſeveral courts of Germany are in general the ſame, yet every one has its particular characteriſtic; ſome peculiarity or other, which diſtinguiſhes it from the next. This you ſhould carefully attend to, and immediately adopt. Nothing flatters people more, nor makes ſtrangers ſo welcome, as ſuch an occaſional conformity. I do not mean by this, that you ſhould mimic the air and ſtiffneſs of every awkward German court; no, by no means; but I mean that you ſhould only chearfully comply, and fall in with certain local habits, ſuch as ceremonies, diet, turn of converſation, *&c.* People, who are lately come from Paris, and who have been a good while there, are generally ſuſpected, and eſpecially in Germany, of having a degree of contempt for every other place. Take great care that nothing of this kind appear, at leaſt outwardly, in your behaviour; but commend whatever deſerves any degree of commendation, without comparing it with what you may have left much better of the ſame kind at Paris. As for inſtance, the German kitchen is, without doubt, execrable, and the French delicious; however, never commend the French kitchen at a German table; but eat of what you can find tolerable there, and commend it, without comparing it to any thing better. I have known many Britiſh Yahoos, who, though while they were at Paris conformed to no one French cuſtom, as ſoon as they got any where elſe, talked of nothing but what they did, ſaw, and eat, at Paris The freedom of the French is not to be uſed indiſcriminately at all the courts in Germany, though their eaſineſs may, and ought; but that too at ſome places more than others. The courts of Manheim and Bonn, I take to be a little more unbarbariſed than ſome others; that of Maïence, an eccleſiaſtical one, as well as that of Treves, (neither of which is much frequented by foreigners) retains, I conceive, a great deal of the Goth and Vandal ſtill. There, more reſerve and ceremony are neceſſary; and not a word of the French. At Berlin, you cannot be too French Hanover, Brunſwick, Caſſel, *&c.* are of the mixed kind, *un peu décrottés, mais pas aſſez.*

Another

Another thing, which I moſt earneſtly recommend to you, not only in Germany, but in every part of the world, where you may ever be, is. not only real, but ſeeming attention, to whoever you ſpeak to, or to whoever ſpeaks to you. There is nothing ſo brutally ſhocking, nor ſo little forgiven, as a ſeeming inattention to the perſon who is ſpeaking to you; and I have known many a man knocked down, for (in my opinion) a much ſlighter provocation, than that ſhocking inattention which I mean. I have ſeen many people, who, while you are ſpeaking to them, inſtead of looking at, and attending to you, fix their eyes upon the ceiling, or ſome other part of the room, look out of the window, play with a dog, twirl their ſnuff-box, or pick their noſe. Nothing diſcovers a little, futile, frivolous mind, more than this, and nothing is ſo offenſively ill-bred: it is an explicit declaration on your part, that every, the moſt trifling object, deſerves your attention more than all that can be ſaid by the perſon who is ſpeaking to you. Judge of the ſentiments of hatred and reſentment, which ſuch treatment muſt excite, in every breaſt where any degree of ſelf-love dwells; and I am ſure, I never yet met with that breaſt where there was not a great deal. I repeat it again and again, (for it is highly neceſſary for you to remember it;) that ſort of vanity and ſelf-love is inſeparable from human nature, whatever may be its rank or condition; even your footman will ſooner forget and forgive a beating, than any manifeſt mark of ſlight and contempt. Be therefore, I beg of you, not only really, but ſeemingly and manifeſtly attentive to whoever ſpeaks to you; nay more, take their tone, and tune yourſelf to their uniſon. Be ſerious with the ſerious, gay with the gay, and trifle with the triflers. In aſſuming theſe various ſhapes, endeavour to make each of them ſeem to ſit eaſy upon you, and even to appear to be your own natural one. This is the true and uſeful verſatility, of which a thorough knowledge of the world at once teaches the utility, and the means of acquiring.

I am very ſure, at leaſt I hope, that you will never make uſe of a ſilly expreſſion, which is the favourite expreſſion, and the abſurd excuſe of all fools and blockheads; *I cannot do ſuch a thing*: a thing by no means, either morally or phyſically, impoſſible. I *cannot* attend long together to the ſame thing, ſays one fool: that is, he is ſuch a fool that he will not. I remember a very awkward fellow, who did not know what to do with his ſword, and who always took it off before dinner, ſaying, that he could not poſſibly dine with his ſword on; upon which I could not help telling him, that I really believed he could without any probable danger, either to himſelf or others. It is a ſhame, and an abſurdity, for any man to ſay, that he cannot do all thoſe things, which are commonly done by all the reſt of mankind.

Another thing, that I muſt earneſtly warn you againſt, is lazineſs; by which more people have loſt the fruit of their travels, than (perhaps) by any other thing. Pray be always in motion.

Early

Early in the morning go and ſee things; and the reſt of the day go and ſee people. If you ſtay but a week at a place, and that an inſignificant one, ſee, however, all that is to be ſeen there; know as many people, and get into as many houſes, as ever you can.

I recommend to you likewiſe, though probably you have thought of it yourſelf, to carry in your pocket a map of Germany, in which the poſt-roads are marked; and alſo ſome ſhort book of travels through Germany. The former will help to imprint in your memory ſituations and diſtances; and the latter will point out many things for you to ſee, that might otherwiſe poſſibly eſcape you; and which, though they may be in themſelves of little conſequence, you would regret not having ſeen, after having been at the places where they were.

Thus warned and provided for your journey, God ſpeed you; *Felix, fauſtumque ſit!* Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

London, May the 27th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEND you the encloſed original, from a friend of ours, with my own commentaries upon the text; a text which I have ſo often paraphraſed, and commented upon already, that I believe I can hardly ſay any thing new upon it: but, however, I cannot give it over, till I am better convinced, that I yet am, that you feel all the utility, the importance, and the neceſſity of it; nay, not only feel, but practiſe it. Your panegyriſt allows you, what moſt fathers would be more than ſatisfied with, in a ſon, and chides me for not contenting myſelf with *l'eſſentiellement bon*; but I, who have been in no one reſpect like other fathers, cannot neither, like them, content myſelf with *l'eſſentiellement bon*; becauſe I know that it will not do your buſineſs in the world, while you want *quelques couches de vernis*. Few fathers care much for their ſons, or, at leaſt, moſt of them care more for their money; and, conſequently content themſelves with giving them, at the cheapeſt rate, the common run of education; that is, a ſchool till eighteen; the univerſity till twenty; and a couple of years riding poſt through the ſeveral towns of Europe; impatient till their boobies come home to be married, and, as they call it, ſettled. Of thoſe who really love their ſons, few know how to do it. Some ſpoil them by fondling them, while they are young, then quarrel with them when they are grown up, for having been ſpoiled; ſome love them like mothers, and attend only to the bodily health and ſtrength of the hopes of their family, ſolemnize his birth-day, and rejoice, like the ſubjects of the Great Mogul, at the increaſe of his bulk: while others, minding, as they think, only eſſentials, take pains and pleaſure to ſee in their heir, all their favourite weakneſſes and imperfections. I hope and believe that I have kept clear of all theſe errors, in the education which I have given you. No weakneſſes of my own have warped it, no

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parſimony has ſtarved it, no rigour has deformed it. Sound and extenſive learning was the foundation which I meaned to lay; I have laid it; but that alone, I knew, would by no means be ſufficient: the ornamental, the ſhowiſh, the pleaſing ſuperſtructure was to be begun. In that view I threw you into the great world, entirely your own maſter, at an age when others either guzzle at the univerſity, or are ſent abroad in ſervitude to ſome awkward, pedantic, Scotch Governor. This was to put you in the way, and the only way, of acquiring thoſe manners, that addreſs, and thoſe graces, which excluſively diſtinguiſh people of faſhion; and without which all moral virtues, and all acquired learning, are of no ſort of uſe in courts and *le beau monde*; on the contrary, I am not ſure if they are not an hindrance. They are feared and diſliked in thoſe places, as too ſevere, if not ſmoothed and introduced by *the graces*; but of theſe graces, of this neceſſary *beau vernis*, it ſeems there are ſtill *quelques couches qui manquent*. Now, pray let me aſk you, coolly and ſeriouſly, *pourquoi ces couches manquent elles?* For you may as eaſily take them, as you may wear more or leſs powder in your hair, more or leſs lace upon your coat. I can therefore account for your wanting them no other way in the world, than from your not being yet fully convinced of their full value. You have heard ſome Engliſh bucks ſay, "Damn theſe finical outlandiſh airs, give me "a manly, reſolute manner. They make a rout with their graces, "talk like a parcel of dancing-maſters, and dreſs like a parcel "of fops; one good Engliſhman will beat three of them." But let your own obſervation undeceive you of theſe prejudices. I will give you one inſtance only, inſtead of an hundred that I could give you, of a very ſhining fortune and figure, raiſed upon no other foundation whatſoever, than that of addreſs, manners, and graces. Between you and me (for this example muſt go no farther) what do you think made our friend, Lord A****e, Colonel of a regiment of guards, Governor of Virginia, Groom of the Stole, and Embaſſador to Paris; amounting in all to ſixteen or ſeventeen thouſand pounds a year? Was it his birth? No; a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his eſtate? No, he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities and application? You can anſwer theſe queſtions as eaſily, and as ſoon, as I can aſk them. What was it then? Many people wondered, but I do not; for I know, and will tell you. It was his air, his addreſs, his manners, and his graces. He pleaſed, and by pleaſing became a favourite; and by becoming a favourite became all that he has been ſince. Show me any one inſtance, where intrinſic worth and merit, unaſſiſted by exterior accompliſhments, have raiſed any man ſo high. You know the Duc de Richelieu, now *Maréchal, Cordon bleu, Gentillhomme de la Chambre*, twice Embaſſador, *&c.* By what means? Not by the purity of his character, the depth of his knowledge, or any uncommon penetration and ſagacity. Women alone formed and raiſed him. The Dutcheſs of Burgundy took a fancy to him, and had him before he was ſixteen years old;

old; this put him in fashion among the *beau monde:* and the late Regent's eldest daughter, now Madame de Modene, took him next, and was near marrying him. These early connections with women of the first distinction, gave him those manners, graces, and address, which you see he has; and which, I can assure you, are all that he has; for, strip him of them, and he will be one of the poorest men in Europe. Man nor woman can resist an engaging exterior; it will please, it will make its way. You want, it seems, but *quelques couches*; for God's sake lose no time in getting them; and now that you have gone so far, complete the work. Think of nothing else till that work is finished: unwearied application will bring about any thing; and surely your application can never be so well employed as upon that object, which is absolutely necessary to facilitate all others. With your knowledge and parts, if adorned by manners and graces, what may you not hope one day to be? But without them you will be in the situation of a man who should be very fleet of one leg, but very lame of the other. He could not run, the lame leg would check and clog the well one, which would be very near useless.

From my original plan for your education, I meaned to make you, *un homme universel*; what depended upon me is executed, the little that remains undone depends singly upon you. Do not then disappoint, when you can so easily gratify me. It is your own interest which I am pressing you to pursue, and it is the only return that I desire for all the care and affection of, Yours.

LETTER LX.

London, May the 31st, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE world is the book, and the only one to which, at present, I would have you apply yourself; and the thorough knowledge of it will be of more use to you, than all the books that ever were read. Lay aside the best book whenever you can go into the best company, and depend upon it, you change for the better. However, as the most tumultuous life, whether of business or pleasure, leaves some vacant moments every day, in which a book is the refuge of a rational being, I mean now to point out to you the method of employing those moments (which will and ought to be but few) in the most advantageous manner. Throw away none of your time upon those trivial futile books, published by idle or necessitous authors, for the amusement of idle and ignorant readers: such sort of books swarm and buzz about one every day; flap them away, they have no sting. *Certum pete finem*, have some one object for those leisure moments, and pursue that object invariably till you have attained it; and then take some other. For instance, considering your destination, I would advise you to single out the most remarkable and interesting æras of modern history, and confine all your reading to that *Æra*. If you pitch upon the Treaty of Munster, (and that

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is the proper period to begin with, in the courſe which I am now recommending) do not interrupt it by dipping and deviating into other books, unrelative to it: but conſult only the moſt authentic hiſtories, letters, memoirs, and negotiations, relative to that great tranſaction; reading and comparing them, with all that caution and diſtruſt which Lord Bolingbroke recommends to you, in a better manner and in better words than I can. The next period worth your particular knowledge, is the Treaty of the Pyrenées; which was calculated to lay, and in effect did lay the foundation of the ſucceſſion of the Houſe of Bourbon to the crown of Spain. Purſue that in the ſame manner, ſingling, out of the millions of volumes written upon that occaſion, the two or three moſt authentic ones; and particularly letters, which are the beſt authorities in matters of negotiation. Next come the Treaties of Nimeguen and Ryſwick, poſtſcripts in a manner to thoſe of Munſter and the Pyrenées. Thoſe two tranſactions have had great light thrown upon them by the publication of many authentic and original letters and pieces. The conceſſions made at the Treaty of Ryſwick, by the then triumphant Lewis the XIVth, aſtoniſhed all thoſe who viewed things only ſuperficially; but, I ſhould think, muſt have been eaſily accounted for, by thoſe who knew the ſtate of the kingdom of Spain, as well as of the health of its King, Charles the IId, at that time. The interval, between the concluſion of the peace of Ryſwick, and the breaking out of the great war in 1702, though a ſhort, is a moſt intereſting one. Every week of it almoſt produced ſome great event. Two partition treaties, the death of the King of Spain, his unexpected Will, and the acceptance of it by Lewis the XIVth, in violation of the ſecond treaty of partition, juſt ſigned and ratified by him. Philip the Vth quietly and chearfully received in Spain, and acknowledged as King of it, by moſt of thoſe Powers, who afterwards joined in alliance to dethrone him. I cannot help making this obſervation upon that occaſion; that character has often more to do in great tranſactions than prudence and ſound policy: for Lewis the XIVth gratified his perſonal pride, by giving a Bourbon King to Spain, at the expence of the true intereſt of France, which would have acquired much more ſolid and permanent ſtrength by the addition of Naples, Sicily, and Lorraine, upon the foot of the ſecond partition treaty; and I think it was fortunate for Europe that he preferred the Will. It is true, he might hope to influence his grandſon; but he could never expect that his Bourbon poſterity in France ſhould influence his Bourbon poſterity in Spain; he knew too well how weak the ties of blood are among men, and how much weaker ſtill they are among princes. The Memoirs of Count Harrach, and of Las Torres, give a good deal of light into the tranſactions of the Court of Spain, previous to the death of that weak King; and the letters of the Maréchal d'Harcourt, then the French Ambaſſador in Spain, of which I have authentic copies in manuſcript, from the year 1698 to 1701, have

cleared up that whole affair to me. I keep that book for you. It appears by thoſe letters, that the imprudent conduct of the Houſe of Auſtria, with regard to the King and Queen of Spain, and Madame Berlips, her favourite, together with the knowledge of the partition treaty, which incenſed all Spain, were the true and only reaſons of the Will in favour of the Duke of Anjou. Cardinal Portocarrero, nor any of the Grandees, were bribed by France, as was generally reported and believed at that time; which confirms Voltaire's anecdote upon that ſubject. Then opens a new ſcene and a new century: Lewis the XIVth's good fortune forſakes him, till the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene make him amends for all the miſchief they had done him, by making the allies refuſe the terms of peace offered by him at Gertruydenberg. How the diſadvantageous peace of Utrecht was afterwards brought on, you have lately read; and you cannot inform yourſelf too minutely of all thoſe circumſtances, that treaty being the freſheſt ſource, from whence the late tranſactions of Europe have flowed. The alterations that have ſince happened, whether by wars or treaties, are ſo recent, that all the written accounts are to be helped out, proved, or contradicted, by the oral ones of almoſt every informed perſon, of a certain age or rank in life. For the facts, dates, and original pieces of this century, you will find them in Lamberti, till the year 1715, and after that time in Rouſſet's *Recueil*.

I do not mean that you ſhould plod hours together in reſearches of this kind; no, you may employ your time more uſefully; but I mean, that you ſhould make the moſt of the moments you do employ, by method, and the purſuit of one ſingle object at a time; nor ſhould I call it a digreſſion from that object, if, when you meet with claſhing and jarring pretenſions of different Princes to the ſame thing, you had immediately recourſe to other books, in which thoſe ſeveral pretenſions were clearly ſtated; on the contrary, that is the only way of remembering thoſe conteſted rights and claims: for, were a man to read *tout de ſuite*, *Schwederus's Theatrum Pretenſionum*, he would only be confounded by the variety, and remember none of them; whereas, by examining them occaſionally, as they happen to occur, either in the courſe of your hiſtorical reading, or as they are agitated in your own times, you will retain them, by connecting them with thoſe hiſtorical facts which occaſioned your inquiry. For example, had you read in the courſe of two or three folios of Pretenſions, thoſe, among others, of the two Kings of England and Pruſſia to Ooſt Friſe, it is impoſſible that you ſhould have remembered them; but now that they are become the debated object at the Dyet at Ratiſbon, and the topic of all political converſations, if you conſult both books and perſons concerning them, and inform yourſelf thoroughly, you will not forget them as long as you live. You will hear a great deal of them on one ſide, at Hanover; and as much

much on the other ſide, afterwards, at Berlin: hear both ſides and form your own opinion; but diſpute with neither.

Letters from foreign Miniſters to their Courts, and from their Courts to them, are, if genuine, the moſt authentic records you can read, as far as they go. Cardinal d'Oſſat's Preſident, Jeannin's, D'Eſtrade's, Sir William Temple's, will not only inform your mind, but form your ſtyle; which in letters of buſineſs, ſhould be very plain and ſimple, but, at the ſame time exceedingly clear, correct, and pure

All that I have ſaid may be reduced to theſe two or three plain principles: 1ſt, That you ſhould now read very little, but converſe a great deal: 2dly, To read no uſeleſs, unprofitable books: and, 3dly, That thoſe which you do read, may all tend to a certain object, and be relative to, and conſequential of each other. In this method, half an hour's reading every day will carry you a great way. People ſeldom know how to employ their time to the beſt advantage, till they have too little left to employ; but if, at your age, in the beginning of life, people would but conſider the value of it, and put every moment to intereſt, it is incredible what an additional fund of knowledge and pleaſure ſuch an œconomy would bring in. I look back with regret upon that large ſum of time, which, in my youth, I laviſhed away idly, without either improvement or pleaſure. Take warning betimes, and enjoy every moment; pleaſures do not commonly laſt ſo long as life, and therefore ſhould not be neglected; and the longeſt life is too ſhort for knowledge, and conſequently every moment is precious.

I am ſurpriſed at having received no letter from you ſince you left Paris. I ſtill direct this to Straſburgh, as I did my two laſt. I ſhall direct my next to the poſt-houſe at Maïence, unleſs I receive, in the mean time, contrary inſtructions from you. Adieu! Remember *les attentions*: they muſt be your paſſports into good company.

LETTER LXI.

London, June the 23d, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Direct this Letter to Maïence, where I think it is likely to meet you, ſuppoſing, as I do, that you ſtaid three weeks at Manheim after the date of your laſt from thence; but ſhould you have ſtaid longer at Manheim, to which I have no objection, it will wait for you at Maïence. Maïence will not, I believe, have charms to detain you above a week; ſo that I reckon you will be at Bonn at the end of July, N. S. There you may ſtay juſt as little or as long as you pleaſe, and then proceed to Hanover.

I had a letter, by the laſt poſt, from a relation of mine at Hanover, Mr. Stanhope Aſpinwall, who is in the Duke of Newcaſtle's office, and has lately been appointed the King's Miniſter

to the Dey of Algiers; a poſt, which, notwithſtanding your views of foreign affairs, I believe you do not envy him. He tells me in that letter, there are very good lodgings to be had at one Mrs. Meyers' the next door to the Duke of Newcaſtle's, which he offers to take for you: I have deſired him to do it, in caſe Mrs. Meyers will wait for you till the latter end of Auguſt, or the beginning of September, N. S. which, I ſuppoſe, is about the time when you will be at Hanover. You will find this Mr. Aſpinwall of great uſe to you there. He will exert himſelf to the utmoſt to ſerve you: he has been twice or thrice at Hanover, and knows all the *allûres* there: he is very well with the Duke of Newcaſtle, and will puff you there. Moreover, if you have a mind to work as a volunteer in that *bureau*, he will aſſiſt and inform you. In ſhort, he is a very honeſt, ſenſible, and informed man; *mais ne païe pas beaucoup de ſa figure; il abuſe même du privilège qu'ont les hommes d'etre laids; et il ne ſera pas en reſte, avec les Lions et les Leopards qu'il trouvera à Algier.*

As you are entirely maſter of the time when you will leave Bonn, and go to Hanover, ſo are you maſter to ſtay at Hanover, as long as you pleaſe, and to go from thence where you pleaſe; provided, that at Chriſtmas you are at Berlin, for the beginning of the carnival: this I would not have you ſay at Hanover, conſidering the mutual diſpoſition of thoſe two courts; but when any body aſks you, where you are to go next, ſay that you propoſe rambling in Germany, at Brunſwick, Caſſel, *&c.* till the next ſpring; when you intend to be in Flanders, in your way to England. I take Berlin, at this time, to be the politeſt, the moſt ſhining, and the moſt uſeful court in Europe, for a young fellow to be at; and therefore I would, upon no account, not have you there, for at leaſt a couple of months of the carnival. If you are as well received, and paſs your time as well, at Bonn, as I believe you will, I would adviſe you to remain there till about the 20th of Auguſt, N. S.; in four days more you will be at Hanover. As for your ſtay there, it muſt be ſhorter or longer, according to certain circumſtances *which you know of*; ſuppoſing them at the beſt, then ſtay till within a week or ten days of the King's return to England; but ſuppoſing them at the worſt, your ſtay muſt not be too ſhort, for reaſons which you alſo know: no reſentment muſt either appear or be ſuſpected; therefore, at worſt, I think you muſt remain there a month, and at beſt, as long as ever you pleaſe. But I am convinced that all will turn out very well for you there. Every body is engaged or inclined to help you; the Miniſters, both Engliſh and German, the principal Ladies, and moſt of the foreign Miniſters: ſo that I may apply to you *nullum numen abeſt, ſi ſit prudentia.* Du Perron will, I believe, be back there, from Turin, much about the time you get there: pray be very attentive to him, and connect yourſelf with him as much as ever you can; for, beſides that he is a very pretty and well-informed man, he is very much in faſhion at Hanover, is perſonally very well with the King,

King, and certain Ladies; ſo that a viſible intimacy and connection with him will do you credit and ſervice. Pray cultivate Monſieur Hop, the Dutch Miniſter, who has always been very much my friend, and will, I am ſure, be yours: his manners, it is true, are not very engaging; he is rough, but he is ſincere. It is very uſeful ſometimes to ſee the things which one ought to avoid, as it is right to ſee very often thoſe which one ought to imitate; and my friend Hop's manners will frequently point out to you what yours ought to be, by the rule of contraries.

Congreve points out a ſort of critics, to whom he ſays that we are doubly obliged:

Rules for good writing they with pains indite,
Then ſhow us what is bad, by what they write.

It is certain that Monſieur Hop, with the beſt heart in the world, and a thouſand good qualities, has a thouſand enemies, and hardly a friend: ſingly from the roughneſs of his manners.

N. B. I heartily wiſh that you could have ſtayed long enough at Manheim, to have been ſeriouſly and deſperately in love with Madame de Taxis; who I ſuppoſe is a proud, inſolent, fine Lady, and who would conſequently have expected attentions little ſhort of adoration: nothing would do you more good than ſuch a paſſion; and I live in hopes that ſomebody or other will be able to excite ſuch a one in you: your hour may not yet be come, but it will come. Love has been not unaptly compared to the ſmall-pox, which moſt people have ſooner or later. Iphigenia had a wonderful effect upon Cimon; I wiſh ſome Hanover Iphigenia may try her ſkill upon you.

I recommend to you again, though I have already done it twice or thrice, to ſpeak German, even affectedly, while you are at Hanover; which will ſhow that you prefer that language, and be of more uſe to you there with *ſomebody*, than you can imagine. When you carry my letters to Monſieur Münchauſen, and Monſieur Schwiegeldt, addreſs yourſelf to them in German; the latter ſpeaks French very well, but the former extremely ill. Show great attention to Madame Münchauſen's daughter, who is a great favourite; thoſe little triſles pleaſe mothers, and ſometimes fathers, extremely. Obſerve and you will find, almoſt univerſally, that the leaſt things either pleaſe or diſpleaſe moſt; becauſe they neceſſarily imply, either a very ſtrong deſire of obliging, or an unpardonable indifference about it. I will give you a ridiculous inſtance enough of this truth, from my own experience. When I was Embaſſador the firſt time in Holland, Comte de Waſſenaer and his wife, people of the firſt rank and conſideration, had a little boy of about three years old, whom they were exceedingly fond of: in order to make my court to them, I was ſo too, and uſed to take the child often upon my lap, and play with him. One day his noſe was very

ſnotty,

ſnotty, upon which I took out my handkerchief and wiped it for him; this raiſed a loud laugh, and they called me a very handy nurſe; but the father and mother were ſo pleaſed with it, that to this day it is an anecdote in the family; and I never receive a letter from Comte Waſſenaer, but he makes me the compliments *du morveux que j'ay mouché autrefois:* who, by the way, I am aſſured, is now the prettieſt young fellow in Holland. Where one would gain people, remember that nothing is little. Adieu!

LETTER LXII.

London, June the 26th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS I have reaſon to fear, from your laſt letter of the 18th, N. S. from Manheim, that all, or at leaſt moſt of my letters to you, ſince you left Paris, have miſcarried; I think it requiſite, at all events, to repeat in this, the neceſſary parts of thoſe ſeveral letters, as far as they relate to your future motions.

I ſuppoſe that this will either find you, or be but a few days before you at Bonn, where it is directed; and I ſuppoſe too, that you have fixed your time for going from thence to Hanover. If things *turn out well at Hanover*, as in my opinion they will, *Chi ſtà bene non ſi muova*, ſtay there till a week or ten days before the King ſets out for England; but, ſhould *they turn out ill*, which I cannot imagine, ſtay however a month, that your departure may not ſeem a ſtep of diſcontent or peeviſhneſs; the very ſuſpicion of which is, by all means, to be avoided. Whenever you leave Hanover, be it ſooner or be it later, where would you go? *Lei è Padrone*, and I give you your choice: Would you paſs the months of November and December at Brunſwick, Caſſel, *&c.?* Would you chuſe to go for a couple of months to Ratiſbon, where you would be very well recommended to, and treated by, the King's Electoral Miniſter, the Baron de Behr, and where you would improve your *jus publicum?* Or would you rather go directly to Berlin, and ſtay there till the end of the Carnival? Two or three months at Berlin are, conſidering all circumſtances, neceſſary for you; and the Carnival months are the beſt; *pour le reſte décidez en dernier reſſort, et ſans appel comme d'abus.* Let me only know your decree, when you have formed it. Your good or ill ſucceſs at Hanover will have a very great influence upon your ſubſequent character, figure, and fortune in the world; therefore I confeſs, that I am more anxious about it, than ever bride was on her wedding-night, when wiſhes, hopes, fears, and doubts, tumultuouſly agitate, pleaſe, and terrify her. It is your firſt criſis: the character which you acquire there, will, more or leſs, be that which will abide by you for the reſt of your life. You will

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be tried and judged there, not as a boy, but as a man; and from that moment there is no appeal for character: it is fixed. To form that character advantageouſly, you have three objects particularly to attend to: your character as a man of morality, truth, and honour; your knowledge, in the objects of your deſtination, as a man of buſineſs; and your engaging and inſinuating addreſs, air, and manners, as a courtier; the ſure and only ſteps to favour. Merit at Courts, without favour, will do little or nothing; favour, without merit, will do a good deal; but favour and merit together will do every thing. Favour at Courts depends upon ſo many, ſuch trifling, ſuch unexpected, and unforeſeen events, that a good Courtier muſt attend to every circumſtance, however little, that either does, or can happen: he muſt have no abſences, no *diſtractions*; he muſt not ſay, I did not mind it; who would have thought it? He ought both to have minded; and to have thought it. A chamber-maid has ſometimes cauſed revolutions in Courts, which have produced others in kingdoms. Were I to make my way to favour in a Court I would neither wilfully, nor by negligence, give a dog or a cat there reaſon to diſlike me. Two *pies-grièches*, well inſtructed, you know, made the fortune of de Luines with Lewis XIII. Every ſtep a man makes at Court, requires as much attention and circumſpection, as thoſe which were made formerly between hot plough-ſhares, in the Ordeal, or fiery trials; which, in thoſe times of ignorance and ſuperſtition, were looked upon as demonſtrations of innocence or guilt. Direct your principal battery, at Hanover, at the D——— of N———'s: there are many weak places in that citadel; where, with a very little ſkill, you cannot fail making a great impreſſion. Aſk for his orders, in every thing you do; talk Auſtrian and Antigallican to him; and as ſoon as you are upon a foot of talking eaſily to him, tell him *en badinant*, that his ſkill and ſucceſs in thirty or forty elections in England, leave you no reaſon to doubt of his carrying his election for Frankfort; and that you look upon the Archduke as his Member for the Empire. In his hours of feſtivity and comporation, drop, that he puts you in mind of what Sir William Temple ſays of the Penſionary de Wit; who, at that time, governed half Europe; that he appeared at balls, aſſemblies, and publick places, as if he had nothing elſe to do, or to think of. When he talks to you upon foreign affairs, which he will often do, ſay, that you really cannot preſume to give any opinion of your own upon thoſe matters, looking upon yourſelf, at preſent, only as a poſtſcript to the *corps diplomatique*; but that, if his Grace will be pleaſed to make you an additional volume to it though but in *duodecimo*, you will do your beſt, that he ſhould neither be aſhamed nor repent of it. He loves to have a favourite, and to open himſelf to that favourite: he has now no ſuch perſon with him; the place is vacant, and if you have dexterity you may fill it. In one thing alone, do not humour him; I mean drinking; for as I believe you have never yet been drunk,

drunk, you do not yourſelf know how you can bear your wine, and what a little too much of it may make you do or ſay: you might poſſibly kick down all you had done before.

You do not love gaming, and I thank God for it; but at Hanover I would have you ſhow, and profeſs, a particular diſlike to play, ſo as to decline it upon all occaſions, unleſs where one may be wanted to make a fourth at whiſt or quadrille; and then take care to declare it the reſult of your complaiſance, not of your inclinations. Without ſuch precaution, you may very poſſibly be ſuſpected, though unjuſtly, of loving play, upon account of my former paſſion for it; and ſuch a ſuſpicion would do you a great deal of hurt, eſpecially with the King, who deteſts gaming. I muſt end this abruptly. God bleſs you.

LETTER LXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

VERSATILITY as a courtier, may be almoſt deciſive to you hereafter; that is, it may conduce to, or retard your preferment in your own deſtination. The firſt reputation goes a great way; and if you fix a good one at Hanover, it will operate alſo to your advantage in England. The trade of a courtier is as much a trade, as that of a ſhoemaker; and he who applies himſelf the moſt, will work the beſt: the only difficulty is to diſtinguiſh (what I am ſure you have ſenſe enough to diſtinguiſh) between the right and proper qualifications and their kindred faults; for there is but a line between every perfection and its neighbouring imperfection. As for example, you muſt be extremely well bred and polite, but without the troubleſome forms and ſtiffneſs of ceremony. You muſt be reſpectful and aſſenting, but without being ſervile and abject. You muſt be frank, but without indiſcretion, and cloſe, without being coſtive. You muſt keep up dignity of character, without the leaſt pride of birth, or rank. You muſt be gay, within all the bounds of decency and reſpect; and grave without the affectation of wiſdom, which does not become the age of twenty. You muſt be eſſentially ſecret, without being dark and myſterious. You muſt be firm, and even bold, but with great ſeeming modeſty.

With theſe qualifications, which, by the way, are all in your own power, I will anſwer for your ſucceſs, not only at Hanover, but at any court in Europe. And I am not ſorry that you begin your apprenticeſhip at a little one; becauſe, you muſt be more circumſpect, and more upon your guard there, than at a great one, where every little thing is not known, nor reported.

When you write to me, or to any body elſe, from thence, take care that your letters contain commendations of all that you ſee and hear there; for they will moſt of them be opened and read: but, as frequent Couriers will come from Hanover to England, you may ſometimes write to me without reſerve;

and

and put your letters into a very little box, which you may ſend ſafely by ſome of them.

I muſt not omit mentioning to you, that, at the Duke of Newcaſtle's table, where you will frequently dine, there is a great deal of drinking; be upon your guard againſt it, both upon account of your health, which would not bear it, and of the conſequences of your being fluſtered and heated with wine; it might engage you in ſcrapes and frolics, which the King (who is a very ſober man himſelf) deteſts. On the other hand, you ſhould not ſeem too grave and too wiſe to drink like the reſt of the company; therefore uſe art; mix water with your wine; do not drink all that is in the glaſs; and if detected, and preſſed to drink more, do not cry out ſobriety; but ſay, that you have lately been out of order, that you are ſubject to inflammatory complaints, and that you muſt beg to be excuſed for the preſent. A young fellow ought to be wiſer than he ſhould ſeem to be; and an old fellow ought to ſeem wiſe, whether he really be ſo or not.

During your ſtay at Hanover, I would have you make two or three excurſions to parts of that Electorate: the Hartz, where the ſilver mines are; Gottingen, for the univerſity; Stade, for what commerce there is. You ſhould alſo go to Zell. In ſhort, ſee every thing that is to be ſeen there, and inform yourſelf well of all the details of that country. Go to Hamburgh for three or four days, and know the conſtitution of that little Hanſeatic Republic, and inform yourſelf well of the nature of the King of Denmark's pretenſions to it.

If all things turn out right for you at Hanover, I would have you make it your head-quarters, till about a week or ten days before the King leaves it; and then go to Brunſwick, which, though a little, is a very polite pretty court. You may ſtay there a fortnight or three weeks, as you like it; and from thence go to Caſſel, and there ſtay till you go to Berlin; where I would have you be by Chriſtmas. At Hanover you will very eaſily get good letters of recommendation to Brunſwick and to Caſſel. You do not want any to Berlin, however, I will ſend you one for Voltaire. *A propos* of Berlin; be very reſerved and cautious, while at Hanover, as to that King and that country; both which are deteſted, becauſe feared by every body there, from his Majeſty down to the meaneſt peaſant: but however, they both extremely deſerve your utmoſt attention; and you will ſee the arts and wiſdom of government better in that country, now, than in any other in Europe. You may ſtay three months at Berlin, if you like it, as I believe you will; and after that I hope we ſhall meet here again.

Of all the places in the world (I repeat it once more) eſtabliſh a good reputation at Hanover, *et faites vous valoir là, autant qu'il eſt poſſible; par le brillant, les manières et les graces.* Indeed it is of the greateſt importance to you, and will make any future application to the King in your behalf very eaſy. He is more

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taken by thoſe little things, than any man, or even woman, that I ever knew in my life: and I do not wonder at him. In ſhort, exert to the utmoſt all your means and powers to pleaſe; and remember, that he, who pleaſes the moſt, will riſe the ſooneſt, and the higheſt. Try but once the pleaſure and advantage of pleaſing, and I will anſwer, that you will never more neglect the means.

I ſend you here with two letters, the one to Monſieur Münchauſen, the other to Monſieur Schwiegeldt, an old friend of mine, and a very ſenſible knowing man. They will both, I am ſure, be extremely civil to you, and carry you into the beſt company; and then it is your buſineſs to pleaſe that company. I never was more anxious about any period of your life, than I am about this your Hanover expedition, it being of ſo much more conſequence to you than any other. If I hear from thence, that you are liked and loved there, for your air, your manners, and addreſs, as well as eſteemed for your knowledge, I ſhall be the happieſt man in the world; judge then what I muſt be, if it happens otherwiſe. Adieu!

LETTER LXIV.

London, July the 21ſt, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY my calculation, this letter may probably arrive at Hanover three or four days before you; and as I am ſure of its arriving there ſafe, it ſhall contain the moſt material points that I have mentioned in my ſeveral letters to you ſince you left Paris, as if you had received but few of them, which may very probably be the caſe.

As for your ſtay at Hanover, it muſt not *in all events* be leſs than a month; but, if things turn out to *your ſatisfaction*, it may be juſt as long as you pleaſe. From thence you may go wherever you like; for I have ſo good an opinion of your judgment, that I think you will combine and weigh all circumſtances, and chuſe the propereſt places. Would you ſaunter at ſome of the ſmall courts, at Brunſwick, Caſſel, &c. till the Carnival at Berlin? You are maſter. Would you paſs a couple of months at Ratiſbon, which might not be ill employed? *A la bonne heure.* Would you go to Bruſſels, ſtay a month or two there with Dayrolles, and from thence to Mr. Yorke, at the Hague? With all my heart. Or, laſtly, would you go to Copenhagen and Stockholm? *Lei è anche Padrone:* chuſe entirely for yourſelf, without any farther inſtructions from me, only let me know your determination in time, that I may ſettle your credit, in caſe you go to places where at preſent you have none. Your object ſhould be to ſee the *mores multorum hominum et urbes*; begin and end it where you pleaſe.

By what you have already ſeen of the German Courts, I am ſure you muſt have obſerved that they are much more nice and ſcrupulous, in points of ceremony, reſpect, and attention, than the greater Courts of France and England. You will therefore,

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I am perſuaded, attend to the minuteſt circumſtances of addreſs and behaviour, particularly during your ſtay at Hanover, which (I will repeat it, though I have ſaid it often to you already) is the moſt important preliminary period of your whole life. Nobody in the world is more exact in all points of good-breeding, than the King; and it is the part of every man's character that he informs himſelf of, firſt. The leaſt negligence, or the ſlighteſt inattention, reported to him, may do you infinite prejudice; as their contraries would, ſervice.

If Lord Albemarle (as I believe he did) truſted you with the ſecret affairs of his department, let the Duke of Newcaſtle know that he did ſo; which will be an inducement to him to truſt you too, and poſſibly to employ you in affairs of conſequence. Tell him, that though you are young, you know the importance of ſecrecy in buſineſs, and can keep a ſecret; that I have always inculcated this doctrine into you, and have moreover ſtrictly forbidden you ever to communicate, even to me, any matters of a ſecret nature, which you may happen to be truſted with in the courſe of buſineſs.

As for buſineſs, I think I can truſt you to yourſelf; but I wiſh I could ſay as much for you with regard to thoſe exterior accompliſhments, which are abſolutely neceſſary to ſmooth and ſhorten the way to it. Half the buſineſs is done, when one has gained the heart and the affections of thoſe with whom one is to tranſact it. Air and addreſs muſt begin, manners and attention muſt finiſh the work. I will let you into one ſecret concerning myſelf; which is, that I owe much more of the ſucceſs which I have had in the world, to my manners, than to any ſuperior degree of merit or knowledge. I deſired to pleaſe, and I neglected none of the means. This, I can aſſure you, without any falſe modeſty, is the truth. You have more knowledge than I had at your age, but then I had much more attention, and good-breeding than you. Call it vanity, if you pleaſe, and poſſibly it was ſo; but my great object was to make every man I met with like me, and every woman love me. I often ſucceeded; but why? By taking great pains; for otherwiſe I never ſhould; my figure by no means intitled me to it, and I had certainly an up-hill game: whereas your countenance would help you, if you made the moſt of it, and proſcribed for ever, the guilty, gloomy, and funereal part of it. Dreſs, addreſs, and air, would become your beſt countenance and make your little figure paſs very well.

If you have time to read, at Hanover, pray let the books you read be all relative to the hiſtory and conſtitution of that country; which I would have you know, as correctly as any Hanoverian in the whole Electorate. Inform yourſelf of the powers of the States, and of the nature and extent of the ſeveral Judicatures; the particular articles of trade and commerce

of

of Bremen, Harburg, and Stade; the details and value of the mines of the Hartz. Two or three ſhort books will give you the outlines of all theſe things; and converſation, turned upon thoſe ſubjects, will do the reſt, and better than books can.

Remember, of all things, to ſpeak nothing but German there; make it (to expreſs myſelf pedantically) your vernacular language; ſeem to prefer it to any other; call it your favourite language, and ſtudy to ſpeak it with purity and elegancy, if it has any. This will not only make you perfect in it, but will pleaſe, and make your court there better than any thing. *A propos* of languages; Did you improve your Italian while you were at Paris, or did you forget it? Had you a maſter there; and what Italian books did you read with him? If you are maſter of Italian, I would have you afterwards, by the firſt convenient opportunity, learn Spaniſh, which you may very eaſily, and in a very little time do; you will then, in the courſe of your foreign buſineſs, never be obliged to employ, pay, or truſt, any Tranſlator, for any European language.

As I love to provide eventually for every thing that can poſſibly happen, I will ſuppoſe the worſt that can befall you at Hanover. In that caſe, I would have you go immediately to the Duke of Newcaſtle, and beg his Grace's advice, or rather orders, what you ſhould do; adding, that his advice will always be orders to you. You will tell him, that, though you are exceedingly mortified, you are much leſs ſo, than you ſhould otherwiſe be, from the conſideration, that being utterly unknown to his M——, his objection could not be perſonal to you, and could only ariſe from circumſtances, which it was not in your power either to prevent or remedy: that if his Grace thought, that your continuing any longer there would be diſagreeable, you intreated him to tell you ſo; and that, upon the whole, you referred yourſelf entirely to him, whoſe orders you ſhould moſt ſcrupulouſly obey. But this precaution, I dare ſay, is *ex abundanti*, and will prove unneceſſary; however, it is always right to be prepared for all events, the worſt as well as the beſt; it prevents hurry and ſurprize, two dangerous ſituations in buſineſs; for I know no one thing ſo uſeful, ſo neceſſary in all buſineſs, as great coolneſs, ſteadineſs, and *ſang froid*; they give an incredible advantage, over whoever one has to do with.

I have received your letter of the 15th, N. S. from Maïence, where I find that you have diverted yourſelf much better than I expected. I am very well acquainted with Comte Cobentzel's character, both of parts and buſineſs He could have given you letters to Bonn, having formerly reſided there himſelf. You will not be ſo agreeably *electrified*, where this letter will find you, as you were, both at Manheim and Maïence; but I hope you may meet with a ſecond German Mrs. F—ld, who may make you forget the two former ones, and practiſe your German. Such tranſient paſſions will do you no harm; but on the contrary, a great deal of good: they will refine your manners and quicken

your

your attention; they give a young fellow *du brillant*, and bring him into faſhion; which laſt is a great article at ſetting out in the world.

I have wrote, above a month ago, to Lord Albemarle, to thank him for all his kindneſſes to you; but pray have you done as much? Thoſe are the neceſſary attentions, which ſhould never be omitted, eſpecially in the beginning of life, when a character is to be eſtabliſhed.

That ready wit which you ſo partially allow me, and ſo juſtly Sir Charles Williams, may create many admirers; but take my word for it, it makes few friends. It ſhines and dazzles like the noon-day ſun, but, like that too, is very apt to ſcorch; and therefore is always feared. The milder, morning and evening, light and heat of that planet, ſooth and calm our minds. Good ſenſe, complaiſance, gentleneſs of manners, attentions, and graces, are the only things that truly engage, and durably keep the heart at long run. Never ſeek for wit, if it preſents itſelf, well and good; but, even in that caſe, let your judgment interpoſe; and take care that it be not at the expence of any body. Pope ſays, very truly,

> There are whom Heaven has bleſt with ſtore of wit,
> Yet want as much again to govern it.

And in another place, I doubt with too much truth,

> For wit and judgment ever are at ſtriſe,
> Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

The Germans are very ſeldom troubled with any extraordinary ebullitions or effervеſcences of wit, and it is not prudent to try it upon them; whoever does, *offendet ſolido*.

Remember to write me very minute accounts of all your tranſactions at Hanover, for they excite both my impatience and anxiety. Adieu.

LETTER LXV.

London, Auguſt the 4th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Am extremely concerned at the return of your old aſthmatic complaint, which your letter from Caſſel of the 28th July, N. S. informs me of. I believe it is chiefly owing to your own negligence; for, notwithſtanding the ſeaſon of the year, and the heat and agitation of travelling, I dare ſwear you have not taken one ſingle doſe of gentle, cooling phyſic, ſince that which I made you take at Bath. I hope you are now better, and in better hands, I mean in Dr. Hugo's at Hanover; he is certainly a very ſkilful phyſician, and therefore I deſire that you will inform him moſt minutely of your own caſe, from your firſt attack in Carniola to this laſt at Marpurgh; and not only follow his preſcriptions

tions exactly at preſent, but take his directions, with regard to the regimen that he would have you obſerve, to prevent the returns of this complaint; and, in caſe of any returns, the immediate applications, whether external or internal, that he would have you make uſe of. Conſider, it is very well worth your while to ſubmit at preſent to any courſe of medicine or diet, to any reſtraint or confinement, for a time, in order to get rid, once for all, of ſo troubleſome and painful a diſtemper: the returns of which would equally break in upon your buſineſs and your pleaſures. Notwithſtanding all this, which is plain ſenſe and reaſon, I much fear, that, as ſoon as ever you are got out of your preſent diſtreſs, you will take no preventive care, by a proper courſe of medicines and regimen; but, like moſt people of your age, think it impoſſible, that you ever ſhould be ill again. However, if you will not be wiſe for your own ſake, I deſire you will be ſo for mine, and moſt ſcrupulouſly obſerve Dr. Hugo's preſent and future directions.

Hanover, where I take it for granted you are, is at preſent the ſeat and centre of foreign negotiations; there are Miniſters from almoſt every Court in Europe; and you have a fine opportunity of diſplaying with modeſty, in converſation, your knowledge of the matters now in agitation. The chief I take to be the Election of the King of the Romans, which, though I deſpair of, I heartily wiſh were brought about, for two reaſons. The firſt is, that I think it may prevent a war upon the death of the preſent Emperor, who, though young and healthy, may poſſibly die, as young and healthy people often do. The other, is the very reaſon that makes ſome Powers oppoſe it, and others diſlike it, who do not openly oppoſe it; I mean that it may tend to make the Imperial dignity hereditary in the Houſe of Auſtria, which I heartily wiſh, together with a very great increaſe of power in the Empire; till when, Germany will never be any thing near a match for France. Cardinal Richelieu ſhowed his ſuperior abilities in nothing more, than in thinking no pains nor expence too great to break the power of the Houſe of Auſtria in the Empire. Ferdinand had certainly made himſelf abſolute, and the Empire conſequently formidable to France, if that Cardinal had not piouſly adopted the Proteſtant cauſe, and put the Empire, by the treaty of Weſtphalia, in pretty much the ſame diſ-jointed ſituation in which France itſelf was before Lewis the XIth; when Princes of the blood, at the head of provinces, and Dukes of Brittany, *&c.* always oppoſed, and often gave laws to the Crown. Nothing but making the Empire hereditary in the Houſe of Auſtria, can give it that ſtrength and efficacy, which I wiſhed it had, for the ſake of the Balance of power. For while the Princes of the Empire are ſo independent of the Emperor, ſo divided among themſelves, and ſo open to the corruption of the beſt bidders; it is ridiculous to expect that Germany ever will, or can, act as a compact and well-united body againſt France. But as this notion

of

of mine would as little please *ſome of our friends*, as many of our enemies, I would not adviſe you, though you ſhould be of the ſame opinion, to declare yourſelf too freely ſo. Could the Elector Palatine be ſatisfied, which I confeſs will be difficult, conſidering the nature of his pretenſions, the tenaciouſneſs and haughtineſs of the Court of Vienna, and our inability to do, as we have too often done, their work for them; I ſay, if the Elector Palatine could be engaged to give his vote, I ſhould think it would be right to proceed to the election with a clear majority of five votes; and leave the King of Pruſſia, and the Elector of Cologne, to proteſt and remonſtrate as much as ever they pleaſe. The former is too wiſe, and the latter too weak in every reſpect, to act in conſequence of thoſe proteſts. The diſtracted ſituation of France, with its eccleſiaſtical and parliamentary quarrels, not to mention the illneſs and poſſibly the death of the Dauphin, will make the King of Pruſſia, who is certainly no Frenchman in his heart, very cautious how he acts as one. The Elector of Saxony will be influenced by the King of Poland, who muſt be determined by Ruſſia, conſidering his views upon Poland, which, by the bye, I hope he will never obtain: I mean, as to making that crown hereditary in his family. As for his ſon's having it by the precarious tenure of election, by which his father now holds it, *à la bonne heure*. But ſhould Poland have a good government under hereditary Kings, there would be a new devil raiſed in Europe, that I do not know who could lay. I am ſure I would not raiſe him, though on my own ſide for the preſent.

I do not know how I came to trouble my head ſo much about politics, to-day, which has been ſo very free from them for ſome years; I ſuppoſe it was, becauſe I knew that I was writing to the moſt conſummate politician of this, and his age. If I err, you will ſet me right; *ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis, canaidus imperti, &c.*

I am exceſſively impatient for your next letter, which I expect by the firſt poſt from Hanover, to remove my anxiety, as I hope it will, not only with regard to your health, but likewiſe to *other things*; in the mean time, in the language of a pedant, but with the tenderneſs of a parent, *jubeo te bene valere*.

Lady Cheſterfield makes you many compliments, and is much concerned at your indiſpoſition.

LETTER LXVI.

A Monſieur de Voltaire pour lors à Berlin.

A Londres, 27 d'Aout, V. S. 1752.

MONSIEUR,

JE m'intéreſſe infiniment à tout ce qui touche Monſieur Stanhope, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre; c'eſt pourquoi je prens la liberté de vous le préſenter; je ne peus pas lui en donner

donner une preuve plus convainquante. Il a beaucoup lû, il a beaucoup vû, s'il l'a bien digeré voilà ce que je ne ſçais pas; il n'a que vingt ans. Il a déja été à Berlin il y a quelques années, et c'eſt pourquoi il y retourne à preſent; car à cette heure on revient au Nord par les mêmes raiſons, pour leſquelles on alloit il n'y a pas longtems au Sud.

Permettez, Monſieur, que je vous remercie du plaiſir et de l'inſtruction que m'a donné vôtre Hiſtoire du Siécle de Louis XIV. Je ne l'ai lu encore que quatre fois, c'eſt que je voudrois l'oublier un peu avant la cinquieme, mais je vois que cela m'eſt impoſſible; j'attendrai donc l'augmentation que vous nous en avez promis, mais je vous ſupplie de ne me la pas faire attendre longtems. Je croïois ſçavoir paſſablement l'Hiſtoire du Siécle de Louis XIV. moïennant les milliers d'Hiſtoires, de Memoires, d'Anecdotes, *&c.* que j'en avois lû, mais vous m'avez bien montré que je m'étois trompé, et que je n'en avois qu'une idée très confuſe à bien des égards, et très fauſſe à bien d'autres. Que je vous ſçais gré ſur tout, Monſieur, du jour dans lequel vous avez mis les folies et les fureurs des ſectes. Vous emploïez contre ces fous ou ces impoſteurs les armes convenables; d'en emploier d'autres ce ſeroit les imiter: c'eſt par le ridicule qu'il faut les attaquer, c'eſt par le mépris qu'il faut les punir. A propos de ces ſous, je vous envoïe ci joint, une piece ſur leur ſujet par le feu Docteur Swift, laquelle, je crois ne vous déplaira pas. Elle n'a jamais été imprimée, vous en devinerez bien la raiſon, mais elle eſt authentique. J'en ai l'original écrit de ſa propre main. Son Jupiter, au jour du jugement, les traite à peu près comme vous les traitez, et comme ils le méritent.

Au reſte, Monſieur, je vous dirai franchement, que je ſuis embaraſſé ſur vôtre ſujet, et que je ne peus pas me décider ſur ce que je ſouhaiterois de vôtre part. Quand je lis vôtre derniere hiſtoire, je voudrois que vous fuſſiez toujours hiſtorien; mais quand je lis vôtre Rome Sauvée (toute mal imprimée et défigurée qu'elle eſt) je vous voudrois toujours Poëte. J'avoue pourtant qu'il vous reſte encore une hiſtoire a écrire digne de vôtre plume, et dont vôtre plume eſt ſeule digne. Vous nous avez donné il y a longtems l'hiſtoire du plus grand Furieux (je vous demande pardon ſi je ne peus pas dire du plus grand Héros) de l'Europe. Vous nous avez donné en dernier lieu, l'hiſtoire du plus grand Roi; donnez nous, à preſent, l'hiſtoire du plus grand et du plus honnête Homme de l'Europe, que je croirois dégrader en appellant Roi. Vous l'avez toujours devant vos yeux, rien ne vous ſeroit plus facile; ſa gloire n'exigeant pas vôtre invention poëtique, mais pouvant ſe repoſer en toute ſureté ſur vôtre verité hiſtorique. Il n'a rien à demander à ſon hiſtorien, que ſon premier devoir comme hiſtorien, qui eſt. *Ne quid falſi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.* Adieu, Monſieur, je vois bien que je dois vous admirer de plus en plus tous les jours, mais auſſi je ſçais bien

bien que rien ne pourra jamais ajouter à l'eſtime et à l'attachement avec leſquels je ſuis actuellement,

Votre très humble, et
tres obéiſſant ſerviteur,
CHESTERFIELD.

TRANSLATION.

London, Auguſt the 27th, O. S. 1752.

SIR

AS a moſt convincing proof how infinitely I am intereſted in every thing which concerns Mr. Stanhope, who will have the honour of preſenting you this letter, I take the liberty of introducing him to you. He has read a great deal, he hath ſeen a great deal; whether or not he has made a proper uſe of that knowledge, is what I do not know: he is only twenty years of age. He was at Berlin ſome years ago, and therefore he returns thither; for at preſent people are attracted towards the north, by the ſame motives which but lately drew them to the ſouth.

Permit me, Sir, to return you thanks for the pleaſure and inſtruction I have received from your Hiſtory of Lewis XIV th. I have as yet read it but four times, becauſe I wiſh to forget it a little before I read it a fifth; but I find that impoſſible: I ſhall therefore only wait till you give us the augmentation which you promiſed: let me entreat you not to defer it long. I thought myſelf pretty converſant in the Hiſtory of the Reign of Lewis XIVth, by means of thoſe innumerable hiſtories, memoirs, anecdotes, *&c.* which I had read relative to that period of time. You have convinced me that I was miſtaken, and had upon that ſubject very confuſed ideas in many reſpects, and very falſe ones in others. Above all, I cannot but acknowledge the obligation we have to you, Sir, for the light which you have thrown upon the follies and outrages of the different ſects; the weapons you employ againſt thoſe madmen, or thoſe impoſtors, are the only ſuitable ones; to make uſe of any others would be imitating them: they muſt be attacked by ridicule, and puniſhed with contempt. *A propos* of thoſe fanatics; I ſend you here encloſed, a piece upon that ſubject, written by the late Dean Swift: I believe you will not diſlike it. You will eaſily gueſs why it never was printed: it is authentic, and I have the original in his own hand-writing. His Jupiter, at the day of judgment, treats them much as you do, and as they deſerve to be treated.

Give me leave, Sir, to tell you freely, that I am embarraſſed upon your account, as I cannot determine what it is that I wiſh from you. When I read your laſt hiſtory, I am deſirous that you ſhould always write hiſtory; but when I read your *Rome Sauvée* (although ill printed and disfigured) yet I then wiſh you never to deviate from poetry: however, I confeſs that there ſtill remains one hiſtory worthy of your pen, and of which your pen

alone is worthy. You have long ago given us the hiſtory of the greateſt and moſt outrageous Madman (I aſk your pardon if I cannot ſay the greateſt Hero) of Europe; you have given us latterly the hiſtory of the greateſt King; give us now the hiſtory of the greateſt and moſt virtuous Man in Europe; I ſhould think it degrading to call him King. To you this cannot be difficult, he is always before your eyes; your poetical invention is not neceſſary to his glory, as that may ſafely rely upon your hiſtorical candour. The firſt duty of an hiſtorian is the only one he need require from his, *Ne quid falſi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.* Adieu, Sir, I find that I muſt admire you every day more and more; but I alſo know that nothing ever can add to the eſteem and attachment with which I am actually,

Your moſt humble, and
moſt obedient ſervant.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXVII.

London, Sept. 19th, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE you have been at Hanover, your correſpondence has been both unfrequent and laconic. You made indeed one great effort in folio on the 18th, with a poſtſcript of the 22d Auguſt, N. S. and ſince that, *vous avez ratté in quarto.* On the 31ſt Auguſt, N. S. you give me no informations of what I want chiefly to know; which is what Dr. Hugo (whom I charged you to conſult) ſaid of your aſthmatic complaint, and what he preſcribed you to prevent the returns of it; and alſo what is the company that you keep there; who has been kind and civil to you, and who not.

You ſay that you go conſtantly to the parade; and you do very well, for though you are not of that trade, yet military matters make ſo great a part both of converſation and negotiation, that it is very proper not to be ignorant of them. I hope you mind more than the mere exerciſe of the troops you ſee; and that you inform yourſelf at the ſame time of the more material détails; ſuch as their pay, and the difference of it when in and out of quarters; and what is furniſhed them by the country when in quarters; and what is allowed them of ammunition bread, *&c.* when in the field; the number of men and officers in the ſeveral troops and companies, together with the non-commiſſioned officers, as *caporals fre-caporals, anſpeſſades*, ſerjeants, quartermaſters, *&c.*; the clothing, how frequent, how good, and how furniſhed; whether by the Colonel, as here in England, from what we call the *off-reckonings*, that is, deductions from the men's pay, or by Commiſſaries appointed by the Government for that purpoſe, as in France and Holland. By theſe inquiries you will be able to talk military with military men, who, in every country in Europe, except England, make at leaſt half of all the

the beſt companies. Your attending the parades has alſo another good effect, which is, that it brings you of courſe acquainted with the officers, who, when of a certain rank and ſervice, are generally very polite, well-bred people, *et du bon ton*. They have commonly ſeen a great deal of the world, and of courts; and nothing elſe can form a gentleman, let people ſay what they will of ſenſe and learning: with both which, a man may contrive to be a very diſagreeable companion. I dare ſay, there are very few Captains of foot, who are not much better company than ever Deſcartes or Sir Iſaac Newton were. I honour and reſpect ſuch ſuperior geniuſes; but I deſire to converſe with people of this world, who bring into company their ſhare, at leaſt, of chearfulneſs, good-breeding, and knowledge of mankind. In common life, one much oftner wants ſmall money, and ſilver, than gold: give me a man who has ready caſh about him for preſent expences; ſix-pences, ſhillings, half-crowns, and crowns, which circulate eaſily: but a man who has only an ingot of gold about him, is much above common purpoſes, and his riches are not handy nor convenient. Have as much gold as you pleaſe in one pocket, but take care always to keep change in the other; for you will much oftner have occaſion for a ſhilling than for a guinea. In this the French muſt be allowed to excel all people in the world: they have *un certain entregent, un enjouement, une aimable légéreté dans la converſation, une politeſſe aiſée et natureile, qui paroit ne leur rien couter*, which give Society all its charms. I am ſorry to add, but it is too true, that the Engliſh and the Dutch are the fartheſt from this, of all the people in the world; I do, by no means, except even the Swiſs.

Though you did not think proper to inform me, I know from other hands, that you were to go to the Göhr with the Comte Schullemburg, for eight or ten days only, to ſee the reviews: I know alſo, that you had a bliſter upon your arm, which did you a great deal of good: I know too, you have contracted a great friendſhip with Lord Eſſex; and that you two were inſeparable at Hanover. All theſe things I would rather have known from you, than from others; and they are the ſort of things that I am the moſt deſirous of knowing, as they are more immediately relative to yourſelf.

I am very ſorry for the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle's illneſs, full as much upon your as upon her account, as it has hindered you from being ſo much known to the Duke as I could have wiſhed: uſe and habit going a great way with him, as, indeed, they do with moſt people. I have known many people patronized, puſhed up, and preferred, by thoſe who could have given no other reaſon for it, than that they were uſed to them. We muſt never ſeek for motives by deep reaſoning, but we muſt find them out by careful obſervation and attention: no matter what they ſhould be; but the point is, what they are. Trace them up, ſtep by ſtep, from the character of the perſon. I have known

de par le monde, as Brantôme ſays, great effects from cauſes too little ever to have been ſuſpected. Some things muſt be known, and can never be gueſſed.

God knows where this letter will find you, or follow you; not at Hanover, I ſuppoſe; but wherever it does, may it find you in health and pleaſure! Adieu.

LETTER LXVIII.

London, Sept. the 22d, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day after the date of my laſt, I received your letter of the 8th. I approve extremely of your intended progreſs, and am very glad that you go to the Göhr with Comte Schullemburg. I would have you ſee every thing with your own eyes, and hear every thing with your own ears; for I know, by very long experience, that it is very unſafe to truſt to other people's. Vanity and intereſt cauſe many miſrepreſentations, and folly cauſes many more. Few people have parts enough to relate, exactly and judiciouſly; and thoſe who have, for ſome reaſon or other, never fail to ſink, or to add ſome circumſtances.

The reception which you have met with at Hanover, I look upon as an omen of your being well received every where elſe: for to tell you the truth, it was the place that I diſtruſted the moſt in that particular. But there is a certain conduct, there are *certaines maniéres* that will, and muſt get the better of all difficulties of that kind; it is to acquire them, that you ſtill continue abroad, and go from Court to Court: they are perſonal, local, and temporal; they are modes which vary, and owe their exiſtence to accidents, whim, and humour; all the ſenſe and reaſon in the world would never point them out; nothing but experience, obſervation, and what is called knowledge of the world, can poſſibly teach them. For example, it is reſpectful to bow to the King of England, it is diſreſpectful to bow to the King of France; it is the rule to courteſy to the Emperor; and the proſtration of the whole body is required by Eaſtern Monarchs. Theſe are eſtabliſhed ceremonies, and muſt be complied with; but why they were eſtabliſhed, I defy ſenſe and reaſon to tell us. It is the ſame among all ranks, where certain cuſtoms are received, and muſt neceſſarily be complied with, though by no means the reſult of ſenſe and reaſon. As for inſtance, the very abſurd, though almoſt univerſal cuſtom of drinking people's healths. Can there be any thing in the world leſs relative to any other man's health, than my drinking a glaſs of wine? Common ſenſe, certainly, never pointed it out; but yet common ſenſe tells me I muſt conform to it. Good ſenſe, bids one be civil, and endeavour to pleaſe; though nothing but experience and obſervation can teach one the means, properly adapted to time, place, and perſons. This knowledge is the true object of a gentleman's travelling, if he travels as he

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ought to do. By frequenting good company in every country, he himſelf becomes of every country; he is no longer an Engliſhman, a Frenchman, or an an Italian; but he is an European: he adopts, reſpectively, the beſt manners of every country; and is a Frenchman at Paris, an Italian at Rome, an Engliſhman at London.

This advantage, I muſt confeſs, very ſeldom accrues to my countrymen from their travelling; as they have neither the deſire nor the means of getting into good company abroad: for, in the firſt place, they are confoundedly baſhful; and, in the next place, they either ſpeak no foreign language at all, or, if they do, it is barbarouſly. You poſſeſs all the advantages that they want; you know the languages in perfection, and have conſtantly kept the beſt company in the places where you have been; ſo that you ought to be an European. Your canvas is ſolid and ſtrong, your outlines are good; but remember that you ſtill want the beautiful colouring of Titian, and the delicate graceful touches of Guido. Now is your time to get them. There is, in all good company, a faſhionable air, countenance, manner, and phraſeology, which can only be acquired by being in good company, and very attentive to all that paſſes there. When you dine or ſup at any well-bred man's houſe, obſerve carefully how he does the honours of his table to the different gueſts. Attend to the compliments of congratulation, or condolence, that you hear a well-bred man make to his ſuperiors, to his equals, and to his inferiors; watch even his countenance and his tone of voice, for they all conſpire in the main point of pleaſing. There is a certain diſtinguiſhing diction of a man of faſhion: he will not content himſelf with ſaying, like John Trott, to a new-married man, Sir, I wiſh you much joy; or to a man who has loſt his ſon, Sir, I am ſorry for your loſs; and both with a countenance equally unmoved: but he will ſay in effect the ſame thing, in a more elegant and leſs trivial manner, and with a countenance adapted to the occaſion. He will advance with warmth, vivacity, and a chearful countenance, to the new-married man, and embracing him, perhaps ſay to him, "If you do juſtice to my attachment to you, you will judge "of the joy that I feel upon this occaſion, better than I can "expreſs it," *&c.* to the other, in affliction, he will advance ſlowly, with a grave compoſure of countenance, in a more deliberate manner, and with a lower voice, perhaps ſay, "I hope "you do me the juſtice to be convinced, that I feel whatever "you feel, and ſhall ever be affected where you are con-"cerned."

Your *abord*, I muſt tell you, was too cold and uniform; I hope it is now mended. It ſhould be reſpectfully open and chearful with your ſuperiors, warm and animated with your equals, hearty and free with your inferiors. There is a faſhionable kind of *ſmall talk*, which you ſhould get; which, trifling as it is, is of uſe in mixed companies, and at table, eſpecially in your foreign

reign department; where it keeps off certain ſerious ſubjects, that might create diſputes, or at leaſt coldneſs for a time. Upon ſuch occaſions it is not amiſs to know how to *parler cuiſine*, and to be able to diſſert upon the growth and flavour of wines. Theſe, it is true, are very little things; but they are little things that occur very often, and therefore ſhould be ſaid *avec gentilleſſe, et grace*. I am ſure they muſt fall often in your way, pray take care to catch them. There is a certain language of converſation, a faſhionable diction, which every gentleman ought to be perfectly maſter of, in whatever language he ſpeaks. The French attend to it carefully, and with great reaſon; and their language, which is a language of phraſes, helps them out exceedingly. That delicacy of diction is characteriſtical of a man of faſhion and good company.

I could write folios upon this ſubject, and not exhauſt it: but I think, and hope, that to you I need not. You have heard and ſeen enough, to be convinced of the truth and importance of what I have been ſo long inculcating into you upon theſe points. How happy am I, and how happy are you, my dear child, that theſe Titian tints, and Guido graces, are all that you want to complete my hopes, and your own character! But then, on the other hand, what a drawback would it be to that happineſs, if you ſhould never acquire them? I remember, when I was of your age, though I had not had near ſo good an education as you have, or ſeen a quarter ſo much of the world, I obſerved thoſe maſterly touches, and irreſiſtible graces in others, and ſaw the neceſſity of acquiring them myſelf; but then an awkward *mauvaiſe honte*, of which I had brought a great deal with me from Cambridge, made me aſhamed to attempt it, eſpecially if any of my countrymen and particular acquaintance were by. This was extremely abſurd in in me; for without attempting I could never ſucceed. But at laſt, inſenſibly, by frequenting a great deal of good company, and imitating thoſe whom I ſaw that every body liked, I formed myſelf *tant bien que mal*. For God's ſake, let this laſt fine varniſh, ſo neceſſary to give luſtre to the whole piece, be the ſole and ſingle object now of you utmoſt attention: Berlin may contribute a great deal to it: if you pleaſe, there are all the ingredients that compoſe it.

A propos of Berlin; while you are there, take care to ſeem ignorant of all political matters between the two Courts; ſuch as the affairs of Oſtfriſe, and Saxe Lawemburg, *&c.* and enter into no converſations upon thoſe points; but, however, be as well at Court as you poſſibly can; live at it, and make one of it. Should General Keith offer you civilities, do not decline them; but return them however without being *enfant de la maiſon chez lui*: ſay *des choſes flatteuſes* of the Royal Family, and eſpecially of his Pruſſian Majeſty, to thoſe who are the moſt likely to repeat them. In ſhort, make yourſelf well there, with-

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out making yourself ill *somewhere else*. Make compliments from me to Algarotti, and converse with him in Italian.

I go next week to the Bath, for a deafness, which I have been plagued with these four or five months; and which, I am assured, that pumping my head will remove. This deafness, I own, has tried my patience; as it has cut me off from society, at an age when I had no pleasures but those left. In the mean time, I have, by reading and writing, made my eyes supply the defect of my ears. Madam H——, I suppose, entertained both yours alike; however, I am very glad that you were well with her; for she is a good *Proneuse*, and puffs are very useful to a young fellow, at his entrance into the world.

If you should meet with Lord Pembroke again, any where, make him many compliments from me; and tell him, that I should have written to him, but that I knew how troublesome an old Correspondent must be to a young one. He is much commended in the accounts from Hanover.

You will stay at Berlin just as long as you like it, and no longer; and from thence you are absolutely master of your own motions, either to the Hague, or to Brussels; but I think that you had better go to the Hague first, because that from thence Brussels will be in your way to Calais, which is a much better passage to England than from Helvoetsluys. The two Courts of the Hague and Brussels are worth your seeing; and you will see them both to advantage, by means of Colonel Yorke and Dayrolles. Adieu. Here is enough for this time.

LETTER LXIX.

London, September the 26th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS you chiefly employ, or rather wholly engross my thoughts, I see every day, with increasing pleasure, the fair prospect which you have before you. I had two views in your education; they draw nearer and nearer, and I have now very little reason to distrust your answering them fully. Those two were, Parliamentary and Foreign affairs. In consequence of those views, I took care first to give you a sufficient stock of sound learning, and next, an early knowledge of the world. Without making a figure in Parliament, no man can make any in this country; and eloquence alone enables a man to make a figure in Parliament, unless it be a very mean and contemptible one, which those make there who silently vote, and who *pedibus ire in sententiam*. Foreign affairs, when skilfully managed, and supported by a parliamentary reputation, lead to whatever is most considerable in this country. You have the languages necessary for that purpose, with a sufficient fund of historical and treaty knowledge; that is to say, you have the Matter ready, and only want the Manner. Your objects being thus fixed, I recommend to you to have them constantly in your thoughts, and to direct your reading, your actions, and your words, to those views. Most people think only *ex re nata*, and few *ex professo*: I would

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have you do both, but begin with the latter. I explain myſelf: Lay down certain principles, and reaſon and act conſequentially from them. As for example; ſay to yourſelf, I will make a figure in Parliament, and in order to do that, I muſt not only ſpeak, but ſpeak very well. Speaking mere common ſenſe will by no means do; and I muſt ſpeak not only correctly but elegantly; and not only elegantly but eloquently. In order to this, I will firſt take pains to get an habitual, but unaffected purity, correctneſs, and elegancy of ſtyle in my common converſation; I will ſeek for the beſt words, and take care to reject improper, inexpreſſive, and vulgar ones. I will read the greateſt maſters of oratory, both ancient and modern, and I will read them ſingly in that view. I will ſtudy Demoſthenes and Cicero, not to diſcover an old Athenian or Roman cuſtom, nor to puzzle myſelf with the value of talents, mines, drachms, and ſeſterces, like the learned blockheads in *us*; but obſerve their choice of words, their harmony of diction, their method, their diſtribution, their exordia, to engage the favour and attention of their audience; and perorations, to enforce what they have ſaid, and to leave a ſtrong impreſſion upon the paſſions. Nor will I be pedant enough to neglect the moderns; for I will likewiſe ſtudy Atterbury, Dryden, Pope, and Bolingbroke; nay, I will read every thing that I do read, in that intention, and never ceaſe improving and refining my ſtyle upon the beſt models, till at laſt I become a model of eloquence myſelf, which it is in every man's power, by care, to be. If you ſet out upon this principle, and keep it conſtantly in your mind, every company you go into, and every book you read, will contribute to your improvement, either to ſhow you what to imitate or what to avoid. Are you to give an account of any thing to a mixed company? or are you to endeavour to perſuade either man or woman? This principle, fixed in your mind, will make you carefully attend to the choice of your words, and to the clearneſs and harmony of your diction.

So much for your parliamentary object; now to the foreign one.

Lay down firſt thoſe principles which are abſolutely neceſſary to form a ſkilful and ſucceſsful negotiation, and form yourſelf accordingly. What are they? Firſt, the clear hiſtorical knowledge of paſt tranſactions of that kind. That you have pretty well already, and will have daily more and more; for, in conſequence of that principle, you will read hiſtory, memoirs, anecdotes, *&c.* in that view chiefly. The other neceſſary talents for negotiation are, the great art of pleaſing, and engaging the affection and confidence, not only of thoſe with whom you are to co-operate, but even of thoſe whom you are to oppoſe: to conceal your own thoughts and views, and to diſcover other people's: to engage other people's confidence, by a ſeeming chearful frankneſs and openneſs, without going a ſtep too far: to get the perſonal favour of the King, Prince, Miniſters, or Miſtreſs, of the Court towhich you

you are ſent: to gain the abſolute command over your temper and your countenance, that no heat may provoke you to ſay, and no change of countenance to betray, what ſhould be a ſecret. To familiarize and domeſticate yourſelf in the houſes of the moſt conſiderable people of the place, ſo as to be received there rather as a friend to the family, than as a foreigner. Having theſe principles conſtantly in your thoughts, every thing you do and every thing you ſay, will ſome way or other tend to your main view: and common converſation will gradually fit you for it. You will get an habit of checking any riſing heat; you will be upon your guard againſt any indiſcreet expreſſion; you will by degrees get the command of your countenance, ſo as not to change it upon any the moſt ſudden accident: and you will, above all things, labour to acquire the great art of pleaſing, without which nothing is to be done. Company is, in truth, a conſtant ſtate of negotiation; and if you attend to it in that view, will qualify you for any. By the ſame means that you make a friend, guard againſt an enemy, or gain a miſtreſs: you will make an advantageous treaty, baffle thoſe who counteract you, and gain the Court you are ſent to. Make this uſe of all the company you keep, and your very pleaſures will make you a ſucceſsful Negotiator. Pleaſe all who are worth pleaſing; offend none. Keep your own ſecret, and get out other people's. Keep your own temper, and artfully warm other people's. Counterwork your rivals with diligence and dexterity, but at the ſame time with the utmoſt perſonal civility to them: and be firm without heat. Meſſieurs d'Avaux and Servien did no more than this. I muſt make one obſervation, in confirmation of this aſſertion; which is, that the moſt eminent Negotiators have always been the politeſt and beſt-bred men in company; even what the women call the *prettieſt men*. For God's ſake, never loſe view of theſe two your capital objects; bend every thing to them, try every thing by their rules, and calculate every thing for their purpoſes. What is peculiar to theſe two objects, is, that they require nothing, but what one's own vanity, intereſt, and pleaſure, would make one do independently of them. If a man were never to be in buſineſs, and always to lead a private life, would he not deſire to pleaſe and to perſuade? So that, in your two deſtinations, your fortune and figure luckily conſpire with your vanity and your pleaſures. Nay more; a foreign miniſter, I will maintain it, can never be a good man of buſineſs, if he is not an agreeable man of pleaſure too. Half his buſineſs is done by the help of his pleaſures; his views are carried on, and perhaps beſt, and moſt unſuſpectedly, at balls, ſuppers, aſſemblies, and parties of pleaſure; by intrigues with women, and connections inſenſibly formed with men, at thoſe unguarded hours of amuſement.

Theſe objects now draw very near you, and you have no time to loſe in preparing yourſelf to meet them. You will be in parliament almoſt as ſoon as your age will allow, and I believe, you will have a foreign department ſtill ſooner, and that will

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be earlier than ever any other body had one. If you ſet out well at one-and-twenty, what may you not reaſonably hope to be at one-and-forty? All that I could wiſh you! Adieu.

LETTER LXX.

London, September the 29th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THERE is nothing ſo neceſſary, but, at the ſame time, there is nothing more difficult (I know it by experience) for you young fellows, than to know how to behave yourſelves prudently towards thoſe whom you do not like. Your paſſions are warm, and your heads are light; you hate all thoſe who oppoſe your views, either of ambition or love; and a rival, in either, is almoſt a ſynonimous term for an enemy. Whenever you meet ſuch a man, you are awkwardly cold to him, at beſt; but often rude, and always deſirous to give him ſome indirect **ſlap.** This is unreaſonable; for one man hath as good a right to purſue an employment, or a miſtreſs, as another; but it is into the bargain, extremely imprudent; becauſe you commonly defeat your own purpoſe by it, and while you are contending with each other, a third often prevails. I grant you, that the ſituation is irkſome; a man cannot help thinking as he thinks, nor feeling what he feels; and it is a very tender and ſore point to be thwarted and counterworked in one's purſuits at Court, or with a miſtreſs: but prudence and abilities muſt check the effects, though they cannot remove the cauſe. Both the pretenders make themſelves diſagreeable to their miſtreſs, when they ſpoil the company by their pouting, or their ſparring; whereas, if one of them has command enough over himſelf (whatever he may feel inwardly) to be chearful, gay, and eaſily and unaffectedly civil to the other, as if there were no competition between them, the Lady will certainly like him the beſt, and his rival will be ten times more humbled and diſcouraged; for he will look upon ſuch a behaviour as a proof of the triumph and ſecurity of his rival; he will grow outrageous with the Lady, and the warmth of his reproaches will probably bring on a quarrel between them. It is the ſame in buſineſs; where he who can command his temper and his countenance the beſt, will always have an infinite advantage over the other. This is what the French call *un procédé honnête et galant*, to *picque* yourſelf upon ſhowing particular civilities to a man, to whom leſſer minds would, in the ſame caſe, ſhow diſlike, or perhaps rudeneſs. I will give you an inſtance of this, in my own caſe; and pray remember it, whenever you come to be, as I hope you will, in a like ſituation.

When I went to the Hague, in 1744, it was to engage the Dutch to come roundly into the war, and to ſtipulate their quotas of troops, &c.; your acquaintance, the Abbé de la Ville, was there on the part of France, to endeavour to hinder them from coming into the war at all. I was informed, and very ſorry to hear it, that he had abilities, temper, and induſtry. We could

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not viſit, our two maſters being at war; but the firſt time I met him at a third place, I got ſomebody to preſent me to him; and I told him, that though we were to be national enemies, I flattered myſelf we might be, however, perſonal friends: with a good deal more of the ſame kind; which he returned in full as polite a manner. Two days afterwards I went, early in the morning, to ſolicit the Deputies of Amſterdam, where I found l'Abbé de la Ville, who had been beforehand with me; upon which I addreſſed myſelf to the Deputies, and ſaid, ſmilingly, * *Je ſuis bien faché, Meſſieurs, de trouver mon Ennemi avec vous, je le connois déjà aſſez pour le craindre, la partie n'eſt pas égale, mais je me ſie à vos propres interêts contre les talens de mon Ennemi, et au moins ſi je n'ai pas eu le premier mot j'aurai le dernier aujourd' hui.* They ſmiled; the Abbé was pleaſed with the compliment, and the manner of it, ſtayed about a quarter of an hour, and then left me to my Deputies, with whom I continued upon the ſame tone, though in a very ſerious manner, and told them that I was only come to ſtate their own true intereſts to them, plainly and ſimply, without any of thoſe arts, which it was very neceſſary for my friend to make uſe of to deceive them. I carried my point, and continued my *procédé* with the Abbé; and by this eaſy and polite commerce with him, at third places, I often found means to fiſh out, from him, whereabouts he was.

Remember, there are but two *procédés* in the world for a gentleman and a man of parts: either extreme politeneſs, or knocking down. If a man, notoriouſly and deſignedly inſults and affronts you, knock him down; but if he only injures you, your beſt revenge is to be extremely civil to him in your outward behaviour, though at the ſame time you counterwork him, and return him the compliment, perhaps with intereſt. This is not perfidy nor diſſimulation; it would be ſo, if you were, at the ſame time, to make profeſſions of eſteem and friendſhip to this man; which I by no means recommend, but, on the contrary, abhor. But all acts of civility are, by common conſent, underſtood to be no more, than a conformity to cuſtom, for the quiet and conveniency of ſociety, the *agrémens* of which are not to be diſturbed by private diſlikes and jealouſies. Only women and little minds pout and ſpar for the entertainment of the company, that always laughs at, and never pities them. For my own part, though I would by no means give up any point to a competitor, yet I would pique myſelf upon ſhowing him rather more civility than to another man. In the firſt place, this *procédé* infallibly makes all *les rieurs* of your ſide, which is a conſiderable party; and

* I am very ſorry, Gentlemen, to find my enemy with you; my knowledge of his capacity is already ſufficient to make me fear him: we are not upon equal terms; but I truſt to your own intereſt, againſt his talents. If I have not this day had the firſt word, I ſhall at leaſt have the laſt.

and in the next place, it certainly pleaſes the object of the competition, be it either man or woman; who never fail to ſay, upon ſuch an occaſion, that *they muſt own you have behaved yourſelf very handſomely in the whole affair*. The world judges from the appearances of things, and not from the reality, which few are able, and ſtill fewer are inclined to fathom; and a man, who will take care always to be in the right in thoſe things, may afford to be ſometimes a little in the wrong in more eſſential ones: there is a willingneſs, a deſire to excuſe him. With nine people in ten, good-breeding paſſes for good-nature, and they take attentions for good offices. At courts there will be always coldneſſes, diſlikes, jealouſies, and hatred; the harveſt being but ſmall in proportion to the number of labourers; but then, as they ariſe often, they die ſoon, unleſs they are perpetuated by the manner in which they have been carried on, more than by the matter which occaſioned them. The turns and viciſſitudes of courts frequently make friends of enemies, and enemies of friends; you muſt labour, therefore, to acquire that great and uncommon talent, of hating with good-breeding, and loving with prudence; to make no quarrel irreconcileable, by ſilly and unneceſſary indications of anger; and no friendſhip dangerous, in caſe it breaks, by a wanton, indiſcreet, and unreſerved confidence.

Few (eſpecially young) people know how to love, or how to hate; their love is an unbounded weakneſs, fatal to the perſon they love; their hate is a hot, raſh, and imprudent violence, always fatal to themſelves. Nineteen fathers in twenty, and every mother, who had loved you half as well as I do, would have ruined you: whereas I always made you feel the weight of my authority, that you might one day know the force of my love. Now, I both hope and believe, my advice will have the ſame weight with you from choice, that my authority had from neceſſity. My advice is juſt eight-and-thirty years older than your own, and conſequently, I believe you think, rather better. As for your tender and pleaſurable paſſions, manage them yourſelf; but let me have the direction of all the others. Your ambition, your figure, and your fortune, will, for ſome time at leaſt, be rather ſafer in my keeping than in your own. Adieu.

LETTER LXXI.

Bath, October the 4th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CONSIDER you now as at the Court of Auguſtus, where, if ever the deſire of pleaſing animated you, it muſt make you exert all the means of doing it. You will ſee there, full as well, I dare ſay, as Horace did at Rome, how ſtates are defended by arms, adorned by manners, and improved by laws. Nay, you have an Horace there, as well as an Auguſtus; I need not name Voltaire, *qui nil molitur inepté*, as Horace himſelf ſaid of another poet. I have lately read over all his works, that are

publiſhed

publiſhed, though I had read them more than once before. I was induced to this by his *Siècle de Louis* XIV. which I have yet read but four times. In reading over all his works, with more attention I ſuppoſe than before, my former admiration of him is, I own, turned into aſtoniſhment. There is no one kind of writing in which he has not excelled. You are ſo ſevere a Claſſic, that I queſtion whether you will allow me to call his *Henriade* an Epic poem, for want of the proper number of Gods, Devils, Witches, and other abſurdities, requiſite for the machinery: which machinery is (it ſeems) neceſſary to conſtitute the Epopée. But whether you do or not, I will declare (though poſſibly to my own ſhame) that I never read any Epic poem with near ſo much pleaſure. I am grown old, and have poſſibly loſt a great deal of that fire, which formerly made me love fire in others at any rate, and however attended with ſmoke: but now I muſt have all ſenſe, and cannot, for the ſake of five righteous lines forgive a thouſand abſurd ones.

In this diſpoſition of mind, judge whether I can read all Homer through *tout de ſuite*. I admire his beauties; but, to tell you the truth, when he ſlumbers I ſleep. Virgil, I confeſs, is all ſenſe, and therefore I like him better than his model; but he is often languid, eſpecially in his five or ſix laſt books, during which I am obliged to take a good deal of ſnuff. Beſides, I profeſs myſelf an ally of Turnus's, againſt the pious Æneas, who, like many *ſoi diſant* pious people, does the moſt flagrant injuſtice and violence, in order to execute what they impudently call the will of Heaven. But what will you ſay, when I tell you truly, that I cannot poſſibly read our countryman Milton through. I acknowledge him to have ſome moſt ſublime paſſages, ſome prodigious flaſhes of light; but then you muſt acknowledge, that light is often followed by *darkneſs viſible*, to uſe his own expreſſion. Beſides, not having the honour to be acquainted with any of the parties in his Poem, except the Man and the Woman, the characters and ſpeeches of a dozen or two of Angels, and of as many Devils, are as much above my reach as my entertainment. Keep this ſecret for me; for if it ſhould be known, I ſhould be abuſed by every taſteleſs Pedant, and every ſolid Divine in England.

Whatever I have ſaid to the diſadvantage of theſe three Poems, holds much ſtronger againſt Taſſo's Gieruſalemme: it is true he has very fine and glaring rays of poetry; but then they are only meteors, they dazzle, then diſappear, and are ſucceeded by falſe thoughts, poor *concetti*, and abſurd impoſſibilities; witneſs the Fiſh and the Parrot, extravagancies unworthy of an Heroic Poem, and would much better have become Arioſto, who profeſſes *le coglionerie*.

I have never read the Luſiade of Camoens, except in a proſe tranſlation, conſequently I have never read it at all, ſo ſhall ſay nothing of it; but the *Henriade* is all ſenſe from the beginning to

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the end, often adorned by the juſteſt and livelieſt reflections, the moſt beautiful deſcriptions, the nobleſt images, and the ſublimeſt ſentiments; not to mention the harmony of the verſe, in which Voltaire undoubtedly exceeds all the French poets: ſhould you inſiſt upon an exception in favour of Racine, I muſt inſiſt, on my part, that he at leaſt equals him. What Hero ever intereſted more than Henry the fourth, who, according to the rules of Epic poetry, carries on one great and long action, and ſucceeds in it at laſt? What deſcription ever excited more horror than thoſe, firſt of the Maſſacre, and then of the Famine, at Paris? Was love ever painted with more truth and *morbidezza* than in the ninth book? Not better, in my mind, even in the fourth of Virgil. Upon the whole, with all your claſſical rigour, if you will but ſuppoſe *St. Louis* a God, a Devil, or a Witch, and that he appears in perſon, and not in a dream, the *Henriade* will be an Epic poem, according to the ſtricteſt ſtatute laws of the Epopée; but in my court of equity it is one as it is.

I could expatiate as much upon all his different works, but that I ſhould exceed the bounds of a letter, and run into a diſſertation. How delightful is his Hiſtory of that Northern Brute, the King of Sweden! for I cannot call him a Man; and I ſhould ſorry to have him for a Hero, out of regard to thoſe true Heroes; ſuch as Julius Cæſar, Titus, Trajan, and the preſent King of Pruſſia; who cultivated and encouraged arts and ſciences; whoſe animal courage was accompanied by the tender and ſocial ſentiments of humanity; and who had more pleaſure in improving, than in deſtroying their fellow-creatures. What can be more touching, or more intereſting; what more nobly thought, or more happily expreſſed, than all his dramatic pieces? What can be more clear and rational than all his philoſophical letters? And what ever was ſo graceful, and gentle, as all his little poetical trifles? You are fortunately *à portée* of verifying, by your knowledge of the man, all that I have ſaid of his works.

Monſieur de Maupertuis (whom I hope you will get acquainted with) is, what one really meets with, deep in philoſophy and mathematics, and yet *honnete et aimable homme*; Algarotti is young Fontenelle. Such men muſt neceſſarily give you the deſire of pleaſing them; and if you can frequent them, their acquaintance will furniſh you the means of pleaſing every body elſe.

A propos of pleaſing; your pleaſing Mrs. F——ld is expected here in two or three days; I will do all that I can for you with her: I think you carried on the romance to the third or fourth volume; I will continue it to the eleventh; but as for the twelfth and laſt, you muſt come and conclude it yourſelf. *Non ſum qualis eram.*

Good-night to you, child; for I am going to bed juſt at the hour at which I ſuppoſe you are beginning to live, at Berlin.

LETTER LXXII.

Bath, Nov. the 16th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

VANITY, or to call it by a gentler name, the desire of admiration and applause, is, perhaps, the most universal principle of human actions; I do not say, that it is the best; and I will own, that it is sometimes the cause of both foolish and criminal effects. But it is so much oftener the principle of right things, that, though they ought to have a better, yet, considering human nature, that principle is to be encouraged and cherished, in consideration of its effects. Where that desire is wanting, we are apt to be indifferent, listless, indolent, and inert; we do not exert our powers; and we appear to be as much below ourselves, as the vainest man living can desire to appear above what he really is.

As I have made you my confessor, and do not scruple to confess even my weaknesses to you, I will fairly own, that I had that vanity, that weakness, if it be one, to a prodigious degree; and what is more, I confess it without repentance; nay, I am glad I had it; since, if I have had the good fortune to please in the world, it is to that powerful and active principle that I owe it. I began the world, not with a bare desire, but with an insatiable thirst, a rage of popularity, applause, and admiration. If this made me do some silly things, on one hand, it made me, on the other hand, do almost all the right things that I did: it made me attentive and civil to the women I disliked, and to the men I despised, in hopes of the applause of both: though I neither desired, nor would I have accepted the favours of the one, nor the friendship of the other. I always dressed, looked, and talked my best; and I own, was overjoyed whenever I perceived that by all three, or by any one of them, the company was pleased with me. To men, I talked whatever I thought would give them the best opinion of my parts and learning; and, to women, what I was sure would please them; flattery, gallantry, and love. And moreover I will own to you, under the secrecy of confession, that my vanity has very often made me take great pains to make many a woman in love with me, if I could, for whose person I would not give a pinch of snuff. In company with men, I always endeavoured to out-shine, or, at least, if possible, to equal the most shining man in it. This desire elicited whatever powers I had to gratify it; and where I could not perhaps shine in the first, enabled me, at least, to shine in a second or third sphere. By these means I soon grew in fashion; and when a man is once in fashion, all he does is right. It was infinite pleasure to me, to find my own fashion and popularity. I was sent for to all parties of pleasure, both of men or women; where, in some measure, I gave the tone. This gave me the reputation of having had some women of condition; and that reputation, whether true or false, really got me others.

With

With the men I was a Proteus, and aſſumed every ſhape, in order to pleaſe them all: among the gay, I was the gayeſt, among the grave, the graveſt; and I never omitted the leaſt attentions of good-breeding, or the leaſt offices of friendſhip, that could either pleaſe, or attach them to me: and accordingly I was ſoon connected with all the men of any faſhion or figure in town.

To this principle of vanity, which Philoſophers call a mean one, and which I do not, I owe great part of the figure which I have made in life. I wiſh you had as much, but I fear you have too little of it: and you ſeem to have a degree of lazineſs and liſtleſſneſs about you, that makes you indifferent as to general applauſe.

This is not in character, at your age, and would be barely pardonable in an elderly and philoſophical man. It is a vulgar, ordinary ſaying, but it is a very true one, that one ſhould always put the beſt foot foremoſt. One ſhould pleaſe, ſhine, and dazzle, wherever it is poſſible. At Paris, I am ſure you muſt obſerve *que chacun ſe fait valoir autant qu'il eſt poſſible*; and la Bruyere obſerves, very juſtly, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir:* wherever applauſe is in queſtion, you will never ſee a French man, nor woman, remiſs or negligent. Obſerve the eternal attentions and politeneſs that all people have there for one another. *Ce n'eſt pas pour leurs beaux yeux, au moins.* No, but for their own ſakes, for commendations and applauſe. Let me then recommend this principle of vanity to you; act upon it *meo periculo*; I promiſe you it will turn to your account. Practiſe all the arts that ever Coquette did, to pleaſe. Be alert and indefatigable in making every man admire, and every woman in love with you. I can tell you too, that nothing will carry you higher in the world.

I have had no letter from you ſince your arrival at Paris, though you muſt have been long enough there to have written me two or three. In about ten or twelve days I propoſe leaving this place, and going to London; I have found conſiderable benefit by my ſtay here, but not all that I want. Make my compliments to Lord Albemarle.

LETTER LXXIII.

Bath, Nov. the 28th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE my laſt to you, I have read Madame Maintenon's letters; I am ſure they are genuine, and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful Lady; whom I am convinced, that I know now, much better than her *directeur* the *Abbé* de Fenelon (afterwards Archbiſhop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the 185th letter; and I know him the better too for that letter. The *Abbé*, though brimful of the divine love, had a great mind to be firſt Miniſter, and Cardi-

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nal, in order, *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at that time to Madame Maintenon, ſeemed to be a good ſtep towards thoſe views. She put herſelf upon him for a ſaint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himſelf upon her for a ſaint too, which, I dare ſay, ſhe did not believe; but both of them knew, that it was neceſſary for them to appear ſaints to Lewis the XIVth, who they were very ſure was a bigot. It is to be preſumed, nay, indeed it is plain by that 185th letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* ſome ſcruples of conſcience, with relation to her commerce with the King; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only ſome ſcruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increaſe the deſires of the King. The pious *Abbé*, frightened out of his wits, leſt the King ſhould impute to the *directeur* any ſcruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the Lady, writes her the above-mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not teaze the King by advice and exhortations, but to have the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to his will; and, that ſhe may not miſtake the nature of that ſubmiſſion, he tells her, it is the ſame that Sarah had for Abraham; to which ſubmiſſion Iſaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written a more ſeducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his *penitente*; who, I dare ſay, had no occaſion for his good advice. Thoſe who would juſtify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp, in this affair, muſt not attempt to do it, by ſaying, that the King and Madame Maintenon, were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his *enigme*. That is abſolutely impoſſible; for that private marriage muſt have removed all ſcruples between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, ſince it was kept private, and conſequently prevented no public ſcandal. It is therefore extremely evident, that Madame Maintenon could not be married to the King, at the time when ſhe ſcrupled granting, and when the *directeur* adviſed her to grant, thoſe favours which Sarah with ſo much ſubmiſſion granted to Abraham: and what the *directeur* is pleaſed to call *le myſtere de Dieu*, was moſt evidently a ſtate of concubinage. The letters are very well worth your reading; they throw light upon many things, of thoſe times.

I have juſt received a letter from Sir William Stanhope, from Lyons; in which he tells me that he ſaw you at Paris, that he thinks you a little grown, but that you do not make the moſt of it, for that you ſtoop ſtill; *d'ailleurs* his letter was a panegyric of you.

The young Comte de Schullemburg, the Chambellan whom you knew at Hanover, is come over with the King, *et fait auſſi vos éloges*.

Though, as I told you in my laſt, I have done buying pictures, by way of *virtù*, yet there are ſome portraits of remarkable people that would tempt me. For inſtance, if you could by chance pick up at Paris, at a reaſonable price, and undoubted

originals (whether heads, half lengths, or whole lengths, no matter) of Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and Retz; Monſieur de Turenne, le grand Prince de Condé; Meſdames de Monteſpan, de Fontanges, de Mombaſon, de Sevigné, de Maintenon, de Chevreuſe, de Longueville, d'Olonne, &c. I ſhould be tempted to purchaſe them. I am ſenſible that they can only be met with, by great accident, at family ſales and auctions, ſo I only mention the affair to you eventually.

I do not underſtand, or elſe I do not remember, what affair you mean in your laſt letter; which you think will come to nothing, and for which, you ſay, I had once a mind that you ſhould take the road again. Explain it to me.

I ſhall go to town in four or five days, and carry back with me a little more hearing than I brought; but yet, not half enough for common uſe. One wants ready pocket money much oftener than one wants great ſums; and, to uſe a very odd expreſſion, I want to hear at ſight. I love every-day ſenſes, every-day wit and entertainment; a man who is only good on holydays, is good for very little. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

London, New-Year's-Day, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is now above a fortnight ſince I have received a letter from you. I hope, however, that you are well, but engroſſed by the buſineſs of Lord Albemarle's *bureau* in the mornings, and by buſineſs of a genteeler nature in the evenings; for I willingly give up my own ſatisfaction to your improvement, either in buſineſs or manners.

Here have been lately imported from Paris two gentlemen, who, I find, were much acquainted with you there; Comte Sinzendorf, and Monſieur Clairaut, the Academician. The former is a very pretty man, well-bred, and with a great deal of uſeful knowledge; for thoſe two things are very conſiſtent. I examined him about you, thinking him a competent judge. He told me, *que vous parliez l'Allemand comme un Allemand; que vous ſçaviez le droit public de l'Empire parfaitement bien; que vous aviez le goût ſur, et des connoiſſances fort étendues* I told him, that I knew all this very well; but that I wanted to know whether you had *l'air, les maniéres, les attentions, enfin le brillant d'un honnête homme:* his anſwer was, *Mais oui en vérité, c'eſt fort bien.* This, you ſee, is but cold, in compariſon of what I do wiſh, and of what you ought to wiſh. Your friend Clairaut interpoſed, and ſaid, *Mais je vous aſſure qu'il eſt fort poli*; to which I anſwered, *Je le crois bien, vis à-vis des Lapons vos amis; je vous recuſe pour Juge, juſqu'a ce que vous aïez été delaponné, au moins dix ans parmi les honnêtes gens.* Theſe teſtimonies in your favour are ſuch as perhaps you are ſatisfied with, and think ſufficient; but I am not: they are only the cold depoſitions of diſintereſted and unconcerned witneſſes, upon a ſtrict examination.

tion. When, upon a trial, a man calls witneſſes to his character, and that thoſe witneſſes only ſay, that they never heard, and do not know any ill of him; it intimates at beſt a neutral and inſignificant, though innocent character. Now I want, and you ought to endeavour, that *les agrémens*, *les graces*, *les attentions*, &c. ſhould be a diſtinguiſhing part of your character, and ſpecified of you by people unaſked. I wiſh to hear people ſay of you, *ah qu'il eſt aimable! Quelles manières, quelles graces, quel art de plaire!* Nature, thank God, has given you all the powers neceſſary; and if ſhe has not yet, I hope in God ſhe will, give you the will of exerting them.

I have lately read, with great pleaſure, Voltaire's two little Hiſtories of *les Croiſades*, and *l'Eſprit humain*; which I recommend to your peruſal, if you have not already read them. They are bound up with a moſt poor performance, called *Micromegas*, which is ſaid to be Voltaire's too; but I cannot believe it, it is ſo very unworthy of him: it conſiſts only of thoughts ſtolen from Swift, but miſerably mangled and diſfigured. But his Hiſtory of the Croiſades ſhows, in a very ſhort and ſtrong light, the moſt immoral and wicked ſcheme, that was ever contrived by knaves, and executed by madmen and fools, againſt humanity. There is a ſtrange, but never failing relation, between honeſt madmen and ſkilful knaves; and wherever one meets with collected numbers of the former, one may be very ſure that they are ſecretly directed by the latter. The Popes, who have generally been both the ableſt and the greateſt knaves in Europe, wanted all the power and money of the Eaſt: for they had all that was in Europe already. The times and the minds favoured their deſign, for they were dark and uninformed; and Peter the Hermit, at once a knave and a madman, was a fine papal tool for ſo wild and wicked an undertaking. I wiſh we had good hiſtories of every part of Europe, and indeed of the world, written upon the plan of Voltaire's *de l'Eſprit humain*; for, I own, I am provoked at the contempt which moſt hiſtorians ſhow for humanity in general; one would think by them, that the whole human ſpecies conſiſted but of about a hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeſervedly too) by the titles of Emperors, Kings, Popes, Generals, and Miniſters.

I have never ſeen, in any of the news-papers, any mention of the affairs of the Cevennes, or Grenoble, which you gave me an account of ſome time ago; and the Duke de Mirepoix pretends, at leaſt, to know nothing of either. Were they falſe reports; or does the French Court chuſe to ſtifle them? I hope that they are both true, becauſe I am very willing, that the cares of the French government ſhould be employed and confined to themſelves

Your friend, the Electreſs Palatine, has ſent me ſix wild boars heads, and other *pieces de ſa chaſſe*, in return for the fans, which ſhe approved of extremely. This preſent was ſignified

to me by one Mr. Harold, who wrote me a letter in very indifferent Engliſh; I ſuppoſe he is a Dane, who has been in England.

Mr. Harte came to town yeſterday, and dined with me today. We talked you over; and I can aſſure you, that though a Parſon, and no member *du beau monde*, he thinks all the moſt ſhining accompliſhments of it full as neceſſary for you, as I do. His expreſſion was, *that is all that he wants; but if he wants that, conſidering his ſituation and deſtination, he might as well want every thing elſe.*

This is the day when people reciprocally offer, and receive, the kindeſt and the warmeſt wiſhes. though, in general, without meaning them on one ſide, or believing them on the other. They are formed by the head, in compliance with cuſtom, though diſavowed by the heart, in conſequence of nature. His wiſhes, upon this occaſion, are the beſt, that are the beſt turned; you do not, I am ſure, doubt the truth of mine, and therefore I will expreſs them with a Quaker-like ſimplicity. May this new year be a very new one indeed to you; may you put off the old, and put on the new man! but I mean the outward, not the inward man. With this alteration, I might juſtly ſum up all wiſhes for you in theſe words,

Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera ſumes.

This minute, I receive your letter of the 26th paſt, which gives me a very diſagreeable reaſon for your late ſilence. By the ſymptoms which you mention of your illneſs, I both hope and believe, that it was wholly owing to your own want of care. You are rather inclined to be fat, you have naturally a good ſtomach, and you eat at the beſt tables; which muſt of courſe make you plethoric: and, upon my word, you will be very ſubject to theſe accidents, if you will not from time to time, when you find yourſelf full, heated, or your head aching, take ſome little eaſy preventive purge, that would not confine you; ſuch as chewing a little rhubarb, when you go to bed at night, or ſome ſenna-tea in the morning. You do very well to live extremely low, for ſome time; and I could wiſh, though I do not expect it, that you would take one gentle vomit: for thoſe giddineſſes, and ſwimmings in the head, always proceed from ſome foulneſs of the ſtomach. However, upon the whole, I am very glad that your old complaint has not mixed itſelf with this: which, I am fully convinced, ariſes ſingly from your own negligence. Adieu.

I am ſorry for Monſieur Kurzé, upon his ſiſter's account.

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LETTER LXXV.

London, Jan. the 15th, O. S. 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER think my time ſo well employed, as when I think it employed to your advantage. You have long had the greateſt ſhare of it; you now engroſs it. The moment is now deciſive; the piece is going to be exhibited to the public; the mere out-lines, and the general colouring, are not ſufficient to attract the eyes, and to ſecure applauſe; but the laſt finiſhing, artful, and delicate ſtrokes, are neceſſary. Skilful judges will diſcern, and acknowledge their merit; the ignorant will, without knowing why, feel their power. In that view, I have thrown together, for your uſe, the encloſed Maxims *; or, to ſpeak more properly, obſervations on men and things; for I have no merit as to the invention; I am no ſyſtem-monger; and, inſtead of giving way to my imagination, I have only conſulted my memory; and my concluſions are all drawn from facts, not from fancy. Moſt maxim-mongers have preferred the prettineſs to the juſtneſs of a thought, and the turn to the truth; but I have refuſed myſelf to every thing that my own experience did not juſtify and confirm. I wiſh you would conſider them again *pro re natâ* in ſimilar caſes. Young men are as apt to think themſelves wiſe enough, as drunken men are to think themſelves ſober enough. They look upon ſpirit to be a much better thing than experience; which they call coldneſs. They are but half miſtaken; for though ſpirit, without experience, is dangerous, experience, without ſpirit, is languid and defective. Their union, which is very rare, is perfection: you may join them, if you pleaſe; for all my experience is at your ſervice; and I do not deſire one grain of your ſpirit in return. Uſe them both; and let them reciprocally animate and check each other. I mean here, by the ſpirit of youth, only the vivacity and preſumption of youth; which hinder them from ſeeing the difficulties, or dangers of an undertaking; but I do not mean, what the ſilly vulgar calls ſpirit, by which they are captious, jealous of their rank, ſuſpicious of being undervalued, and tart (as they call it) in their repartees, upon the ſlighteſt occaſions. This is an evil, and a very ſilly ſpirit, which ſhould be driven out, and transferred to an herd of ſwine. This is not the ſpirit of a man of faſhion, who has kept good company. People of an ordinary, low education, when they happen to fall into good-company, imagine themſelves the only object of its attention; if the company whiſpers, it is, to be ſure, concerning them; if they laugh, it is at them; and if any thing ambiguous, that by the moſt forced interpretation can be applied to them, happens to be ſaid, they are convinced that it was

* Turn to the end of the volume.

was meant at them; upon which they grow out of countenance firſt, and then angry. This miſtake is very well ridiculed in the Stratagem, where Scrub ſays, *I am ſure they talked of me, for they laughed conſumedly.* A well-bred man ſeldom thinks, but never ſeems to think, himſelf ſlighted, undervalued, or laughed at in company, unleſs where it is ſo plainly marked out, that his honour obliges him to reſent it in a proper manner; *mais les honnêtes gens ne ſe boudent jamais.* I will admit, that it is very difficult to command ones-ſelf enough, to behave with eaſe, frankneſs, and good-breeding towards thoſe, who one knows diſlike, ſlight, and injure one, as far as they can without perſonal conſequences; but I aſſert, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to do it: you muſt embrace the man you hate, if you cannot be juſtified in knocking him down; for otherwiſe you avow the injury, which you cannot revenge. A prudent Cuckold (and there are many ſuch at Paris) pockets his horns, when he cannot gore with them; and will not add to the triumph of his maker, by only butting with them ineffectually. A ſeeming ignorance is very often a moſt neceſſary part of worldly knowledge. It is, for inſtance, commonly adviſeable to ſeem ignorant of what people offer to tell you; and, when they ſay, Have you not heard of ſuch a thing? to anſwer, No, and to let them go on, though you know it already. Some have a pleaſure in telling it, becauſe they think that they tell it well; others have a pride in it, as being the ſagacious diſcoverers; and many have a vanity in ſhowing that they have been, though very undeſervedly, truſted: all theſe would be diſappointed, and conſequently diſpleaſed, if you ſaid, Yes. Seem always ignorant (unleſs to one moſt intimate friend) of all matters of private ſcandal and defamation, though you ſhould hear them a thouſand times; for the parties affected always look upon the receiver to be almoſt as bad as the thief: and, whenever they become the topic of converſation, ſeem to be a ſceptic, though you are really a ſerious believer; and always take the extenuating part. But all this ſeeming ignorance ſhould be joined to thorough and extenſive private informations: and, indeed, it is the beſt method of procuring them; for moſt people have ſuch a vanity, in ſhowing a ſuperiority over others, though but for a moment, and in the mereſt trifles, that they will tell you what they ſhould not, rather than not ſhow that they can tell what you did not know: beſides, that ſuch ſeeming ignorance will make you paſs for incurious, and conſequently undeſigning. However, fiſh for facts, and take pains to be well informed of every thing that paſſes; but fiſh judiciouſly, and not always, nor indeed often, in the ſhape of direct queſtions; which always put people upon their guard, and, often repeated, grow tireſome. But ſometimes take the things that you would know, for granted; upon which ſomebody will, kindly and officiouſly, ſet you right: ſometimes ſay, that you have heard ſo and ſo; and at other times ſeem to know more than you do,

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in order to know all that you want: but avoid direct queſtioning, as much as you can. All theſe neceſſary arts of the world require conſtant attention, preſence of mind, and coolneſs. Achilles, though invulnerable, never went to battle, but completely armed. Courts are to be the theatres of your wars, where you ſhould be always as completely armed, and even with the addition of a heel-piece. The leaſt inattention, the leaſt *diſtraction*, may prove fatal. I would fain ſee you what pedants call *omnis homo*, and what Pope much better calls *all accompliſhed:* you have the means in your power, add the will, and you may bring it about. The vulgar have a coarſe ſaying, of *ſpoiling a hog for a halfpenny-worth of tar:* prevent the application, by providing the tar; it is very eaſily to be had, in compariſon with what you have already got.

The fine Mrs. Pitt, who, it ſeems, ſaw you often at Paris, ſpeaking of you the other day, ſaid, in French, for ſhe ſpeaks little Engliſh ——— ——— ——— ———

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

whether it is that you did not pay the homage due to her beauty, or that it did not ſtrike you as it does others, I cannot determine; but I hope ſhe had ſome other reaſon than truth, for ſaying it. I will ſuppoſe that you did not care a pin for her; but, however, ſhe ſurely deſerved a degree of propitiatory adoration from you, which I am afraid you neglected. Had I been in your caſe, I ſhould have endeavoured, at leaſt, to have ſupplanted Mr. Mackay in his office of nocturnal reader to her. I played at cards, two days ago, with your friend Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her moſt ſublime mother, Mrs. Seagrave; they both inquired after you: and Mrs. Fitzgerald ſaid, ſhe hoped you went on with your dancing; I ſaid Yes, and that you aſſured me, you had made ſuch conſiderable improvements in it, that you had now learned to ſtand ſtill, and even upright. Your *virtuoſa*, la Signora Veſtri, ſung here the other day, with great applauſe: I preſume you are *intimately* acquainted with her merit. Good night to you, whoever you paſs it with.

I have this moment received a packet, ſealed with your ſeal, though not directed by your hand, for Lady Hervey. No letter from you! Are you not well?

LETTER LXXVI.

London, May the 27th, O. S. 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this day been tired, jaded, nay tormented, by the company of a moſt worthy, ſenſible, and learned man, and near relation of mine, who dined and paſſed the evening with me. This ſeems a paradox, but is a plain truth; he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no addreſs; far from talking without book, as is commonly ſaid of people who talk ſillily, he only talks by book; which, in general converſation, is ten times worſe.

worſe. He has formed in his own cloſet, from books, certain ſyſtems of every thing, argues tenaciouſly upon thoſe principles, and is both ſurprized and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, are all impracticable. Why? Becauſe he has only read, and not converſed. He is acquainted with books, and an abſolute ſtranger to men. Labouring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs, he heſitates, ſtops in his utterance, and always expreſſes himſelf inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; ſo that, with all his merit and knowledge, I would rather converſe ſix hours with the moſt frivolous tittle-tattle woman, who knew ſomething of the world, than with him. The prepoſterous notions of a ſyſtematical man, who does not know the world, tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endleſs to correct his miſtakes, nor would he take it kindly; for he has conſidered every thing deliberately, and is very ſure that he is in the right. Impropriety is a characteriſtic, and a never-failing one, of theſe people. Regardleſs, becauſe ignorant, of cuſtoms and manners, they violate them every moment. They often ſhock, though they never mean to offend; never attending either to the general character, or the particular diſtinguiſhing circumſtances of the people to whom, or before whom they talk: whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one, that the very ſame things, which are exceedingly right and proper in one company, time, and place, are exceedingly abſurd in others. In ſhort, a man who has great knowledge, from experience and obſervation, of the characters, cuſtoms, and manners of mankind, is a being as different from, and as ſuperior to, a man of mere book and ſyſtematical knowledge, as a well-managed horſe is to an aſs. Study therefore, cultivate, and frequent men and women; not only in their outward, and conſequently guarded, but in their interior, domeſtic, and conſequently leſs diſguiſed characters and manners. Take your notions of things, as by obſervation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or ſhould be; for they never are quite what they ſhould be. For this purpoſe, do not content yourſelf with general and common acquaintance; but, wherever you can, eſtabliſh yourſelf, with a kind of domeſtic familiarity, in good houſes. For inſtance, go again to Orli, for two or three days, and ſo at two or three *reprifes*. Go and ſtay two or three days at a time at Verſailles, and improve and extend the acquaintance you have there. Be at home at St. Cloud; and whenever any private perſon of faſhion invites you to paſs a few days at his country-houſe, accept of the invitation. This will neceſſarily give you a verſatility of mind, and a facility to adopt various manners and cuſtoms; for every body deſires to pleaſe thoſe in whoſe houſe they are; and people are only to be pleaſed in their own way. Nothing is more engaging than a chearful and eaſy conformity to people's particular manners, habits, and even weakneſſes; nothing (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) ſhould come amiſs to a young fellow. He ſhould, be for good purpoſes, what Alcibiades

biades was commonly for bad ones, a Proteus, aſſuming with eaſe, and wearing with chearfulneſs, any ſhape. Heat, cold, luxury, abſtinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, eaſineſs, learning, trifling, buſineſs, and pleaſure, are modes which he ſhould be able to take, lay aſide, or change occaſionally, with as much eaſe as he would take or lay aſide his hat. All this is only to be acquired by uſe and knowledge of the world, by keeping a great deal of company, analyſing every character, and inſinuating yourſelf into the familiarity of various acquaintance. A right, a generous ambition to make a figure in the world neceſſarily gives the deſire of pleaſing; the deſire of pleaſing points out, to a great degree, the means of doing it; and the art of pleaſing is, in truth, the art of riſing, of diſtinguiſhing one's-ſelf, of making a figure and a fortune in the world. But without pleaſing, without the Graces, as I have told you a thouſand times, *ogni fatica è vana*. You are now but nineteen, an age at which moſt of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk in Port, at the Univerſity. You have greatly got the ſtart of them, in learning; and if you can equally get the ſtart of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very ſure of out-running them in Court and Parliament, as you ſet out ſo much earlier than they. They generally begin but to ſee the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have ſeen all Europe. They ſet out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they ſeldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the Engliſh world, and the worſt part of that too, and generally very little but the Engliſh language; and they come home, at three or four-and-twenty, refined and poliſhed (as is ſaid in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch ſkippers from a whale-fiſhing. The care which has been taken of you, and (to do you juſtice) the care you have taken of yourſelf, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire, but the knowledge of the world, manners, addreſs, and thoſe exterior accompliſhments. But they are great and neceſſary acquiſitions, to thoſe who have ſenſe enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and ſhining ſcene of life, will give ſuch an advantage over all your cotemporaries, that they cannot overtake you; they muſt be diſtanced. You may probably be placed about a young Prince, who will probably be a young King. There all the various arts of pleaſing, the engaging addreſs, the verſatility of manners, the *brillant*, the Graces, will outweigh and yet outrun all ſolid knowledge and unpoliſhed merit. Oil yourſelf therefore, and be both ſupple and ſhining, for that race, if you would be firſt, or early, at the goal. Ladies will moſt probably too, have ſomethink to ſay there; and thoſe who are beſt with them, will probably be beſt *ſomewhere elſe*. Labour this great point, my dear child, indefatigably; attend to the very ſmalleſt parts, the minuteſt graces, the moſt trifling circumſtances, that can poſſibly concur in forming the ſhining character of a complete Gentleman,

man, *un galant homme de Cour*, a man of buſineſs and pleaſure; *eſtimé des hommes, recherché des femmes, aimé de tout le monde.* In this view, obſerve the ſhining part of every man of faſhion, who is liked and eſteemed; attend to, and imitate, that particular accompliſhment for which you hear him chiefly celebrated and diſtinguiſhed: then collect thoſe various parts, and make yourſelf a Moſaic of the whole. No one body poſſeſſes every thing, and almoſt every body poſſeſſes ſome one thing worthy of imitation: only chuſe your models well; and, in order to do ſo, chuſe by your ear more than by your eye. The beſt model is always that which is moſt univerſally allowed to be the beſt, though in ſtrictneſs it may poſſibly not be ſo. We muſt take moſt things as they are, we cannot make them what we would, nor often what they ſhould be; and, where moral duties are not concerned, it is more prudent to follow, than to attempt to lead. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

Bath, October the 3d, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have ſet out well at the Hague; you are in love with Madame Munter, which I am very glad of: you are in the fine company there, and I hope one of it; for it is not enough, at your age, to be merely in good company; but you ſhould, by your addreſs and attentions, make that good company think you one of them. There is a tribute due to beauty, even independently of farther views; which tribute, I hope, you paid with alacrity to Madame Munter and Madame Degenfeldt: depend upon it they expected it, and were offended in proportion as that tribute ſeemed either unwillingly or ſcantily paid. I believe my friend Kreuningen admits nobody now to his table, for fear of their communicating the plague to him, or at leaſt the bite of a mad dog. Pray profit of the *entrées libres*, that the French Embaſſador has given you; frequent him, and *ſpeak* to him. I think you will not do amiſs to call upon Mr. Burriſh, at Aix la Chapelle, ſince it is ſo little out of your way; and you will do ſtill better, if you would, which I know you will not, drink thoſe waters, for five or ſix days only, to ſcour your ſtomach and bowels a little: I am ſure it would do you a great deal of good. Mr. Burriſh can, doubtleſs, give you the beſt letters to Munich; and he will naturally give you ſome to Comte Preyſing, or Comte Sinſheim, and ſuch ſort of grave people; but I could wiſh that you would aſk him for ſome to young fellows of pleaſure, or faſhionable coquettes, that you may be *dans l'honnête débauche de Munich*. *A propos* of your future motions; I leave you in a great meaſure the maſter of them, ſo ſhall only ſuggeſt my thoughts to you upon that ſubject.

You have three Electoral Courts in view, Bonn, Munich, and Mapheim. I would adviſe you to ſee two of them rather curſorily,

ſorily, and fix your tabernacle at the third, whichever that may be, for a conſiderable time. For inſtance, ſhould you chuſe (as I fancy you will) to make Manheim the place of your reſidence, ſtay only ten or twelve days at Bonn, and as long at Munich, and then go and fix at Manheim; and ſo, *vice verſâ*, if you ſhould like Bonn or Munich better than you think you would Manheim; make that the place of your reſidence, and only viſit the other two. It is certain that no man can be much pleaſed himſelf, or pleaſe others much, in any place where he is only a bird of paſſage for eight or ten days; neither party thinking it worth while to make an acquaintance, ſtill leſs to form any connection, for ſo ſhort a time: but when months are the caſe, a man may domeſticate himſelf pretty well; and very ſoon, not be looked upon as a ſtranger. This is the real utility of travelling, when, by contracting a familiarity at any place, you get into the inſide of it, and ſee it in its undreſs. That is the only way of knowing the cuſtoms, the manners, and all the little characteriſtical peculiarities, that diſtinguiſh one place from another; but then this familiarity is not to be brought about by cold, formal viſits of half an hour: no; you muſt ſhow a willingneſs, a deſire, an impatience, of forming connections, *il faut s'y prêter, et y mettre du liant, du déſir de plaire.* Whatever you do approve, you muſt be laviſh of your praiſes of; and you muſt learn to commend what you do not approve of, if it is approved of there. You are not much given to praiſe, I know; but it is becauſe you do not yet know, how extremely people are engaged by a ſeeming ſanction to their own opinions, prejudices, and weakneſſes, even in the mereſt trifles. Our ſelf-love is mortified, when we think our opinions, and even our taſtes, cuſtoms, and dreſſes, either arraigned or condemned; as, on the contrary, it is tickled and flattered by approbation. I will give you a remarkable inſtance of this kind. The famous Earl of Shafteſbury, in the flagitious reign of Charles the Second, while he was Chancellor, had a mind to be a Favourite as well as a Miniſter of the King: in order therefore to pleaſe his Majeſty, whoſe prevailing paſſion was women, my Lord kept a w—e, whom he had no occaſion for, and made no manner of uſe of. The King ſoon heard of it, and aſked him if it was true; he owned it was; but that, though he kept that one woman, he had ſeveral others beſides, for he loved variety. A few days afterwards, the King, at his public levée, ſaw Lord Shafteſbury at a diſtance, and ſaid in the circle, "One would not think that that little, weak man "is the greateſt whore-maſter in England; but I can aſſure you "that he is." Upon Lord Shafteſbury's coming into the circle, there was a general ſmile; the King ſaid, "This is concerning "you, my Lord." "Me, Sir!" anſwered the Chancellor, with ſome ſurpriſe. "Yes, you," anſwered the King; "for I had "juſt ſaid, that you were the greateſt whore-maſter in England: "Is it not true?" "Of a *ſubject*, Sir," replied Lord Shafteſbury, "perhaps I am." It is the ſame in every thing; we think a difference

ference of opinion of conduct, of manners, a tacit reproach, at leaſt, upon our own; we muſt therefore uſe our own; we muſt therefore uſe ourſelves to a ready conformity to whatever is neither criminal nor diſhonourable. Whoever differs from any general cuſtom, is ſuppoſed both to think, and proclaim himſelf wiſer than the reſt of the world; which the reſt of the world cannot bear, eſpecially in a young man. A young fellow is always forgiven, and often applauded, when he carries a faſhion to an exceſs; but never if he ſtops ſhort of it. The firſt is aſcribed to youth and fire; but the latter is imputed to an affectation of ſingularity, or ſuperiority. At your age, one is allowed to *outrer* faſhion, dreſs, vivacity, gallantry, &c. but by no means to be behind hand in any one of them. And one may apply to youth in this caſe, *Si non erraſſet, fecerat ille minus.* Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Bath, October the 19th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OF all the various ingredients that compoſe the uſeful and neceſſary art of pleaſing, no one is ſo effectual and engaging, as that gentleneſs, that *douceur* of countenance and manners, to which you are no ſtranger, though (God knows why) a ſworn enemy. Other people take great pains to conceal, or diſguiſe, their natural imperfections; ſome, by the make of their clothes, and other arts, endeavour to conceal the defects of their ſhape; women, who unfortunately have natural bad complexions, lay on good ones; and both men and women, upon whom unkind nature has inflicted a ſurlineſs and ferocity of countenance, do at leaſt all they can, though often without ſucceſs, to ſoften and mitigate it; they affect *douceur*, and aim at ſmiles, though often in the attempt, like the Devil in *Milton*, they *grin horribly, a ghaſtly ſmile*. But you are the only perſon I ever knew, in the whole courſe of my life, who not only diſdain, but abſolutely reject and diſguiſe a great advantage, that nature has kindly granted. You eaſily gueſs I mean *countenance*; for ſhe has given you a very pleaſing one; but you beg to be excuſed, you will not accept it; but, on the contrary, take ſingular pains to put on the moſt *funeſte*, forbidding, and unpleaſing one, that can poſſibly be imagined. This one would think impoſſible; but you know it to be true. If you imagine that it gives you a manly, thoughtful, and deciſive air, as ſome, though very few of your countrymen do, you are moſt exceedingly miſtaken; for it is at beſt the air of a German corporal, part of whoſe exerciſe is to look fierce, and to *blaſemeer-op*. You will ſay, perhaps, What, am I always to be ſtudying my countenance, in order to wear this *douceur*? I anſwer, No, do it but for a fortnight, and you never will have occaſion to think of it more. Take but half the pains to recover the countenance that nature gave you, that you muſt have taken to diſguiſe and deform it as you have, and the buſineſs will be done. Accuſtom

tom your eyes to a certain ſoftneſs, of which they are very capable, and your face to ſmiles, which become it more than moſt faces I know. Give all your motions too, an air of *douceur*, which is directly the reverſe of their preſent celerity and rapidity. I wiſh you would adopt a little of *l'air du Couvent* (you very well know what I mean) to a certain degree; it has ſomething extremely engaging; there is a mixture of benevolence, affection, and unction, in it: it is frequently really ſincere, but is almoſt always thought ſo, and conſequently pleaſing. Will you call this trouble? It will not be half an hour's trouble to you in a week's time. But ſuppoſe it be, pray tell me, why did you give yourſelf the trouble of learning to dance ſo well as you do? It is neither a religious, moral, or civil duty. You muſt own, that you did it then ſingly to pleaſe, and you were in the right on't. Why do you wear fine clothes, and curl your hair? Both are troubleſome; lank locks, and plain flimzy rags, are much eaſier. This then you alſo do in order to pleaſe, and you do very right. But then, for God's ſake, reaſon and act conſequentially; and endeavour to pleaſe in other things too, ſtill more eſſential; and without which the trouble you have taken in thoſe is wholly thrown away. You ſhow your dancing, perhaps, ſix times a year, at moſt; but you ſhow your countenance, and your common motions, every day, and all day. Which then, I appeal to yourſelf, ought you to think of the moſt, and care to render eaſy, graceful, and engaging. *Douceur* of countenance and geſture, can alone make them ſo. You are by no means ill-natured; and would you then moſt unjuſtly be reckoned ſo? Yet your common countenance intimates, and would make any body, who did not know you, believe it. *A propos* of this; I muſt tell you what was ſaid the other day to a fine lady whom you know, who is very good-natured in truth, but whoſe common countenance implies ill-nature, even to brutality. It was Miſs H———n, Lady M——y's niece, whom you have ſeen, both at Blackheath and at Lady Hervey's. Lady M——y was ſaying to me, that you had a very engaging countenance, when you had a mind to it, but that you had not always that mind; upon which, Miſs H———n ſaid, that ſhe liked your countenance beſt, when it was as glum as her own. Why then, replied Lady M———y, you two ſhould marry; for while you both wear your worſt countenances, nobody elſe will venture upon either of you; and they call her now, Mrs. Stanhope. To compleat this *douceur* of countenance and motions, which I ſo earneſtly recommend to you, you ſhould carry it alſo to your expreſſions, and manner of thinking, *mettez y toujours de l'affectueux de l'onction*; take the gentle, the favourable, the indulgent ſide of moſt queſtions. I own, that the manly and ſublime John Trott, your countryman, ſeldom does; but, to ſhow his ſpirit and deciſion, takes the rough and harſh ſide, which he generally adorns with an oath, to ſeem more formidable. This he only thinks fine; for, to do John juſtice, he is commonly as good-

natured

natured as any body. These are among the many little things which you have not, and I have lived long enough in the world to know of what infinite consequence they are, in the course of life. Reason then, I repeat it again, within yourself, *consequentially*; and let not the pains you have taken and still take, to please in some things, be *a pure perte*, by your negligence of, and inattention to others, of much less trouble, and much more consequence.

I have been of late much engaged, or rather bewildered, in Oriental history, particularly that of the Jews, since the destruction of their temple, and their dispersion by Titus; but the confusion and uncertainty of the whole, and the monstrous extravagancies and falsehoods of the greatest part of it, disgusted me extremely. Their Thalmud, their Mischna, their Targums, and other traditions and writings of their Rabbins and Doctors, who were most of them Cabalists, are really more extravagant and absurd, if possible, than all that you have read in Comte de Gabalis; and, indeed, most of his stuff is taken from them. Take this sample of their nonsense, which is transmitted in the writings of one of their most considerable Rabbins. "One Abas Saul, a man of ten feet high, was digging a grave, and happened to find the eye of Goliah, in which he thought proper to bury himself, and so he did, all but his head, which the Giant's eye was unfortunately not quite deep enough to receive." This, I assure you, is the most modest lye of ten thousand. I have also read the Turkish History, which, excepting the religious part, is not fabulous, though very possibly not true. For the Turks, having no notion of letters, and being even by their religion, forbid the use of them, except for reading and transcribing the Koran; they have no historians of their own, nor any authentic records or memorials, for other historians to work upon: so that what histories we have of that country, are written by foreigners; as Platina, Sir Paul Rycaut, Prince Cantemir, *&c.* or else snatches only of particular and short periods, by some who happened to reside there at those times; such as Busbequius, whom I have just finished. I like him, as far as he goes, much the best of any of them: but then his account is, properly, only an account of his own embassy, from the Emperor Charles the Vth to Solyman the Magnificent. However, there he gives, episodically, the best account I know, of the customs and manners of the Turks, and of the nature of that government, which is a most extraordinary one. For, despotic as it always seems, and sometimes is, it is in truth a military republic; and the real power resides in the Janissaries; who sometimes order their Sultan to strangle his Vizir, and sometimes the Vizir to depose or strangle his Sultan, according as they happen to be angry at the one or the other. I own, I am glad, that the capital strangler should, in his turn, be *strangle-able*, and now and then strangled. For I know of no brute so fierce, and no criminal so guilty, as the creature called a Sovereign, whether King,

King, Sultan, or Sophy, who thinks himſelf, either by divine or human right, veſted with an abſolute power of deſtroying his fellow-creatures; or who, without inquiring into his right lawleſsly exerts that power. The moſt excuſable of all thoſe human monſters, are the Turks, whoſe religion teaches them inevitable fataliſm. *A propos* of the Turks; my Loyola, I pretend, is ſuperior to your Sultan. Perhaps you think this impoſſible, and wonder who this Loyola is. Know then, that I have had a Barbet brought me from France, ſo exactly like Sultan, that he has been miſtaken for him ſeveral times; only his ſnout is ſhorter, and his ears longer than Sultan's. He has alſo the acquired knowledge of Sultan; and I am apt to think that he ſtudied under the ſame maſter at Paris. His habit, and his white band, ſhow him to be an Eccleſiaſtic; and his begging, which he does very earneſtly, proves him to be of a Mendicant order; which, added to his flattery and inſinuation, make him ſuppoſed to be a Jeſuit, and have acquired him the name of Loyola. I muſt not omit too, that, when he breaks wind, he ſmells exactly like Sultan.

I do not yet heat one jot the better for all my bathings and pumpings, though I have been here already full half my time; I conſequently go very little into company, being very little fit for any. I hope you keep company enough for us both; you will get more by that, than I ſhall by all my reading. I read ſingly to amuſe myſelf, and fill up my time, of which I have too much; but you have two much better reaſons for going into company, Pleaſure and Profit. May you find a great deal of both, in a great deal of company! Adieu.

LETTER LXXIX.

London, Nov. the 20th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO mails are now due from Holland, ſo that I have no letter from you to acknowledge; but that, you know, by long experience, does not hinder my writing to you: I always receive your letters with pleaſure; but I mean, and endeavour, that you ſhould receive mine with ſome profit; preferring always your advantage to my own pleaſure.

If you find yourſelf well ſettled and naturalized at Manheim, ſtay there ſome time, and do not leave a certain for an uncertain good: but if you think you ſhall be as well, or better eſtabliſhed at Munich, go there as ſoon as you pleaſe; and if diſappointed, you can always return to Manheim. I mentioned, in a former letter, your paſſing the Carnival at Berlin, which I think, may be both uſeful and pleaſing to you; however do as you will; but let me know what you reſolve. That King and that country have, and will have, ſo great a ſhare in the affairs of Europe, that they are well worth being thoroughly known.

Whether, where you are now, or ever may be hereafter, you ſpeak French, German, or Engliſh moſt, I earneſtly recommend

to

to you a particular attention to the propriety and elegancy of your ſtyle: employ the beſt words you can find in the language, avoid *cacophony*, and make your periods as harmonious as you can. I need not, I am ſure, tell you, what you muſt often have felt, how much the elegancy of diction adorns the beſt thoughts, and palliates the worſt. In the Houſe of Commons, it is almoſt every thing; and indeed, in every aſſembly, whether public or private. Words which are the dreſs of thoughts, deſerve, ſurely, more care than clothes, which are only the dreſs of the perſon, and which, however, ought to have their ſhare of attention. If you attend to your ſtyle, in any one language, it will give you an habit of attending to it in every other; and if once you ſpeak either French or German very elegantly, you will afterwards ſpeak much the better Engliſh for it. I repeat it to you again, for, at leaſt, the thouſandth time, exert your whole attention now in acquiring the ornamental parts of character. People know very little of the world, and talk nonſenſe, when they talk of plainneſs and ſolidity unadorned; they will do in nothing: mankind has been long out of a ſtate of nature, and the golden age of native ſimplicity will never return. Whether for the better or the worſe, no matter; but we are refined; and plain manners, plain dreſs, and plain diction, would as little do in life, as acorns, herbage, and the water of the neighbouring ſpring, would do at table. Some people are juſt come, who interrupt me in the middle of my ſermon; ſo good night.

LETTER LXXX.

London, Nov. the 26th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FINE doings at Manheim! If one may give credit to the weekly hiſtories of Monſieur Roderigue, the fineſt writer among the moderns, not only *des chaſſes brillantes et nombreuſes, des opéras ou les acteurs ſe ſurpaſſent, les jours des Saints de L L. A A. E E. ſéréniſſimes, célébrés en grand gala*; but, to crown the whole, Monſieur Zuchmantel is happily arrived, and Monſieur Wartenſleben hourly expected. I hope that you are *pars magna* of all theſe delights; though, as Noll Bluff ſays, in the Old Batchelor, *that raſcally Gazetteer takes no more notice of you, than if you were not in the land of the living.* I ſhould think, that he might at leaſt have taken notice, that in thoſe rejoicings you appeared with a rejoicing. and not a gloomy countenance; and you diſtinguiſhed yourſelf, in that numerous and ſhining company, by your air, dreſs, addreſs, and attentions. If this was the caſe, as I will both hope and ſuppoſe that it was, I will, if you require it, have him written to, to do you juſtice in his next *ſupplément*. Seriouſly, I am very glad, that you are whirled in that *tourbillon* of pleaſures; they ſmooth, poliſh, and rub off

off rough corners: perhaps too, you have ſome particular *colliſion*, which is ſtill more effectual,

Schannat's Hiſtory of the Palatinate was, I find, written originally in German, in which language, I ſuppoſe, it is that you have read it; but as I muſt humbly content myſelf with the French tranſlation, Vaillant has ſent for it for me, from Holland, ſo that I have not yet read it. While you are in the Palatinate, you do very well to read every thing relative to it; you will do ſtill better, if you make that reading the foundation of your inquiries into the more minute circumſtances and anecdotes of that country, whenever you are in company with informed and knowing people.

The Miniſters here, intimidated by the abſurd and groundleſs clamours of the mob, have, very weakly in my mind, repealed, this ſeſſion, the bill which they had paſſed in the laſt, for rendering Jews capable of being naturalized, by ſubſequent acts of parliament. The clamourers triumph, and will, doubtleſs, make farther demands; which, if not granted, this piece of complaiſance will ſoon be forgotten. Nothing is truer in politics, than this reflection of the Cardinal de Retz, *Que le peuple craint toujours quand on ne le craint pas*; and, conſequently, they grow unreaſonable and inſolent, when they find that they are feared. Wiſe and honeſt governors will never, if they can help it, give the people juſt cauſe to complain; but then, on the other hand, they will firmly withſtand groundleſs clamour. Beſides, that this noiſe againſt the Jew bill, proceeds from that narrow mob-ſpirit of *intoleration* in religious, and inhoſpitality in civil matters; both which all wiſe governments ſhould oppoſe.

The confuſion in France increaſes daily, as no doubt, you are informed, where you are. There is an anſwer of the Clergy's to the remonſtrances of the Parliament, lately publiſhed; which was ſent me by the laſt poſt from France, and which I would have ſent you, encloſed in this, were it not too bulky. Very probably you may ſee it at Manheim, from the French Miniſter: it is very well worth your reading, being moſt artfully and plauſibly written, though founded upon falſe principles; the *jus divinum* of the Clergy, and, conſequently, their ſupremacy in all matters of faith and doctrine are aſſerted; both which I abſolutely deny. Were thoſe two points allowed the Clergy of any country whatſoever, they muſt neceſſarily govern that country abſolutely; every thing being, directly or indirectly, relative to faith or doctrine; and whoever is ſuppoſed to have the power of ſaving and damning ſouls, to all eternity, (which power the Clergy pretend to) will be much more conſidered, and better obeyed, than any civil power, that forms no pretenſions beyond this world. Whereas, in truth, the Clergy in every country are, like all other ſubjects, dependant upon the ſupreme legiſlative power; and are appointed by that power, under whatever reſtrictions and limitations it pleaſes, to keep up decency and decorum in the church, juſt as conſtables are to keep peace in

the pariſh. This Fra. Paolo has clearly proved, even upon their own principles of the old and new Teſtament, in his book *de Beneficiis*, which I recomend to you to read with attention; it is ſhort. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXI.

London, Dec. the 25th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY again I received two letters at once from you, the one of the 7th, the other of the 15th, from Manheim.

You never had in your life ſo good a reaſon for not writing, either to me or to any body elſe, as your ſore finger lately furniſhed you. I believe it was painful, and I am glad it is cured; but a ſore finger, however painful, is a much leſſer evil than lazineſs, of either body or mind, and attended by fewer ill conſequences.

I am very glad to hear that you were diſtinguiſhed, at the Court of Manheim, from the reſt of your countrymen and fellow-travellers: it is a ſign that you had better manners and addreſs than they; for take it for granted, the beſt bred people will always be the beſt received, wherever they go. Good manners are the ſettled medium of ſocial, as *ſpecie* is of commercial life; returns are equally expected for both; and people will no more advance their civility to a Bear, than their money to a Bankrupt. I really both hope, and believe, that the German Courts will do you a great deal of good; their ceremony and reſtraint being the proper correctives, and antidotes, for your negligence and inattention. I believe they would not greatly reliſh your weltering in your own lazineſs, and an eaſy chair; nor take it very kindly, if, when they ſpoke to you, or you to them, you looked another way; as much as to ſay, kiſs my b———h. As they give, ſo they require attention; and by the way, take this maxim for an undoubted truth, That no young man can poſſibly improve in any company, for which he has not reſpect enough to be under ſome degree of reſtraint.

I dare not truſt to Meyſſonier's report of his Rheniſh, his Burgundy not having anſwered, either his account or my expectations. I doubt, as a wine-merchant, he is the *perfidus caupo*, whatever he may be as a banker. I ſhall therefore venture upon none of his wine; but delay making my proviſion of Old Hock, till I go abroad myſelf next ſpring; as I told you, in the utmoſt ſecrecy, in my laſt, that I intend to do; and then, probably, I may taſte ſome that I like, and go upon ſure ground. There is commonly very good, both at Aix-la-Chapelle and Liége; where I formerly got ſome excellent, which I carried with me to Spa, where I drink no other wine.

As my letters to you frequently miſcarry, I will repeat in this, that part of my laſt, which frelated to your future motions. Wherever you ſhall be tired of Berlin, go to Dreſden; where

Sir

Sir Charles Williams will be, who will receive you with open arms. He dined with me to-day; and ſets out for Dreſden in about ſix weeks. He ſpoke of you with great kindneſs, and impatience to ſee you again. He will truſt and employ you in buſineſs (and he is now in the whole ſecret of importance) till we fix our place to meet in; which, probably, will be Spa. Wherever you are, inform yourſelf minutely of, and attend particularly to, the affairs of France; they grow ſerious, and, in my opinion, will grow more and more ſo every day. The King is deſpiſed, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about, to be hated at the ſame time, which ſeldom happens to the ſame man. His Miniſters are known to be as diſunited as incapable: he heſitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the Aſs in the fable, that ſtarved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his miſtreſs to part with her, and too much afraid, for his ſoul to enjoy her: jealous of the Parliaments, who would ſupport his authority; and a devout bigot to the Church, that would deſtroy it. The people are poor, conſequently diſcontented: thoſe who have religion, are divided in their notions of it; which is ſaying, that they hate one another. The Clergy never do forgive; much leſs will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them. The Army muſt, without doubt, take, in their own minds, at leaſt, different parts in all theſe diſputes, which, upon occaſion, would break out. Armies, though always the ſupporters and tools of abſolute power, for the time being, are always the deſtroyers of it too; by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it. This was the caſe of the Prætorian bands, who depoſed and murdered the monſters they had raiſed to oppreſs mankind. The Janiſſaries in Turkey, and the regiments of guards in Ruſſia, do the ſame now. The French nation reaſons freely, which they never did before, upon matters of religion and government, and begin to be *ſpregiudicati*; the officers do ſo too; in ſhort, all the ſymptoms, which I have ever met with in hiſtory, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exiſt, and daily increaſe, in France. I am glad of it; the reſt of Europe will be the quieter, and have time to recover. England, I am ſure, wants reſt; for it wants men and money: the republic of the United Provinces wants both, ſtill more: the other powers cannot well dance, when neither France, nor the maritime powers, can, as they uſed to do, pay the piper. The firſt ſquabble in Europe, that I foreſee, will be about the Crown of Poland, ſhould the preſent King die; and therefore I wiſh his Majeſty a long life, and a merry Chriſtmas. So much for foreign politics: but, *a propos* of them, pray take care, while you are in thoſe parts of Germany, to inform yourſelf correctly of all the détails, diſcuſſions, and agreements, which the ſeveral wars, confiſcations, bans, and treaties, occaſioned between the Bavarian and Palatine Electorates; they are intereſting and curious.

I ſhall not, upon the occaſion of the approaching new year, repeat to you the wiſhes which I continue to form for you; you know them all already; and you know that it is abſolutely in your own power to ſatisfy moſt of them. Among many other wiſhes, this is my moſt earneſt one, that you would open the new year with a moſt ſolemn and devout ſacrifice to the Graces; who never reject thoſe that ſupplicate them with fervour: without them, let me tell you, that your friend Dame Fortune will ſtand you in little ſtead: may they all be your friends! Adieu.

LETTER LXXXII.

London, January the 17th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 26th paſt, from Munich. Since you are got ſo well out of the diſtreſs and dangers of your journey from Manheim, I am glad that you were in them,

Condiſce i diletti
Memorie di pene,
Ne ſà che ſia bene
Chi mal non ſoffrì.

They were but little ſamples of the much greater diſtreſs and dangers which you muſt expect to meet with in your great, and, I hope, long journey through life. In ſome parts of it, flowers are ſcattered with profuſion, the road is ſmooth, and the proſpect pleaſant; but in others (and I fear the greater number) the road is rugged, beſet with thorns and briars and cut by torrents. Gather the flowers in your way; but at the ſame time guard againſt the briars that are either mixed with them, or that moſt certainly ſucceed them.

I thank you for your wild boar, who, now he is dead, I aſſure him *ſe laiſſera bien manger malgré qu'il en aïe*; though I am not ſo ſure that I ſhould have had that perſonal valour which ſo ſucceſsfully diſtinguiſhed you in ſingle combat with him, which made him bite the duſt like Homer's heroes, and, to conclude my period ſublimely, put him into that *pickle*, from which I propoſe eating him. At the ſame time that I applaud your valour, I muſt do juſtice to your modeſty; which candidly admits, that you were not overmatched, and that your adverſary was of about your own age and ſize. A *Marcaſſin*, being under a year old, would have been below your indignation. *Bête de compagnie*, being under two years old, was ſtill, in my opinion, below your glory; but I gueſs that your enemy was *un Ragot*, that is, from two to three years old, an age and ſize which, between man and boar, anſwer pretty well to yours.

If

If accidents of bad roads or waters do not retain you at Munich, I do not fancy that pleaſures will; and I rather believe you will ſeek for, and find them, at the Carnival at Berlin; in which ſuppoſition, I eventually direct this letter to your banker there. While you are at Berlin (I earneſtly recommend it to you again and again) pray *care* to ſee, hear, know, and mind, every thing there. *The ableſt Prince in Europe*, is ſurely an object that deſerves attention; and the leaſt thing that he does, like the ſmalleſt ſketches of the greateſt painters, has its value, and a conſiderable one too.

Read with care the *Code Frederick*, and inform yourſelf of the good effects of it, in thoſe parts of his dominions where it has taken place, and where it has baniſhed the former chicanes, quirks, and quibbles of the old law. Do not think any detail too minute, or trifling, for your inquiry and obſervation. I wiſh that you could find one hour's leiſure every day, to read ſome good Italian author, and to converſe in that language with our worthy friend Signor Angelo Cori: it would both refreſh and improve your Italian, which, of the many languages you know, I take to be that in which you are the leaſt perfect; but of which too, you already know enough to make yourſelf maſter of, with very little trouble, whenever you pleaſe.

Live, dwell, and grow, at the ſeveral Courts there; uſe them ſo much to your face, that they may not look upon you as a ſtranger. Obſerve, and take their tone, even to their affectations and follies; for ſuch there are, and perhaps ſhould be, at all Courts. Stay, in all events, at Berlin, till I inform you of Sir Charles Williams's arrival at Dreſden; where, I ſuppoſe, you would not care to be before him, and where you may go as ſoon after him as ever you pleaſe. Your time there will neither be unprofitably nor diſagreeably ſpent; he will introduce you into all the beſt company, though he can introduce you to none, ſo good as his own. He has of late applied himſelf very ſeriouſly to foreign affairs, eſpecially thoſe of Saxony and Poland; he knows them perfectly well, and will tell you what he knows. He always expreſſes, and I have good reaſon to believe very ſincerely, great kindneſs and affection for you.

The works of the late Lord Bolingbroke are juſt publiſhed, and have plunged me into philoſophical ſtudies; which hitherto I have not been much uſed to, or delighted with; convinced of the futility of thoſe reſearches: but I have read his Philoſophical Eſſay upon the extent of human knowledge, which, by the way, makes two large quarto's and an half. He there ſhows very clearly, and with moſt ſplendid eloquence, what the human mind can, and cannot do; that our underſtandings are wiſely calculated for our place in this planet, and for the link which we form in the univerſal chain of things; but that

they

they are by no means capable of that degree of knowledge, which our curioſity makes us ſearch after, and which our vanity makes us often believe we arrive at. I ſhall not recommend to you the reading of that work. But, when you return hither, I ſhall recommend to your frequent and diligent peruſal, all his tracts, that are relative to our hiſtory and conſtitution; upon which he throws lights, and ſcatters graces, which no other writer has ever done.

Reading, which was always a pleaſure to me, in the time even of my greateſt diſſipation, is now become my only refuge; and, I fear, I indulge it too much, at the expence of my eyes. But what can I do? I muſt do ſomething; I cannot bear abſolute idleneſs: my ears grow every day more uſeleſs to me, my eyes, conſequently, more neceſſary; I will not hoard them like a miſer, but will rather riſk the loſs, than not enjoy the uſe of them.

Pray let me know all the particulars, not only of your reception at Munich, but alſo at Berlin; at the latter, I believe, it will be a good one; for his Pruſſian Majeſty knows, that I have long been *an admirer and reſpecter of his great and various talents.* Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIII.

London, Feb. the 1ſt, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, yours of the 12th from Munich; in conſequence of which, I direct this to you there, though I directed my three laſt to Berlin, where, I ſuppoſe, you will find them at your arrival. Since you are not only domeſticated, but *niché* at Munich, you are much in the right to ſtay there. It is not by ſeeing places, that one knows them, but by familiar and daily converſations with the people of faſhion. I would not care to be in the place of that prodigy of beauty, whom you are to drive *dans la courſe de Traineaux*; and I am apt to think, you are much more likely to break her bones, than ſhe is, though ever ſo cruel, to break your heart. Nay, I am not ſure but that, according to all the rules of gallantry, you are obliged to overturn her on purpoſe: in the firſt place, for the chance of ſeeing her backſide; in the next, for the ſake of the contrition and concern which it would give you an opportunity of ſhowing; and, laſtly, upon account of all the *gentilleſſes et epigrammes*, which it would naturally ſuggeſt. Voiture has made ſeveral ſtanzas, upon an accident of that kind, which happened to a lady of his acquaintance. There is a great deal of wit in them, rather too much; for, according to the taſte of thoſe times, they are full of what the Italians call *concetti ſpiriteſſiſſimi*; the Spaniards, *agudeze*; and we, affectation and quaintneſs.

neſs. I hope you have endeavoured to ſuit your *Traineau* to the character of the fair one whom it is to contain. If ſhe is of an iraſcible, impetuous diſpoſition (as fine women can ſometimes be) you will, doubtleſs, place her in the body of a lion, a tyger, a dragon, or ſome tremendous beaſt of prey and fury; if ſhe is a ſublime and ſtately beauty, which I think more probable (for unqueſtionably ſhe is *hogh gebohrne*) you will, I ſuppoſe, provide a magnificent ſwan or proud peacock for her reception; but if ſhe is all tenderneſs and ſoftneſs, you have, to be ſure, taken care, amorous doves and wanton ſparrows ſhould ſeem to flutter round her. Proper mottos, I take it for granted, that you have eventually prepared; but if not, you may find a great many ready-made ones, in *Les entretiens d'Ariſte et d'Eugéne, ſur les deviſes*, written by Pere Bouhours, and worth your reading at any time. I will not ſay to you, upon this occaſion, like the Father in Ovid,

Parce, puer, ſtimulis et fortius utere loris.

On the contrary, drive on briſkly; it is not the chariot of the ſun that you drive, but you carry the ſun in your chariot; conſequently, the faſter it goes, the leſs it will be likely either to ſcorch or conſume. This is Spaniſh enough I am ſure.

If this find you ſtill at Munich, pray make many compliments from me to Mr. Burriſh, to whom I am very much obliged for all his kindneſs to you; it is true, that while I had power, I endeavoured to ſerve him; but it is as true too, that I ſerved many others more, who have neither returned nor remembered thoſe ſervices.

I have been very ill this laſt fortnight, of your old Carniolian complaint, the *arthritis vaga*; luckily, it did not fall upon my breaſt, but ſeized on my right arm; there it fixed its ſeat of empire; but, as in all tyrannical governments, the remoteſt parts felt their ſhare of its ſeverity. Laſt poſt I was not able to hold a pen long enough to write to you, and therefore deſired Mr. Grevenkop to do it for me; but that letter was directed to Berlin. My pain is now much abated, though I have ſtill ſome fine remains of it in my ſhoulder, where, I fear, it will teaze me a great while. I muſt be careful to take Horace's advice, and conſider well, *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recuſent.*

Lady Cheſterfield bids me make you her compliments, and aſſure you, that the muſic will be much more welcome to her with you, than without you.

In ſome of my laſt letters, which were directed to, and will, I ſuppoſe, wait for you at Berlin, I complimented you, and with juſtice, upon your great improvement of late in the epiſtolary way, both with regard to the ſtyle and the turn of your letters; your four or five laſt to me have been very good ones,

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and one that you wrote to Mr. Harte, upon the New Year, was ſo pretty a one, and he was ſo much and ſo juſtly pleaſed with it, that he ſent it me from Windſor, the inſtant he had read it. This talent (and a moſt neceſſary one it is in the courſe of life) is to be acquired by reſolving, and taking pains to acquire it; and, indeed, ſo is every talent except poetry, which is, undoubtedly, a gift. Think, therefore, night and day, of the turn, the purity, the correctneſs, the perſpicuity, and the elegancy, of whatever you ſpeak or write: take my word for it, your labour will not be in vain, but greatly rewarded by the harveſt of praiſe and ſucceſs which it will bring you. Delicacy of turn, and elegancy of ſtyle, are ornaments as neceſſary to common ſenſe, as attentions, addreſs, and faſhionable manners, are to common civility; both may ſubſiſt without them, but then, without being of the leaſt uſe to the owner. The figure of a man is exactly the ſame, in dirty rags, or in the fineſt and beſt-choſen clothes; but in which of the two he is the moſt likely to pleaſe, and to be received in good company, I leave to you to determine.

Both my arm and my paper hint to me, to bid you good night.

LETTER LXXXIV.

London, February the 12th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TAKE my aim, and let off this letter at you, at Berlin; I ſhould be ſorry it miſſed you, becauſe I believe you will read it with as much pleaſure as I write it. It is to inform you, that, after ſome difficulties and dangers, your ſeat in the new Parliament is at laſt abſolutely ſecured, and that without oppoſition, or the leaſt neceſſity of your perſonal trouble or appearance. This ſucceſs, I muſt farther inform you, is, in a great degree, owing to Mr. Eliot's friendſhip to us both; for he brings you in with himſelf, at his ſureſt borough. As it was impoſſible to act with more zeal and friendſhip, than Mr. Eliot has acted in this whole affair, I deſire that you will, by the very next poſt, write him a letter of thanks, warm and young thanks, not old and cold ones. You may encloſe it in yours to me, and I will ſend it to him, for he is now in Cornwall.

Thus, ſure of being a Senator, I dare ſay you do not propoſe to be one of the *pedarii ſenatores, et pedibus ire in ſententiam*; for, as the Houſe of Commons is the theatre where you muſt make your fortune and figure in the world, you muſt reſolve to be an actor, and not a *perſona muta*, which is juſt equivalent to a candle-ſnuffer upon other theatres. Whoever does not ſhine there is obſcure, inſignificant, and contemptible; and you cannot

cannot conceive how eaſy it is, for a man of half your ſenſe and knowledge, to ſhine there if he pleaſes. The receipt to make a ſpeaker, and an applauded one too, is ſhort and eaſy. Take of common ſenſe *quantum ſufficit*, add a little application to the rules and orders of the houſe, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctneſs, and elegancy of ſtyle. Take it for granted, that by far the greateſt part of mankind do neither analyſe nor ſearch to the bottom; they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the ſurface. All have ſenſes to be gratified, very few have reaſon to be applied to. Graceful utterance and action pleaſes their eyes, elegant diction tickles their ears; but ſtrong reaſon would be thrown away upon them. I am not only perſuaded by theory, but convinced by my experience, that (ſuppoſing a certain degree of common ſenſe) what is called a good ſpeaker, is as much a mechanic, as a good ſhoemaker; and that the two trades are equally to be learned by the ſame degree of application. Therefore, for God's ſake, let this trade be the principal object of your thoughts; never loſe ſight of it. Attend minutely to your ſtyle, whatever language you ſpeak or write in; ſeek for the beſt words, and think of the beſt turns. Whenever you doubt of the propriety or elegancy of any word, ſearch the dictionary, or ſome good author for it, or inquire of ſomebody, who is maſter of that language; and in a little time, propriety and elegancy of diction will become ſo habitual to you, that they will coſt you no more trouble. As I have laid this down to be mechanical, and attainable by whoever will take the neceſſary pains, there will be no great vanity in my ſaying, that I ſaw the importance of the object ſo early, and attended to it ſo young, that it would now coſt me more trouble to ſpeak or write ungrammatically, vulgarly, and inelegantly, than ever it did to avoid doing ſo. The late Lord Bolingbroke, without the leaſt trouble, talked all day long, full as elegantly as he wrote; Why? Not by a peculiar gift from heaven; but, as he has often told me himſelf, by an early and conſtant attention to his ſtyle. The preſent Solicitor-general, Murray, has leſs law than many lawyers, but has more practice than any; merely upon account of his eloquence, of which he has a never-failing ſtream. I remember, ſo long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my chief ſtudy) whether ancient or modern, I uſed to write down the ſhining paſſages, and then tranſlate them, as well and as elegantly as ever I could; if Latin or French, into Engliſh; if Engliſh, into French. This, which I practiſed for ſome years, not only improved and formed my ſtyle, but imprinted in my mind and memory the beſt thoughts of the beſt authors. The trouble was little, but the advantage, I have experienced, was great. While you are abroad, you can neither have time nor opportunity to read pieces of Engliſh, or Parliamentary

mentary eloquence, as I hope you will carefully do when you return; but, in the mean time, whenever pieces of French eloquence come in your way, such as the speeches of persons received into the Academy, *oraisons funèbres*, representations of the several Parliaments to the King, *&c.* read them in that view, in that spirit; observe the harmony, the turn and elegancy, of the style; examine in what you think it might have been better; and consider in what, had you written it yourself, you might have done worse. Compare the different manners of expressing the same thoughts, in different authors; and observe how differently the same things appear in different dresses. Vulgar, coarse, and ill-chosen words, will deform and degrade the best thoughts, as much as rags and dirt will the best figure. In short, you now know your object; pursue it steadily, and have no digressions that are not relative to, and connected with the main action. Your success in Parliament will effectually remove all *other objections*; either a foreign or a domestic destination will no longer be refused you, if you make your way to it through Westminster.

I think I may now say that I am quite recovered of my late illness, strength and spirits excepted, which are not yet restored. Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, will, I believe, answer all my purposes.

I long to hear an account of your reception at Berlin, which I fancy will be a most gracious one. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

London, February the 15th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN now with great truth apply your own motto to you, *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.* You are sure of being, as early as your age will permit, a Member of that House; which is the only road to figure and fortune in this country. Those indeed who are bred up to, and distinguish themselves in particular professions, as the army, the navy, and the law, may by their own merit raise themselves to a certain degree; but you may observe too, that they never get to the top, without the assistance of Parliamentary talents and influence. The means of distinguishing yourself in parliament are, as I told you in my last much more easily attained than I believe you imagine. Close attendance to the business of the House will soon give you the Parliamentary *routine*; and strict attention to your style will soon make you not only a speaker, but a good one. The vulgar look upon a man, who is reckoned a fine speaker as a phænomenon, a supernatural being, and endowed with some peculiar gift of Heaven: they stare at him, if he walks in the Park, and cry, *that is he.* You will, I am sure, view him in a juster light, and *nulla formidine.* You will consider him only as a man of good sense, who adorns common thoughts with the graces of elocution

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and the elegancy of ſtyle. The miracle will then ceaſe; and you will be convinced, that with the ſame application and attention, to the ſame objects, you may moſt certainly equal, and perhaps ſurpaſs, this prodigy. Sir W———m Y———g, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thouſandth part of your knowledge, has, by a glibneſs of tongue ſingly, raiſed himſelf ſucceſſively to the beſt employments of the kingdom: he has been Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treaſury, Secretary at War, and is now Vice-Treaſurer of Ireland; and all this, with a moſt ſullied, not to ſay blaſted character. Repreſent the thing to yourſelf, as it really is, eaſily attainable, and you will find it ſo. Have but ambition enough paſſionately to deſire the object, and ſpirit enough to uſe the means, and I will be anſwerable for your ſucceſs. When I was younger than you are, I reſolved within myſelf, that I would in all events be a ſpeaker in Parliament, and a good one too, if I could. I conſequently never loſt ſight of that object, and never neglected any of the means that I thought led to it. I ſucceeded to a certain degree; and, I aſſure you, with great eaſe, and without ſuperior talents. Young people are very apt to over-rate both men and things, from not being enough acquainted with them. In proportion as you come to know them better, you will value them leſs. You will find, that reaſon, which always ought to direct mankind, ſeldom does; but that paſſions and weakneſſes commonly uſurp its ſeat, and rule in its ſtead. You will find, that the ableſt have their weak ſides too, and are only comparatively able, with regard to the ſtill weaker herd; having fewer weakneſſes themſelves, they are able to avail themſelves of the innumerable ones of the generality of mankind: being more maſters of themſelves, they become more eaſily maſters of others. They addreſs themſelves to their weakneſſes, their ſenſes, their paſſions; never to their reaſon; and conſequently ſeldom fail of ſucceſs. But then analyſe thoſe great, thoſe governing, and, as the vulgar imagine, thoſe perfect characters; and you will find the great Brutus a thief in Macedonia, the great Cardinal de Richelieu a jealous poetaſter, and the Duke of Marlborough a miſer. Till you come to know mankind by your own experience, I know no thing, and no man, that can, in the mean time, bring you ſo well acquainted with them as le Duc de la Rochefoucault; his little book of Maxims, which I would adviſe you to look into, for ſome moments at leaſt, every day of your life, is, I fear, too like, and too exact a picture of human nature. I own it ſeems to degrade it; but yet my experience does not convince me, that it degrades it unjuſtly.

Now, to bring all this home to my firſt point. All theſe conſiderations ſhould not only invite you to attempt to make a figure in Parliament, but encourage you to hope that you ſhall ſucceed. To govern mankind, one muſt not over-rate them; and to pleaſe an audience, as a ſpeaker, one muſt not over-value it.

it. When I firſt came into the Houſe of Commons, I reſpected that aſſembly as a venerable one; and felt a certain awe upon me: but, upon better acquaintance, that awe ſoon vaniſhed; and I diſcovered, that, of the five hundred and ſixty, not above thirty could underſtand reaſon, and that all the reſt were *peuple:* that thoſe thirty only required plain common ſenſe, dreſſed up in good language; and that all the others only required flowing and harmonious periods, whether they conveyed any meaning or not; having ears to hear, but not ſenſe enough to judge. Theſe conſiderations made me ſpeak with little concern the firſt time, with leſs the ſecond, and with none at all the third. I gave myſelf no farther trouble about any thing, except my elocution and my ſtyle; preſuming, without much vanity, that I had common ſenſe ſufficient not to talk nonſenſe. Fix theſe three truths ſtrongly in your mind: Firſt, that it is abſolutely neceſſary for you to ſpeak in Parliament; ſecondly, that it only requires a little human attention, and no ſupernatural gifts; and thirdly, that you have all the reaſon in the world to think, that you ſhall ſpeak well. When we meet, this ſhall be the principal ſubject of our converſations; and, if you will follow my advice, I will anſwer for your ſucceſs.

Now from great things to little ones; the tranſition is to me eaſy, becauſe nothing ſeems little to me, that can be of any uſe to you. I hope you take great care of your mouth and teeth, and that you clean them well every morning with a ſpunge and tepid water, with a few drops of arquebuſade water dropped into it; beſides waſhing your mouth carefully after every meal. I do inſiſt upon your never uſing thoſe ſticks, or any hard ſubſtance whatſoever, which always rub away the gums, and deſtroy the varniſh of the teeth. I ſpeak this from woeful experience; for my negligence of my teeth, when I was younger than you are, made them bad; and afterwards, my deſire to have them look better, made me uſe ſticks, irons, *&c.* which totally deſtroyed them; ſo that I have not now above ſix or ſeven left. I loſt one this morning, which ſuggeſted this advice to you.

I have received the tremendous wild boar, which your ſtill more tremendous arm ſlew in the immenſe deſarts of the Palatine; but have not yet taſted of it, as it is hitherto above my low regimen. The late King of Pruſſia, whenever he killed any number of wild boars, uſed to oblige the Jews to buy them, at an high price, though they could eat none of them; ſo they defrayed the expence of his hunting. His ſon has juſter rules of government, as the *Code Frederick* plainly ſhows.

I hope, that, by this time, you are as well *ancré* at Berlin as you were at Munich; but if not, you are ſure of being ſo at Dreſden. Adieu.

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LETTER LXXXVI.

London, February the 26th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your letter of the 4th from Munich, and of the 11th from Ratiſbon; but I have not received that of the the 31ſt January, to which you refer in the former. It is to this negligence and uncertainty of the poſt, that you owe your accidents betwen Munich and Ratiſbon; for, had you received my letters regularly, you would have received one from me, before you left Munich, in which I adviſed you to ſtay, ſince you were ſo well there. But at all events, you were in the wrong to ſet out from Munich in ſuch weather and ſuch roads; ſince you could never imagine that I had ſet my heart ſo much upon your going to Berlin, as to venture your being buried in the ſnow for it. Upon the whole, conſidering all, you are very well off. You do very well, in my mind, to return to Munich, or, at leaſt, to keep within the circle of Munich, Ratiſbon, and Manheim, till the weather and the roads are good: ſtay at each or any of thoſe places as long as ever you pleaſe; for I am extremely indifferent about your going to Berlin.

As to our meeting, I will tell you my plan, and you may form your own accordingly. I propoſe ſetting out from hence the laſt week in April, then drinking the Aix-la-Chapelle waters for a week, and from thence being at Spa about the 15th of May, where I ſhall ſtay two months at moſt, and then return ſtrait to England. As I both hope and believe that there will be no mortal at Spa during my reſidence there, the faſhionable ſeaſon not beginning till the middle of July, I would by no means have you come there at firſt, to be locked up with me and ſome few *Capucins*, for two months, in that miſerable hole; but I would adviſe you to ſtay where you like beſt, till about the firſt week in July, and then to come and pick me up at Spa, or meet me upon the road at Liége or Bruſſels. As for the intermediate time, ſhould you be weary of Manheim and Munich, you may if you pleaſe, go to Dreſden, to Sir Charles Williams, who will be there before that time; or you may come for a month or ſix weeks to the Hague; or, in ſhort, go or ſtay wherever you like beſt. So much for your motions.

As you have ſent for all the letters directed to you at Berlin, you will receive from thence volumes of mine, among which you will eaſily perceive that ſome were calculated for a ſuppoſed peruſal previous to your opening them. I will not repeat any thing contained in them, excepting, that I deſire you will ſend me a warm and cordial letter of thanks for Mr. Eliot; who has, in the moſt friendly manner imaginable, fixed you at his own borough of Liſkeard, where you will be elected, jointly with him, without the leaſt oppoſition or difficulty. I will forward that letter to him in Cornwall, where he now is.

Now,

Now, that you are to be ſoon a man of buſineſs, I heartily wiſh that you would immediately begin to be a man of method; nothing contributing more to facilitate and diſpatch buſineſs, than method and order. Have order and method in your accounts, in your reading, in the allotment of your time; in ſhort, in every thing. You cannot conceive how much time you will ſave by it, nor how much better every thing you do will be done. The Duke of Marlborough did by no means ſpend, but he ſlatterned himſelf into that immenſe debt, which is not yet near paid off. The hurry and confuſion of the Duke of Newcaſtle do not proceed from his buſineſs, but from his want of method in it. Sir Robert Walpole, who had ten times the buſineſs to do, was never ſeen in a hurry, becauſe he always did it with Method. The head of a man who has buſineſs, and no method nor order, is properly that *rudis indigeſtaque moles quam dixere chaos*. As you muſt be conſcious that you are extremely negligent and ſlatternly, I hope you will reſolve not to be ſo for the future. Prevail with yourſelf, only to obſerve good method and order for one fortnight; and I will venture to aſſure you, that you will never neglect them afterwards; you will find ſuch conveniency and advantage ariſing from them. Method is the great advantage that lawyers have over other people, in ſpeaking in Parliament; for as they muſt neceſſarily obſerve it in their pleadings in the Courts of Juſtice, it becomes habitual to them every where elſe. Without making you a compliment, I can tell you with pleaſure, that order, method, and more activity of mind, are all that you want to make, ſome day or other, a conſiderable figure in buſineſs. You have more uſeful knowledge, more diſcernment of characters, and much more diſcretion, than is common at your age; much more, I am ſure, than I had at that age. Experience you cannot yet have, and therefore truſt in the mean time to mine. I am an old traveller; am well acquainted with all the bye as well as the great roads: I cannot miſguide you from ignorance, and you are very ſure I ſhall not from deſign.

I can aſſure you, that you will have no opportunity of ſubſcribing yourſelf, my Excellency's, *&c.* Retirement and quiet were my choice ſome years ago, while I had all my ſenſes, and health and ſpirits enough to carry on buſineſs, but now, that I have loſt my hearing, and that I find my conſtitution declining daily, they are become my neceſſary and only refuge. I know myſelf, (no common piece of knowledge, let me tell you) I know what I can, what I cannot, and conſequently what I ought to do. I ought not, and therefore will not, return to buſineſs, when I am much leſs fit for it than I was when I quitted it. Still leſs will I go to Ireland, where from my deafneſs and infirmities, I muſt neceſſarily make a different figure from that which I once made there. My pride would be too much mortified by that difference. The two important ſenſes of ſeeing and hearing ſhould not only be good, but quick, in buſineſs; and the buſineſs of a

Lord

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (if he will do it himſelf) requires both thoſe ſenſes in the higheſt perfection. It was the Duke of Dorſet's not doing the buſineſs himſelf, but giving it up to * favourites, that has occaſioned all this confuſion in Ireland; and it was my doing the whole myſelf, without either Favourite, Miniſter, or Miſtreſs, that made my adminiſtration ſo ſmooth and quiet. I remember, when I named the late Mr. Liddel for my Secretary, every body was much ſurpriſed at it; and ſome of my friends repreſented to me, that he was no man of buſineſs, but only a very genteel, pretty young fellow; I aſſured them, and with truth, that that was the very reaſon why I choſe him: for that I was reſolved to do all the buſineſs myſelf, and without even the ſuſpicion of having a Miniſter; which the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, if he is a man of buſineſs, is always ſuppoſed, and commonly with reaſon, to be. Moreover, I look upon myſelf now to be *emeritus* in buſineſs, in which I have been near forty years together; I give it up to you: apply yourſelf to it, as I have done, for forty years, and then I conſent to your leaving it for a philoſophical retirement, among your friends and your books. Stateſmen and beauties are very rarely ſenſible of the gradations of their decay; and, too ſanguinely hoping to ſhine on in their meridian, often ſet with contempt and ridicule. I retired in time, *uti conviva ſatur*; or, as Pope ſays, ſtill better, *Ere tittering youth ſhall ſhove you from the ſtage.* My only remaining ambition is to be the Counſellor and Miniſter of your riſing ambition; let me ſee my own youth revived in you. Let me be your Mentor, and with your parts and knowledge, I promiſe you, you ſhall go far. You muſt bring, on your part, activity and attention, and I will point out to you the proper objects for them. I own, I fear but one thing for you, and that is what one has generally the leaſt reaſon to fear, from one of your age, I mean your lazineſs; which, if you indulge, will make you ſtagnate in a contemptible obſcurity all your life. It will hinder you from doing any thing that will deſerve to be written, or from writing any thing that may deſerve to be read; and yet one or other of thoſe two objects ſhould be at leaſt aimed at by every rational being. I look upon indo'ence as a ſort of *ſuicide*; for the Man is effectually deſtroyed, though the appetites of the Brute may ſurvive. Buſineſs by no means forbids pleaſures; on the contrary, they reciprocally ſeaſon each other; and I will venture to affirm, that no man enjoys either in perfection, that does not join both. They whet the deſire for each other. Uſe yourſelf therefore, in time, to be alert and diligent in your little concerns: never procraſtinate, never put off till to-

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* Lord George Sackville, ſecond ſon, and ſecretary to his grace.—Dr. George Stone, Archbiſhop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland.

to-morrow, what you can do to-day; and never do two things at a time: purſue your object, be it what it will, ſteadily and indefatigably; and let any difficulties (if ſurmountable) rather animate than ſlacken your endeavours. Perſeverance has ſurpriſing effects.

I wiſh you would uſe yourſelf to tranſlate, every day, only three or four lines, from any book, in any language, into the correcteſt and moſt elegant Engliſh that you can think of; you cannot imagine how it will inſenſibly form your ſtyle, and give you an habitual elegancy: it would not take you up a quarter of an hour in a day. This letter is ſo long, that it will hardly leave you that quarter of an hour, the day you receive it. So good night.

LETTER LXXXVII.

London, March the 8th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A GREAT and unexpected event has lately happened in our miniſterial world—Mr. Pelham died laſt Monday of a fever and mortification; occaſioned by a general corruption of his whole maſs of blood which had broke out into ſores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a ſocial and friendly way. He meaned well to the public; and was incorrupt in a poſt where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no ſhining enterprizing Miniſter, he was a ſafe one, which I like better. Very ſhining Miniſters, like the Sun, are apt to ſcorch, when they ſhine the brighteſt: in our conſtitution, I prefer the milder light of a leſs glaring Miniſter. His ſucceſſor is not yet, at leaſt publicly *deſignatus*. You will eaſily ſuppoſe that many are very willing, and very few able, to fill that poſt. Various perſons are talked of, by different people, for it, according as their intereſt prompts them to wiſh, or their ignorance to conjecture. Mr. Fox is the moſt talked of, he is ſtrongly ſupported by the Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Legge, the Solicitor General, and Dr. Lee, are likewiſe all ſpoken of, upon the foot of the Duke of Newcaſtle's, and the Chancellor's intereſt. Should it be any one of the three laſt, I think no great alterations will enſue; but ſhould Mr. Fox prevail, it would in my opinion, ſoon produce changes, by no means favourable to the Duke of Newcaſtle. In the mean time, the wild conjectures of volunteer politicians, and the ridiculous importance which, upon theſe occaſions, blockheads always endeavour to give themſelves, by grave looks, ſignificant ſhrugs, and inſignificant whiſpers, are very entertaining to a by-ſtander, as thank God, I now am. One *knows ſomething*, but is not yet at liberty to tell it; another has heard ſomething from a very good hand; a third congratulates himſelf upon a certain degree of intimacy, which he has long had with every one of the candidates, though perhaps he has never ſpoken twice to any one of them. In ſhort, in theſe ſort of intervals, vanity, intereſt,

and

and abſurdity always diſplay themſelves in the moſt ridiculous light. One who has been ſo long behind the ſcenes, as I have, is much more diverted with the entertainment than thoſe can be who only ſee it from the pit and boxes. I know the whole machinery of the interior, and can laugh the better at the ſilly wonder and wild conjectures of the uninformed ſpectators. This accident, I think, cannot in the leaſt affect your election, which is finally ſettled with your friend Mr. Eliot. For, let who will prevail, I preſume, he will conſider me enough, not to overturn an arrangement of that ſort, in which he cannot poſſibly be perſonally intereſted. So pray go on with parliamentary preparations. Have that object always in your view, and purſue it with attention.

I take it for granted, that your late reſidence in Germany has made you as perfect and correct in German, as you were before in French at leaſt, it is worth your while to be ſo; becauſe it is worth every man's while to be perfectly maſter of whatever language he may ever have occaſion to ſpeak. A man is not himſelf in a language which he does not thoroughly poſſeſs; his thoughts are degraded, when inelegantly or imperfectly expreſſed; he is cramped and confined, and conſequently can never appear to advantage. Examine and analyſe thoſe thoughts that ſtrike you the moſt, either in converſation or in books; and you will find, that they owe at leaſt half their merit to the turn and expreſſion of them. There is nothing truer than that old ſaying, *Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum.* It is only the manner of ſaying or writing it, that makes it appear new. Convince yourſelf, that Manner is almoſt every thing, in every thing, and ſtudy it accordingly.

I am this moment informed, and I believe truly, that Mr. Fox * is to ſucceed Mr. Pelham, as firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and your friend Mr. Yorke, of the Hague, to ſucceed Mr Fox, as Secretary at War. I am not ſorry for this promotion of Mr. Fox, as I have always been upon civil terms with him, and found him ready to do me any little ſervices. He is frank and gentleman-like in his manner; and to a certain degree, I really believe will be your friend upon my account; if you can afterwards make him yours upon your own, *tant mieux.* I have nothing more to ſay now, but Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

London, March the 15th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE are here in the midſt of a ſecond winter; the cold is more ſevere, and the ſnow deeper, than they were in the firſt. I preſume your weather in Germany is not much more gentle; and therefore, I hope that you are quietly and warmly

* Henry Fox, created Lord Baron Holland, April 16, 1763.

fixed at ſome good town; and will not riſk a ſecond burial in the ſnow, after your late fortunate reſurrection out of it. Your letters, I ſuppoſe, have not been able to make their way through the ice; for I have received none from you ſince that of the 12th of February from Ratiſbon. I am the more uneaſy at this ſtate of ignorance, becauſe I fear that you may have found ſome ſubſequent inconveniencies from your overturn, which you might not be aware of at firſt.

The curtain of the political theatre was partly drawn up the day before yeſterday, and exhibited a ſcene which the public in general did not expect: the Duke of Newcaſtle was declared firſt Lord Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, Mr. Fox Secretary of State in his room, and Mr. Henry Legge Chancellor of the Exchequer. The employments of Treaſurer of the Navy, and Secretary at War, ſuppoſed to be vacant by the promotion of Mr. Fox, and Mr. Legge, were to be kept *in petto* till the diſſolution of this Parliament, which will probably be next week, to avoid the expence and trouble of unneceſſary re-elections; but it was generally ſuppoſed that Colonel Yorke, of the Hague, was to ſucceed Mr. Fox, and George Grenville, Mr. Legge. This ſcheme, had it taken place, you are, I believe, aware, was more a temporary expedient, for ſecuring the elections of the new Parliament, and forming it, at its firſt meeting, to the intereſts and the inclinations of the Duke of Newcaſtle and the Chancellor, than a plan of Adminiſtration either intended or wiſhed to be permanent. This ſcheme was diſturbed yeſterday: Mr. Fox, who had ſullenly accepted the ſeals the day before, more ſullenly refuſed them yeſterday. His object was to be the firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and conſequently to have a ſhare in the election of the new Parliament, and a much greater in the management of it when it is choſen. This neceſſary conſequence of his view defeated it; and the Duke of Newcaſtle and the Chancellor, choſe to kick him up-ſtairs into the Secretaryſhip of State, rather than truſt him with either the election or the management of the new Parliament. In this, conſidering their reſtrictive ſituations, they certainly acted wiſely; but whether Mr. Fox has done ſo, or not, in refuſing the ſeals, is a point which I cannot determine. If he is, as I preſume he is, animated with revenge, and, I believe, would not be over ſcrupulous in the means of gratifying it, I ſhould have thought he could have done it better, as Secretary of State, with conſtant admiſſion into the Cloſet, than as a private man at the head of an oppoſition. But I ſee all theſe things at too great a diſtance to be able to judge ſoundly of them. The true ſprings and motives of political meaſures are confined within a very narrow circle, and known to very few; the good reaſons alledged are ſeldom the true ones. The Public commonly judges, or rather gueſſes, wrong, and I am now one of that Public, I therefore recommend to you a prudent pyrrhoniſm in all matters of ſtate, until you become one of the wheels

wheels of them yourſelf, and conſequently acquainted with the general motion, at leaſt, of the others; for as to all the minute and ſecret ſprings, that contribute more or leſs to the whole machine, no man living ever knows them all, not even he who has the principal direction of it. As in the human body there are innumerable little veſſels and glands, that have a good deal to do, and yet eſcape the knowledge of the moſt ſkilful anatomiſt; he will know more indeed, than thoſe who only ſee the exterior of our bodies; but he will never know all. This buſtle, and thoſe changes at Court, far from having diſturbed the quiet and ſecurity of your election, have, if poſſible, rather confirmed them; for the Duke of Newcaſtle (I muſt do him juſtice) has, in the kindeſt manner imaginable to you, wrote a letter to Mr. Eliot, to recommend to him the utmoſt care of your election.

Though the plan of adminiſtration is thus unſettled, mine, for my travels this ſummer, is finally ſettled; and I now communicate it to you, that you may form your own upon it. I propoſe being at Spa on the 10th or 12th of May, and ſtaying there till the 10th of July. As there will be no mortal there during my ſtay, it would be both unpleaſant and unprofitable to you to be ſhut up *tête-à-tête* with me the whole time; I ſhould therefore think it beſt for you not to come to me there till the laſt week in June. In the mean time, I ſuppoſe, that, by the middle of April, you will think that you have had enough of Manheim, Munich, or Ratiſbon, and that diſtrict. Where would you chuſe to go then? for I leave you abſolutely your choice. Would you go to Dreſden for a month or ſix weeks? That is a good deal out of your way; and I am not ſure that Sir Charles will be there by that time. Or would you rather take Bonn in your way, and paſs the time till we meet at the Hague? From Manheim you may have a great many good letters of recommendation to the court of Bonn; which Court, and its Elector, in one light or another, are worth your ſeeing. From thence your journey to the Hague will be but a ſhort one; and you would arrive there at that ſeaſon of the year when the Hague is, in my mind, the moſt agreeable, ſmiling ſcene in Europe; and from the Hague you would have but three very eaſy days journies to me at Spa. Do as you like; for, as I told you before, *lei è aſſolutamente padrone.* But, leſt you ſhould anſwer, that you deſire to be determined by me, I will eventually tell you my opinion. I am rather inclined to the latter plan; I mean, that of your coming to Bonn, ſtaying there according as you like it, and then paſſing the remainder of your time, that is May and June, at the Hague. Our connection and tranſactions with the Republic of the United Provinces are ſuch, that you cannot be too well acquainted with that conſtitution, and with thoſe people. You have eſtabliſhed good acquaintances there, and you have been *fêtoï:* round by the foreign Miniſters ſo that you

will be there *en païs connu*. Moreover, you have not ſeen the Stadthouder, the *Gouvernante*, nor the Court there, which *a bon compte* ſhould be ſeen. Upon the whole then, you cannot, in my opinion, paſs the months of May and June more agreeably, or more uſefully, than at the Hague. But, however, if you have any other plan, that you like better, purſue it; only let me know what you intend to do, and I ſhall moſt chearfully agree to it.

The Parliament will be diſſolved in about ten days, and the writs for the election of the new one iſſued out immediately afterwards; ſo that, by the end of next month, you may depend upon being *Membre de la chambre baſſe*; a title that ſounds high in foreign countries, and perhaps higher than it deſerves. I hope you will add a better title to it in your own, I mean that of a good ſpeaker in Parliament: you have, I am ſure, all the materials neceſſary for it, if you will but put them together and adorn them. I ſpoke in Parliament the firſt month I was in it, and a month before I was of age; and from the day I was elected, till the day that I ſpoke, I am ſure I thought nor dreamed of nothing but ſpeaking. The firſt time, to ſay the truth, I ſpoke very indifferently as to the matter; but it paſſed tolerably, in favour of the ſpirit with which I uttered it, and the words in which I dreſſed it. I improved by degrees, till at laſt it did tolerably well. The Houſe, it muſt be owned, is always extremely indulgent to the two or three firſt attempts of a young ſpeaker; and, if they find any degree of common ſenſe in what he ſays, they make great allowances for his inexperience, and for the concern which they ſuppoſe him to be under. I experienced that indulgence; for, had I not been a young Member, I ſhould certainly have been, as I own I deſerved, reprimanded by the Houſe, for ſome ſtrong and indiſcreet things that I ſaid. Adieu! it is indeed high time.

LETTER LXXXIX.

London, March the 26th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 15th, from Manheim, where I find you have been received in the uſual gracious manner; which I hope you return in a *graceful* one. As this is a ſeaſon of great devotion and ſolemnity, in all Catholic countries, pray inform yourſelf of, and conſtantly attend to, all their ſilly and pompous Church ceremonies: one ought to know them. I am very glad that you wrote the letter to Lord ——————, which, in every different caſe that can poſſibly be ſuppoſed, was, I am ſure, both a decent and prudent ſtep. You will find it very difficult, whenever we meet, to convince me that you could have any good reaſons for not doing it; for I will, for argument's ſake, ſuppoſe, what I cannot in reality believe, that he has both ſaid and done the worſt he could, of

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and by you; what then? How will you help yourſelf? Are you in a ſituation to hurt him? Certainly not; but he certainly is in a ſituation to hurt you. Would you ſhow a ſullen, pouting, impotent reſentment? I hope not: leave that ſilly, unavailing ſort of reſentment to women, and men like them, who are always guided by humour, never by reaſon and prudence. That pettiſh, pouting conduct is a great deal too young, and implies too little knowledge of the world, for one who has ſeen ſo much of it as you have. Let this be one invariable rule of your conduct—— Never to ſhow the leaſt ſymptom of reſentment, which you cannot, to a certain degree, gratify; but always to ſmile, where you cannot ſtrike. There would be no living in Courts, nor indeed in the world, if one could not conceal, and even diſſemble, the juſt cauſes of reſentment, which one meets with every day, in active and buſy life. Whoever cannot maſter his humour enough, *pour faire bonne mine a mauvais jeu*, ſhould leave the world, and retire to ſome hermitage, in an unfrequented deſart. By ſhowing an unavailing and ſullen reſentment, you authorize the reſentment of thoſe who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very pretence, which perhaps they wiſhed for, of breaking with, and injuring you; whereas the contrary behaviour would lay them under the reſtraints of decency at leaſt; and either ſhackle or expoſe their malice. Beſides, captiouſneſs, ſullenneſs, and pouting, are moſt exceedingly illiberal, and vulgar. *Un honnête homme ne les connoit point.*

I am extremely glad to hear that you are ſoon to have Voltaire at Manheim: immediately upon his arrival, pray make him a thouſand compliments from me. I admire him moſt exceedingly; and whether as an Epic, Dramatic, or Lyric Poet, or Proſe-writer, I think I juſtly apply to him the *Nil molitur inept*. I long to read his own correct edition of *Les Annales de L'Empire*, of which the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoire Univerſelle*, which I have read is, I ſuppoſe, a ſtolen and imperfect part; however, imperfect as it is, it has explained to me that chaos of hiſtory of ſeven hundred years, more clearly, than any other book had done before. You judge very rightly, that I love *le ſtyle leger et fleuri*. I do, and ſo does every body who has any parts and taſte. It ſhould, I confeſs, be more or leſs *fleuri*, according to the ſubject; but at the ſame time I aſſert, that there is no ſubject that may not properly, and which ought not to be adorned by a certain elegancy and beauty of ſtyle. What can be more adorned than Cicero's Philoſophical Works? What more than Plato's? It is their eloquence only, that has preſerved and tranſmitted them down to us, through ſo many centuries; for the philoſophy of them is wretched, and the reaſoning part, miſerable. But eloquence will always pleaſe, and has always pleaſed. Study it therefore; make it the object of your thoughts and attention. Uſe yourſelf to relate elegantly; that is a good ſtep towards ſpeaking well in Parliament. Take ſome political ſubject, turn it in your thoughts,

thoughts, conſider what may be ſaid, both for and againſt it, then put thoſe arguments into writing, in the moſt correct and elegant Engliſh you can. For inſtance, a ſtanding army, a place-bill, *&c.* as to the former, conſider, on one ſide, the dangers ariſing to a free country from a great ſtanding military force; on the other ſide, conſider the neceſſity of a force to repel force with. Examine whether a ſtanding army, though in itſelf an evil, may not, from circumſtances, become a neceſſary evil, and be preventive of greater dangers. As to the latter, conſider how far places may biaſs and warp the conduct of men, from the ſervice of their country, into an unwarrantable complaiſance to the Court; and, on the other hand, conſider whether they can be ſuppoſed to have that effect upon the conduct of the people of probity and property, who are more ſolidly intereſted in the permanent good of their country, than they can be in an uncertain and precarious employment. Seek for, and anſwer in your own mind, all the arguments that can be urged on either ſide, and write them down in an elegant ſtyle. This will prepare you for debating, and give you an habitual eloquence; for I would not give a farthing for a mere holiday eloquence, diſplayed once or twice in a ſeſſion, in a ſet declamation; but I want an every-day, ready, and habitual eloquence, to adorn *extempore* and debating ſpeeches; to make buſineſs not only clear but agreeable, and to pleaſe even thoſe whom you cannot inform, and who do not deſire to be informed. All this you may acquire, and make habitual to you, with as little trouble as it coſt you to dance a minuet as well as you do. You now dance it mechanically, and well, without thinking of it.

I am ſurprized that you found but one letter from me at Manheim, for you ought to have found four or five; there are as many lying for you, at your banker's at Berlin, which I wiſh you had, becauſe I always endeavoured to put ſomething into them, which, I hope, may be of uſe to you.

When we meet at Spa, next July, we muſt have a great many ſerious converſations; in which I will pour out all my experience of the world, and which I hope, you will truſt to, more than to your own young notions of men and things. You will, in time, diſcover moſt of them to have been erroneous; and, if you follow them long, you will perceive your error too late; but, if you will be led by a guide, who, you are ſure, does not mean to miſlead you, you will unite two things, ſeldom united in the ſame perſon; the vivacity and ſpirit of youth, with the caution and experience of age.

Laſt Saturday, Sir Thomas Robinſon, who had been the King's Miniſter at Vienna, was declared Secretary of State for the ſouthern department, Lord Holderneſs having taken the northern. Sir Thomas accepted it unwillingly, and, as I hear, with a promiſe that he ſhall not keep it long. Both his health and ſpirits are bad, two very diſqualifying circumſtances for that employment; yours, I hope, will enable you, ſome time or other, to go through with it. In all events, aim at it, and if you fail

or fall, let it, at leaſt, be ſaid of you, *Magnis tamen excidit auſis.* Adieu.

LETTER XC.

London, April the 5th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, your letter of the 20th March, from Manheim, with the encloſed for Mr. Eliot; it was a very proper one, and I have forwarded it to him by Mr. Harte, who ſets out for Cornwall to-morrow morning.

I am very glad that you uſe yourſelf to tranſlations; and I do not care of what, provided you ſtudy the correctneſs and elegancy of your ſtyle. The Life of Sextus Quintus is the beſt book, of the innumerable books written by Gregorio Leti, whom the Italians, very juſtly, call *Leti caca libro.* But I would rather that you choſe ſome pieces of oratory for your tranſlations; whether ancient or modern, Latin or French; which would give you a more oratorial train of thoughts, and turn of expreſſion. In your letter to me, you make uſe of two words, which though true and correct Engliſh, are, however, from long diſuſe, become inelegant, and ſeem now to be ſtiff, formal, and in ſome degree, ſcriptural: the firſt is the word *namely*, which you introduce thus, *You inform me of a very agreeable piece of news*, namely, *that my election is ſecured.* Inſtead of *namely*, I would always uſe, *which is*, or *that is*, that my election is ſecured. The other word is, *Mine own inclinations:* this is certainly correct, before a ſubſequent word that begins with a vowel; but it is too correct, and is now diſuſed as too formal, notwithſtanding the *hiatus* occaſioned by *my own.* Every language has its peculiarities; they are eſtabliſhed by uſage, and whether right or wrong, they muſt be complied with. I could inſtance many very abſurd ones in different languages; but ſo authoriſed by the *jus et norma loquendi*, that they muſt be ſubmitted to. *Namely*, and *to wit*, are very good words in themſelves, and contribute to clearneſs, more than the relatives which we now ſubſtitute in their room; but, however, they cannot be uſed, except in a ſermon, or ſome very grave and formal compoſitions. It is with language as with manners; they are both eſtabliſhed by the uſage of people of faſhion; it muſt be imitated, it muſt be complied with. Singularity is only pardonable in old age and retirement; I may now be as ſingular as I pleaſe, but you may not. We will, when we meet, diſcuſs theſe and many other points, provided you will give me attention and credit; without both which it is to no purpoſe to adviſe either you or any body elſe.

I want to know your determination, where you intend to (if I may uſe that expreſſion) *while* away your time, till the laſt week in June, when we are to meet at Spa; I continue rather in the opinion which I mentioned to you formerly, in favour

of

of the Hague; but however I have not the leaſt objection to Dreſden, or to any other place that you may like better. If you prefer the Dutch ſcheme, you take Treves and Coblentz in your way, as alſo Duſſeldorp; all which places I think you have not yet ſeen. At Manheim you may certainly get good letters of recommendation to the Courts of the two Electors of Treves and Cologne, whom you are yet unacquainted with; and I ſhould wiſh you to know them all. For as I have often told you, *olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit*. There is an utility in having ſeen what other people have ſeen, and there is a juſtifiable pride in having ſeen what others have not ſeen. In the former caſe, you are equal to others; in the latter ſuperior. As your ſtudy abroad will not now be very long, pray, while it laſts, ſee every thing, and every body you can; and ſee them well, with care and attention. It is not to be conceived of what advantage it is to any body to have ſeen more things, people, and countries, than other people in general have, it gives them a credit, makes them referred to, and they become the objects of the attention of the company. They are not out in any part of polite converſation; they are acquainted with all the places, cuſtoms, courts, and families, that are likely to be mentioned; they are, as Monſieur de Maupertius juſtly obſerves, *de tous les païs, comme les ſçavans ſont de tous les tems*. You have, fortunately, both thoſe advantages; the only remaining point is *de ſçavoir les faire valoir*; for without that, one may as well not have them. Remember, that very true maxim of La Bruyere's, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*. The knowledge of the world will teach you to what degree you ought to ſhow *ce que vous valez*. One muſt by no means, on one hand, be indifferent about it; as, on the other, one muſt not diſplay it with affectation, and in an overbearing manner: but, of the two, it is better to ſhow too much than too little. Adieu.

LETTER XCI.

Bath, November the 27th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Heartily congratulate you upon the loſs of your political maidenhead, of which I have received from others a very good account. I hear, that you were ſtopped for ſome time in your career; but recovered breath, and finiſhed it very well. I am not ſurpriſed, nor indeed concerned, at your accident; for I remember the dreadful feeling, of that ſituation in myſelf; and as it muſt require a moſt uncommon ſhare of impudence to be unconcerned upon ſuch an occaſion, I am not ſure that I am not rather glad you ſtopped. You muſt therefore now think of hardening yourſelf by degrees, by uſing yourſelf inſenſibly to the ſound of your own voice, and to the act (trifling as it ſeems) of riſing up and ſitting down again. Nothing will contribute ſo much to this as committee work, of elections at night, and of private

private bills in the morning. There aſking ſhort queſtions, moving for witneſſes to be called in, and all that kind of ſmall ware, will ſoon fit you to ſet up for yourſelf. I am told that you are much mortified at your accident; but without reaſon; pray, let it rather be a ſpur than a curb to you. Perſevere, and, depend upon it, it will do well at laſt. When I ſay perſevere, I do not mean that you ſhould ſpeak every day, nor in every debate. Moreover, I would not adviſe you to ſpeak again upon public matters for ſome time, perhaps a month or two; but I mean, never loſe view of that great object; purſue it with diſcretion, but purſue it always *Pelotez en attendant partie*. You know I have always told you that ſpeaking in public was but a knack, which thoſe who apply to the moſt, will ſucceed in the beſt. Two old members, very good judges, have ſent me compliments upon this occaſion; and have aſſured me, that they plainly find *it will do*, though they perceived, from that natural confuſion you were in, that you neither ſaid all, nor perhaps what you intended. Upon the whole, you have ſet out very well, and have ſufficient encouragement to go on. Attend therefore aſſiduouſly, and obſerve carefully all that paſſes in the Houſe; for it is only knowledge and experience that can make a debater. But if you ſtill want comfort, Mrs. ———, I hope, will adminiſter it to you; for, in my opinion, ſhe may, if ſhe will, be very comfortable; and with women, as with ſpeaking in Parliament, perſeverance will moſt certainly prevail, ſooner or later.

What little I have played for here, I have won; but that is very far from the conſiderable ſum which you heard of. I play every evening from ſeven till ten, at a crown whiſt party, merely to ſave my eyes from reading or writing for three hours by candle-light. I propoſe being in town the week after next, and hope to carry back with me much more health than I brought down here. Good night.

Mr. Stanhope being returned to England, and ſeeing his Father almoſt every day, is the occaſion of an interruption of two years in their correſpondence.

LET-

LETTER XCII.

Bath, November the 15th, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yours yeſterday morning, together with the Pruſſian papers, which I have read with great attention. If Courts could bluſh, thoſe of Vienna and Dreſden ought, to have their falſhoods ſo publicly and ſo undeniably expoſed. The former will, I preſume, next year, employ an hundred thouſand men, to anſwer the accuſation; and if the Empreſs of the Two Ruſſias is pleaſed to argue in the ſame cogent manner, their logic will be too ſtrong for all the King of Pruſſia's rhetoric. I well remember the treaty ſo often referred to in thoſe pieces, between the two Empreſſes, in 1746. The King was ſtrongly preſſed by the Empreſs Queen to accede to it. Waſſenaer communicated it to me for that purpoſe. I aſked him if there were no ſecret articles; ſuſpecting that there were ſome, becauſe the oſtenſible treaty was a mere harmleſs defenſive one. He aſſured me that there were none. Upon which I told him, that as the King had already defenſive alliances with thoſe two Empreſſes, I did not ſee of what uſe his acceſſion to this treaty, *if merely a defenſive one*, could be, either to himſelf or the other contracting parties; but that, however, if it was only deſired as an indication of the King's good-will, I would give him an act, by which his Majeſty ſhould accede to that treaty, as far, but no farther, as at preſent he ſtood engaged to the reſpective Empreſſes, by the defenſive alliances ſubſiſting with each. This offer by no means ſatisfied him, which was a plain proof of the ſecret articles now brought to light, and which the Court of Vienna hoped to draw us into. I told Waſſenaer ſo, and after that I heard no more of his invitation.

I am ſtill bewildered in the changes at Court, of which I find that all the particulars are not yet fixed. Who would have thought, a year ago, that Mr. Fox, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Newcaſtle, ſhould all three have quitted together; nor can I yet account for it; explain it to me, if you can. I cannot ſee, neither, what the Duke of Devonſhire and Fox, whom I looked upon as intimately united, can have quarrelled about, with relation to the Treaſury; inform me if you know. I never doubted of the prudent verſatility of your Vicar of Bray; but I am ſurprized at Obrien Windham's going out of the Treaſury, where I ſhould have thought, that the intereſt of his brother-in-law, George Grenville, would have kept him.

Having found myſelf rather worſe, theſe two or three laſt days, I was obliged to take ſome *ipecacuanha* laſt night; and, what you will think odd, for a vomit, I brought it all up again in about an hour, to my great ſatisfaction and emolument, which is ſeldom the caſe in reſtitutions.

You

You did well to go to the Duke of Newcaſtle, who, I ſuppoſe, will have no more levées; however, go from time to time, and leave your name at his door, for you have obligations to him. Adieu.

LETTER CXIII.

Bath, Dec. the 14th, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT can I ſay to you from this place, where *every day is ſtill but as the firſt*, tho' by no means ſo agreeably paſſed, as Antony deſcribes his to have been? The ſame nothings ſucceed one another every day, with me, as regularly and uniformly as the hours of the day. You will think this tireſome, and ſo it is; but how can I help it? Cut off from ſociety by my deafneſs, and diſpirited by my ill health, where could I be better? You will ſay, perhaps, where could you be worſe? Only in priſon, or the galleys, I confeſs. However I ſee a period to my ſtay here; and I have fixed in my own mind, a time for my return to London; not invited there by either politics or pleaſures, to both which I am equally a ſtranger, but merely to be at home; which, after all, according to the vulgar ſaying, is home, be it ever ſo homely.

The political ſettlement, as it is called, is I find, by no means ſettled: Mr. Fox, who took this place in his way to his brother's, where he intended to paſs a month, was ſtopped ſhort by an expreſs, which he received, from his connection, to come to town immediately; and accordingly he ſet out from hence very early, two days ago. I had a very long converſation with him, in which he was, ſeemingly at leaſt, very frank and communicative; but ſtill I own myſelf in the dark. In thoſe matters, as in moſt others, half knowledge (and mine is at moſt that) is more apt to lead one into error, than to carry one to truth; and our own vanity contributes to the ſeduction. Our conjectures paſs upon us for truths; we will know what we do not know, and often, what we cannot know: ſo mortifying to our pride is the bare ſuſpicion of ignorance!

It has been reported here, that the Empreſs of Ruſſia is dying; this would be a fortunate event indeed for the King of Pruſſia, and neceſſarily produce the neutrality and inaction, at leaſt, of that great power; which would be a heavy weight taken out of the oppoſite ſcale to the King of Pruſſia. The *Auguſtiſſima* muſt, in that caſe, do all herſelf; for though France will no doubt promiſe largely, it will, I believe, perform but ſcantily; as it deſires no better, than that the different powers of Germany ſhould tear one another to pieces.

I hope you frequent all the Courts; a man ſhould make his face familiar there. Long habit produces favour inſenſibly; and acquaintance often does more than friendſhip, in that climate, where *les beaux ſentimens* are not the natural growth,

Adieu! I am going to the ball, to ſave my eyes from reading, and my mind from thinking.

LET-

LETTER XCIV.

Bath, January the 12th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Waited quietly, to ſee when either your leiſure, or your inclinations, would allow you to honour me with a letter; and at laſt I received one this morning very near a fortnight after you went from hence. You will ſay, that you had no news to write me; and that probably may be true; but, without news, one has always ſomething to ſay to thoſe with whom one deſires to have any thing to do.

Your obſervation is very juſt with regard to the King of Pruſſia, whom the moſt auguſt Houſe of Auſtria would moſt unqueſtionably have poiſoned a century or two ago. But now that *Terras Aſtræa reliquit*, Kings and Princes die of natural deaths; even war is puſillanimouſly carried on in this degenerate age; quarter is given; towns are taken, and the people ſpared: even in a ſtorm, a woman can hardly hope for the benefit of a rape. Whereas (ſuch was the humanity of former days) priſoners were killed by thouſands in cold blood, and the generous victors ſpared neither man, woman, nor child. Heroic actions of this kind were performed at the taking of Magdeburg. The King of Pruſſia is certainly now in a ſituation that muſt ſoon decide his fate and make him Cæſar or nothing. Notwithſtanding the march of the Ruſſians, his greateſt danger, in my mind, lies weſtward. I have no great notion of Apraxin's abilities, and I believe, many a Pruſſian Colonel would out-general him. But Brown, Piccolomini, Luccheſe, and many other veteran officers in the Auſtrian troops, are reſpectable enemies.

Mr. Pitt ſeems to me to have almoſt as many enemies to encounter as his Pruſſian Majeſty. The late Miniſtry, and the Duke's party, will, I preſume, unite againſt him and his Tory friends: and then quarrel among themſelves again. His beſt, if not his only chance of ſupporting himſelf would be, if he had credit enough in the city, to hinder the advancing of the money to any adminiſtration but his own; and I have met with ſome people here who think that he has.

I have put off my journey from hence for a week, but no longer. I find I ſtill gain ſome ſtrength and ſome fleſh here, and therefore I will not quit, while the run is for me.

By a letter which I received this morning from Lady Allen, I obſerve that you are extremely well with her; and it is well for you to be ſo, for ſhe is an excellent and warm puff.

A propos (an expreſſion which is commonly uſed to introduce whatever is unrelative to it) you ſhould apply to ſome of Lord Holderneſs's people, for the peruſal of Mr. Cope's letters. It will not be refuſed you; and the ſooner you have them the better. I do not mean them as models for your manner of writing, but as out-lines of the matter you are to write upon.

If

If you have not read Hume's Eſſays, read them; they are four very ſmall volumes; I have juſt finiſhed, and am extremely pleaſed with them. He thinks impartially, deep, often new; and, in my mind, commonly juſt. Adieu.

LETTER XCV.

Blackheath, September the 17th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LORD Holderneſs has been ſo kind as to communicate to me all the letters which he has received from you hitherto, dated the 15th, 19th, 23d, and 26th Auguſt; and alſo a draught of that which he wrote to you the 9th inſtant. I am very well pleaſed with all your letters; and, what is better, I can tell you that the King is ſo too; and he ſaid, but three days ago, to Monſieur Munchauſen, *He* (meaning you) *lets out very well; and I like his letters, provided that, like moſt of my Engliſh Miniſters abroad, he does not grow idle hereafter.* So that here is both praiſe to flatter, and a hint to warn you. What Lord Holderneſs recommends to you, being by the King's order, intimates alſo a degree of approbation; for the *blacker ink, and the larger character*, ſhow, that his Majeſty, whoſe eyes are grown weaker, intends to read all your letters himſelf. Therefore, pray do not neglect to get the blackeſt ink you can; and to make your Secretary enlarge his hand, though *d'ailleurs* it is a very good one.

Had I been to wiſh an advantageous ſituation for you, and a good *début* in it, I could not have wiſhed you either, better than both have hitherto proved. The reſt will depend entirely upon yourſelf; and I own, I begin to have much better hopes than I had; for I know, by my own experience, that the more one works, the more willing one is to work. We are all, more or leſs, *des animaux d'habitude*. I remember very well, that when I was in buſineſs, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I ſhould now half an hour; and this is moſt certain, that when a man has applied himſelf to buſineſs half the day, the other half goes off the more cheerfully and agreeably. This I found ſo ſenſibly, when I was at the Hague, that I never taſted company ſo well, nor was ſo good company myſelf, as at the ſuppers of my poſt days. I take Hamburgh now, to be *le centre du refuge Allemand*. If you have any Hanover *refugiés* among them, pray take care to be particularly attentive to them. How do you like your houſe? Is it a convenient one? Have the *Caſſerolles* been employed in it yet? You will find *les petits ſoupers fins* leſs expenſive, and turn to better account, than large dinners for great companies.

I hope you have written to the Duke of Newcaſtle; I take it for granted, that you have to all your brother Miniſters of the northern department. For God's ſake be diligent, alert, active, and indefatigable in your buſineſs. You want nothing but labour and induſtry, to be one day, whatever you pleaſe, in your own way.

We

We think and talk of nothing here but Breſt, which is univerſally ſuppoſed to be the object of our great expedition. A great and important object it is. I ſuppoſe the affair muſt be *bruſqué*, or it will not do. If we ſucceed it will make France put ſome water to its wine. As for my own private opinion, I own, I rather wiſh than hope ſucceſs. However, ſhould our expedition fail, *Magnis tamen excidit auſis*, and that will be better than our late languid manner of making war.

To mention a perſon to you whom I am very indifferent about, I mean myſelf, I vegetate ſtill juſt as I did when we parted; but I think I begin to be ſenſible of the autumn of the year, as well as the autumn of my own life. I feel an internal awkwardneſs, which in about three weeks I ſhall carry with me to the Bath, where I hope to get rid of it, as I did laſt year. The beſt cordial I could take, would be to hear from time to time, of your induſtry and diligence; for in that caſe I ſhould conſequently hear of your ſucceſs. Remember your own motto, *Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit prudentia*. Nothing is truer. Yours.

LETTER XCVI.

Blackheath, September the 23d, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received but the day before yeſterday your letter of the 3d, from the head-quarters at Selſingen; and, by the way, it is but the ſecond that I have received from you ſince your arrival at Hamburgh. Whatever was the cauſe of your going to the army, I approve of the effect; for I would have you, as much as poſſible, ſee every thing that is to be ſeen. That is the true uſeful knowledge, which informs and improves us when we are young, and amuſes us and others when we are old, *Olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit*. I could wiſh that you would (but I know you will not) enter in a book a ſhort note only, of whatever you ſee or hear, that is very remarkable; I do not mean a German *album*, ſtuffed with people's names, and Latin ſentences; but I mean ſuch a book as, if you do not keep now, thirty years hence you would give a great deal of money to have kept. *A propos de bottes*, for I am told he always wears his; was his Royal Highneſs very gracious to you, or not? I have my doubts about it. The neutrality, which he has concluded with Maréſhal de Richelieu, will prevent that bloody battle which you expected; but what the king of Pruſſia will ſay to it, is another point. He was our only ally; at preſent, probably we have not one in the world. If the King of Pruſſia can get at Monſieur de Soubize's and the Imperial army, before other troops have joined them, I think he will beat them; but what then? He has three hundred thouſand men to encounter afterwards. He muſt ſubmit; but he may ſay with truth, *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi potuiſſent*. The late action between the Pruſſians and Ruſſians has only thinned the human ſpecies, without giving either

either party a victory; which is plain by each party's claiming it. Upon my word, our ſpecies will pay very dear for the quarrels and ambition of a few, and thoſe by no means the moſt valuable part of it. If the many were wiſer than they are, the few muſt be quieter, and would perhaps be juſter and better than they are.

Hamburgh I find, ſwarms with *Grafs*, *Graffins*, *Fürſts*, and *Füſtrins*, *Hocheits*, and *Durchlaugticheits*. I am glad of it, for you muſt neceſſarily be in the midſt of them, and I am ſtill gladder, that, being in the midſt of them, you muſt neceſſarily be under ſome conſtraint of ceremony; a thing which you do not love, but which is, however, very uſeful.

I deſired you in my laſt, and I repeat it again in this, to give me an account of your private and domeſtic life. How do you paſs your evenings? Have they, at Hamburgh, what are called at Paris *des Maiſons*, where one goes without ceremony, ſups or not, as one pleaſes? Are you adopted in any ſociety? Have you any rational brother Miniſters, and which? What ſort of things are your operas? In the tender, I doubt they do not excel; for *mein lieber ſchatz*, and the other tenderneſſes of the Teutonic language, would, in my mind, ſound but indifferently ſet to ſoft muſic; for the *bravura* parts, I have a very great opinion of them; and *das, der dönner dich erſchlige*, muſt, no doubt, make a tremendouſly fine piece of *recitativo*, when uttered by an angry hero, to the rumble of a whole orcheſtra; including drums, trumpets, and French horns. Tell me your whole allotment of the day, in which I hope four hours, at leaſt, are ſacred to writing; the others cannot be better employed than in *liberal* pleaſures. In ſhort, give me a full account of yourſelf in your un-miniſterial character, your *incognito*, without your *fiocchi*. I love to ſee thoſe, in whom I intereſt myſelf, in their undreſs, rather than in *gala*; I know them better ſo. I recommend to you, *etiam atque etiam*, method and order in every thing you undertake. Do you obſerve it in your accounts? If you do not, you will be a beggar, though you were to receive the appointments of a Spaniſh Embaſſador extraordinary, which are a thouſand piſtoles a month; and in your miniſterial buſineſs, if you have not regular and ſtated hours for ſuch and ſuch parts of it, you will be in the hurry and confuſion of the Duke of N———, doing every thing by halves, and nothing well, nor ſoon. I ſuppoſe you have been feaſted through the *Corps diplomatique* at Hamburgh, excepting Monſieur Champeaux; with whom, however, I hope you live *poliment et galamment*, at all third places.

Lord Loudon is much blamed here for his *retrait des dix milles*, for it is ſaid that he had above that number, and might, conſequently, have acted offenſively, inſtead of retreating; eſpecially, as his retreat was contrary to the unanimous opinion (as it is now ſaid) of the council of war. In our Miniſtry, I ſuppoſe things go pretty quietly, for the D. of N. has not plagued me

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theſe two months. When his Royal Highneſs comes over, which, I take it for granted, he will do very ſoon, the great puſh will, I preſume, be made at his Grace and Mr. Pitt; but without effect, if they agree, as it is viſibly their intereſt to do; and in that caſe, their Parliamentry ſtrength will ſupport them againſt all attacks. You may remember, I ſaid at firſt, that the popularity would ſoon be on the ſide of thoſe who oppoſed the popular Militia bill; and now it appears ſo with a vengeance, in almoſt every county in England, by the tumults and inſurrections of the people, who ſwear that they will not be inliſted. That ſilly ſcheme muſt, therefore, be dropped, as quietly as may be. Now that I have told you all that I know, and almoſt all that I think, I wiſh you a good ſupper and a good night.

LETTER XCVII.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have ſo little to do, that I am ſurprized how I can find time to write to you ſo often. Do not ſtare at the ſeeming paradox; for it is an undoubted truth, that the leſs one has to do, the leſs time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procraſtinates, one can do it when one will; and therefore one ſeldom does it at all: whereas thoſe who have a great deal of buſineſs, muſt (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in. I hope your own experience has, by this time, convinced you of this truth.

I received your laſt, of the 8th. It is now quite over with a very great man, who will ſtill be a very great man, though a very unfortunate one. He has qualities of the mind that put him above the reach of theſe misfortunes; and if reduced, as perhaps he may, to the *marche* of Brandenburgh, he will always find in himſelf the comfort, and with all the world the credit, of a philoſopher, a legiſlator, a patron and a profeſſor of arts and ſciences. He will only loſe the fame of a conqueror: a cruel fame, that ariſes from the deſtruction of the human ſpecies. Could it be any ſatisfaction to him to know, I could tell him, that he is at this time the moſt popular man in this kingdom; the whole nation being enraged at that neutrality which haſtens and completes his ruin. Between you and me, the King was not leſs enraged at it himſelf, when he ſaw the terms of it; and it affected his health more than all that had happened before. Indeed, it ſeems to me a voluntary conceſſion of the very worſt that could have happened, in the worſt event. We now begin to think that our great and ſecret expedition is intended for Martinico and St. Domingo; if that be true, and we ſucceed in the attempt, we ſhall receive, and the French loſe, one of the moſt valuable branches of commerce, I mean ſugar. The French now ſupply all the foreign markets in Europe with that commodity, we only ſupply ourſelves with it. This would make us ſome amends

for

for our ill luck, or ill conduct, in North America; where Lord Loudon, with twelve thouſand men, thought himſelf no match for the French with but ſeven; and Admiral Holbourne, with ſeventeen ſhips of the line, declined attacking the French, becauſe they had eighteen, and a greater weight of *metal*, according to the new ſea-phraſe, which was unknown to Blake. I hear that letters have been ſent to both, with very ſevere reprimands. I am told, and I believe it is true, that we are negotiating with the Corſican, I will not ſay rebels, but aſſertors of their natural rights; to receive them, and whatever form of government they think fit to eſtabliſh, under our protection, upon condition of their delivering up to us Port Ajaccio; which may be made ſo ſtrong and ſo good a one, as to be a full equivalent for the loſs of Port Mahon. This is, in my mind, a very good ſcheme; for though the Corſicans are a parcel of cruel and perfidious raſcals, they will in this caſe be tied down to us by their own intereſt and their own danger; a ſolid ſecurity with knaves, though none with fools. His Royal Highneſs the Duke is hourly expected here: his arrival will make ſome buſtle; for I believe it is certain, that he is reſolved to make a puſh at the Duke of N. Pitt, and Co; but it will be ineffectual, if they continue to agree, as, to my *certain knowledge*, they do at preſent. This Parliament is theirs, *cætera quis neſcit?*

Now that I have told you all that I know, or have heard, of public matters, let us talk of private ones, that more nearly and immediately concern us. Admit me to your fire-ſide, in your little room; and as you would converſe with me there, write to me for the future from thence. Are you completely *nippé* yet? Have you formed what the world calls connections; that is, a certain number of acquaintances, whom, from accident or choice, you frequent more than others? Have you either fine or well-bred women there; *Y a-t-il quelque bon ton?* All fat and fair, I preſume; too proud and too cold to make advances, but at the ſame time, too well bred, and too warm to reject them, when made by *un honnete homme avec des maniéres*.

Mr. * * is to be married, in about a month, to Miſs * *. I am very glad of it; for, as he will never be a man of the world, but will always lead a domeſtic and retired life, ſhe ſeems to have been made on purpoſe for him. Her natural turn is as grave and domeſtic as his; and ſhe ſeems to have been kept by her aunts *a la glace*, inſtead of being raiſed in a hot-bed, as moſt young ladies are of late. If, three weeks hence, you write him a ſhort compliment of congratulation upon the occaſion, he, his mother, and *tutti quanti*, would be extremely pleaſed with it. Thoſe attentions are always kindly taken; and coſt one nothing but pen, ink and paper. I conſider them as draughts upon good-breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favour of the drawer. *A propos* of exchange; I hope you have,

with the help of your Secretary, made yourſelf correctly maſter of that ſort of knowledge, Courſe of Exchange, *Agio*, *Banco*, *Reichs-Thalers*; down to *Marien Groſchen*. It is very little trouble to learn it; it is often of great uſe to know it. Good night, and God bleſs you.

LETTER XCVIII.

Blackheath, October the 10th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is not without ſome difficulty that I ſnatch this moment of leiſure from my extreme idleneſs, to inform you of the preſent lamentable and aſtoniſhing ſtate of affairs here, which you would know but imperfectly from the public papers, and but partially from your private correſpondence. *Or ſus* then—— Our invincible Armada, which coſt at leaſt half a million, ſailed, as you know, ſome weeks ago; the object kept an inviolable ſecret: conjectures various, and expectations great. Breſt was perhaps to be taken; but Martinico and St. Domingo, at leaſt. When lo! the important iſland of Aix was taken without the leaſt reſiſtance, ſeven hundred men made priſoners, and ſome pieces of cannon carried off. From thence we ſailed towards Rochfort, which it ſeems was our main object; and conſequently one ſhould have ſuppoſed that we had pilots on board who knew all the ſoundings and landing-places there and thereabouts; but no; for General M*rd**nt aſked the Admiral, if he could land him and the troops near Rochfort? The Admiral ſaid, With great eaſe. To which the General replied; But can you take us on board again? To which the Admiral anſwered, *That*, like all naval operations, will depend upon the wind. If ſo, ſaid the General, I'll e'en go home again. A council of war was immediately called, where it was unanimouſly reſolved, that it was *adviſable* to return; accordingly, they are returned. As the expectations of the whole nation had been raiſed to the higheſt pitch, the univerſal diſappointment and indignation have riſen in proportion; and I queſtion whether the ferment of men's minds was ever greater. Suſpicions, you may be ſure, are various and endleſs; but the moſt prevailing one is, that the tail of the Hanover neutrality, like that of a comet, extended itſelf to Rochfort. What encourages this ſuſpicion is, that a French man of war went unmoleſted through our whole fleet, as it lay near Rochfort. Haddock's whole ſtory is revived; Michel's repreſentations are combined with other circumſtances; and the whole together, makes up a maſs of diſcontent, reſentment, and even fury, greater than perhaps was ever known in this country before. Theſe are the facts, draw your own concluſions from them; for my part, I am loſt in aſtoniſhment and conjectures, and do not know where to fix. My experience has ſhown me, that many things, which ſeem extremely probable, are not true; and many, which ſeem highly improbable, are true; ſo that I will conclude this article, as Joſephus does

does almoſt every article of his hiſtory, with ſaying, *but of this every man will believe as he thinks proper.* What a diſgraceful year will this be in the annals of this country? May its good genius, if ever it appears again, tear out thoſe ſheets, thus ſtained and blotted by our ignominy!

Our domeſtic affairs are, as far as I know any thing of them, in the ſame ſituation as when I wrote to you laſt; but they will begin to be in motion upon the approach of the ſeſſion, and upon the return of the Duke; whoſe arrival is moſt impatiently expected by the mob of London; though not to ſtrow flowers in his way.

I leave this place next Saturday, and London the Saturday following, to be the next day at Bath. Adieu.

LETTER XCI.

London, October the 17th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR laſt, of the 30th paſt, was a very good letter; and I will believe half of what you aſſure me, that you returned the Landgrave's civilities. I cannot poſſibly go farther than half, knowing that you are not laviſh of your words, eſpecially in that ſpecies of eloquence called the adulatory. Do not uſe too much diſcretion, in profiting of the Landgrave's naturalization of you; but go pretty often and feed with him. Chuſe the company of your ſuperiors, whenever you can have it; that is the right and true pride. The miſtaken and ſilly pride is, to *primer* among inferiors.

Hear, O Iſrael! and wonder. On Sunday morning laſt, the Duke gave up his commiſſion of Captain General, and his regiment of guards. You will aſk me why? I cannot tell you; but I will tell you the cauſes aſſigned; which, perhaps, are none of them the true ones. It is ſaid that the King reproached him with having exceeded his powers, in making the Hanover Convention: which his R. H. abſolutely denied, and threw up thereupon. This is certain, that he appeared at the drawing-room, at Kenſington, laſt Sunday, after having quitted, and went ſtraight to Windſor; where, his people ſay, that he intends to reſide quietly, and amuſe himſelf as a private man. But I conjecture that matters will ſoon be made up again, and that he will reſume his employments. You will eaſily imagine what ſpeculations this event has occaſioned in the public; I ſhall neither trouble you, nor myſelf with relating them; nor would this ſheet of paper, or even a quire more, contain them. Some refine enough, to ſuſpect that it is a concerted quarrel, to juſtify *ſomebody to ſomebody*, with regard to the Convention; but I do not believe it.

His R H's people load the Hanover Miniſters, and more particular our friend Munchauſen here, with the whole blame; but with what degree of truth I know not. This only is certain,

that the whole negotiation of that affair was broached, and carried on, by the Hanover Miniſters, and Monſier Stemberg at Vienna, abſolutely unknown to the Engliſh Miniſters, till it was executed. This affair combined (for people will combine it) with the aſtoniſhing return of our great armament, not only *re infecta*, but even *intentatâ* makes ſuch a jumble of reflections, conjectures, and refinements, that one is weary of hearing them. Our Tacituſes and Machiavels go deep, ſuſpect the worſt, and perhaps, as they often do overſhoot the mark. For my own part, I fairly confeſs that I am bewildered, and have not certain *poſtulata* enough, not only to found any opinion, but even to form conjectures upon; and this is the language which I think you ſhould hold to all who ſpeak to you, as to be ſure all will, upon that ſubject. Plead, as you truly may, your own ignorance; and ſay, that it is impoſſible to judge of thoſe nice points, at ſuch a diſtance, and without knowing all circumſtances, which you cannot be ſuppoſed to do. And as to the Duke's reſignation; you ſhould, in my opinion, ſay, that perhaps there might be a little too much vivacity in the caſe; but that, upon the whole, you make no doubt of the thing's being ſoon ſet right again; as, in truth, I dare ſay it will. Upon theſe delicate occaſions you muſt practiſe the miniſterial ſhrugs and *perſiflage*; for ſilent geſticulations, which you would be moſt inclined to, would not be ſufficient: ſomething muſt be ſaid, but that ſomething, when analyſed, muſt amount to nothing. As for inſtance, *Il eſt vrai qu' on s'y perd, mais que voulez vous que je vous diſe,—il y a bien du pour et du contre, un petit Reſident ne voit gueres le fond du ſac.—Il faut attendre*—— Thoſe ſort of expletives are of infinite uſe; and nine people in ten think they mean ſomething. But, to the Landgrave of Heſſe, I think you would do well to ſay, in ſeeming confidence, that you have good reaſon to believe, that the principal objection of his Majeſty to the Convention was, that his Highneſs's intereſts, and the affair of his troops, were not ſufficiently conſidered in it. To the Pruſſian Miniſter, aſſert boldly, that you know *de ſçience certaine*, that the principal object of his Majeſty's, and his Britiſh Miniſtry's attention, is not only to perform all their preſent engagements with his Maſter, but to take new and ſtronger ones for his ſupport; for this is true—*at leaſt at preſent*

You did very well in inviting Comte Bothmar to dine with you. You ſee how minutely I am informed of your proceedings, though not from yourſelf. Adieu.

I go to Bath next Saturday; but direct your letters, as uſual, to London.

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LETTER C.

Bath, October the 26th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here ſafe, but far from ſound, laſt Sunday, I have conſequently drank theſe waters but three days, and yet I find myſelf ſomething better for them. The night before I left London, I was for ſome hours at Newcaſtle-houſe; where the letters, which came in that morning, lay upon the table; and his Grace ſingled out yours, with great approbation, and at the ſame time aſſured me of his Majeſty's approbation too. To theſe two approbations, I truly add my own, which, *ſans vanité*, may perhaps be as good as the other two. In that letter you venture *vos petits raiſonnemens* very properly, and then as properly, make an excuſe for doing ſo. Go on with diligence, and you will be, what I began to deſpair of your ever being, *ſomebody*. I am perſuaded, if you would own the truth, that you feel yourſelf now, much better ſatisfied with yourſelf, than you were while you did nothing.

Application to buſineſs, attended with approbation and ſucceſs, flatters and animates the mind; which, in idleneſs and inaction, ſtagnates and putrefies. I would wiſh, that every rational man would, every night when he goes to bed, aſk himſelf this queſtion, *What have I done to-day?* Have I done any thing that can be of uſe to myſelf or others? Have I employed my time, or have I ſquandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dozed it away in ſloth and lazineſs? A thinking being, muſt be pleaſed or confounded, according as he can anſwer himſelf theſe queſtions. I obſerve that you are in the ſecret of what is intended, and what Münchauſen is gone to Stade to prepare. A bold and dangerous experiment, in my mind; and which may probably end in a ſecond volume to the Hiſtory of the Palatinate, in the laſt century. His Serene Highneſs of Brunſwick has, in my mind, played a prudent and a ſaving game; and I am apt to believe, that the other Serene Highneſs, at Hamburgh, is more likely to follow his example, than to embark in the great ſcheme.

I ſee no ſigns of the Duke's reſuming his employments; but, on the contrary, I am aſſured, that his Majeſty is cooly determined to do as well as he can without him. The Duke of Devonſhire, and Fox, have worked hard to make up matters in the cloſet, but to no purpoſe. People's ſelf-love is very apt to make them think themſelves more neceſſary than they are; and I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, that his Royal Highneſs has been the dupe of that ſentiment, and was taken at his word when he leaſt expected it; like my predeceſſor, Lord Harrington; who, when he went into the cloſet to reſign the ſeals, had them not about him; ſo ſure he thought himſelf of being preſſed to keep them.

The

The whole talk of London, of this place, and of every place in the whole kingdom, is of our great, expenſive, and yet fruitleſs expedition: I have ſeen an Officer who was there, a very ſenſible and obſerving man; who told me, that, had we attempted Rochfort, the day after we took the iſland of Aix, our ſucceſs had been infallible; but that after we had ſauntered (God knows why) eight or ten days in the iſland, he thinks the attempt would have been impracticable; becauſe the French had in that time got together all the troops in that neighbourhood, to a very conſiderable number. In ſhort, there muſt have been ſome ſecret in that whole affair, that has not yet tranſpired; and I cannot help ſuſpecting that it came from Stade. *We* had not been ſucceſsful there; perhaps *we* were not deſirous, that an expedition, in which *we* had neither been concerned nor conſulted, ſhould prove ſo: M———nt was *our* creature; and a word to the wiſe will ſometimes go a great way. M———nt is to have a public trial, from which the public expects great diſcoveries—Not I.

Do you viſit Soltikow, the Ruſſian Miniſter, whoſe houſe, I am told, is the great ſcene of pleaſure at Hamburgh? His miſtreſs, I take for granted, is by this time dead, and he wears ſome other body's ſhackles. Her death comes, with regard to the King of Pruſſia, *comme la moutarde après diner*. I am curious to ſee what tyrant will ſucceed her, not by Divine, but by Military right; for, barbarous as they are now, and ſtill more barbarous as they have been formerly, they have had very little regard to the more barbarous notion of divine, indefeaſible, hereditary right.

The Prætorian bands, that is the guards, I preſume, have been engaged in the intereſts of the Imperial Prince; but ſtill, I think, that little John of Archangel will be heard of upon this occaſion, unleſs prevented by a quieting draught of Hemlock or Nightſhade; for I ſuppoſe they are not arrived to the politer and genteeler poiſons of *Acqua Tufana* *, ſugar-plumbs, *&c.*

Lord Halifax has accepted his old employment, with the honorary addition of the Cabinet Council. And ſo we heartily wiſh you a good night.

LETTER CI.

Bath, November the 4th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE ſons of Britain, like thoſe of Noah, muſt cover their parent's ſhame as well as they can; for to retrieve its honour is now too late. One would really think that our Miniſters and Generals were all as drunk as the Patriarch was. However,

* Acqua Tufana, a Neopolitan ſlow poiſon, reſembling clear water, and invented by a woman at Naples, of the name of Tufana.

However, in your ſituation, you muſt not be Cham; but ſpread your cloak over our diſgrace, as far as it will go. M ——nt calls aloud for a public trial; and in that, and that only, the public agrees with him. There will certainly be one; but of what kind is not yet fixed. Some are for a Parliamentary inquiry, others for a Martial one: neither will, in my opinion, diſcover the true ſecret; for a ſecret there moſt unqueſtionably is. Why we ſtaid ſix whole days in the iſland of Aix, mortal cannot imagine; which time the French employed, as it was obvious they would, in aſſembling all their troops in the neighbourhood of Rochfort, and making our attempt then really impracticable. The day after we had taken the iſland of Aix, your friend, Colonel Wolfe, publicly offered to do the buſineſs, with five hundred men and three ſhips only. In all theſe complicated political machines, there are ſo many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult, and ſometimes impoſſible, to gueſs which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or, if you will, the *ſpoke in his wheel*, came from Stade. This is certain, at leaſt, that M——nt was the man of confidence with that perſon. Whatever be the truth of the caſe, there is, to be ſure, hitherto, an *Hiatus valde deflendus.*

The meeting of the Parliament will certainly be very numerous, were it only from curioſity; but the majority on the ſide of the Court will, I dare ſay, be a great one. The people of the late Captain General, however inclined to oppoſe, will be obliged to concur. Their commiſſions, which they have no deſire to loſe, will make them tractable; for thoſe Gentlemen, though all men of honour, are of Soſia's mind; *que le vrai Amphitrion eſt celui où l'on dine.* The Tories, and the City, have engaged to ſupport Pitt; the Whigs, the Duke of Newcaſtle; the independent, and the impartial, as you well know, are not worth mentioning. It is ſaid, that the Duke intends to bring the affair of his Convention into Parliament, for his own juſtification: I can hardly believe it; as I cannot conceive that tranſactions ſo merely Electoral can be proper objects of inquiry or deliberation for a Britiſh Parliament; and therefore, ſhould a motion be made, I preſume it will be immediately quaſhed. By the commiſſion lately given to Sir John Ligonier, of General and Commander in Chief of all his Majeſty's forces in Great Britain, the door ſeems to be not only ſhut, but bolted, againſt his Royal Highneſs's return; and I have *good reaſon* to be convinced, that that breach is irreparable. The reports of the changes in the Miniſtry, I am pretty ſure, are idle and groundleſs. The Duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well; not, I preſume, from any ſentimental tenderneſs for each other; but from a ſenſe that it is their mutual intereſt; and, as the late Captain General's party is now out of the queſtion, I do not ſee what ſhould produce the leaſt change.

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The viſit, lately made to Berlin, was, I dare ſay, neither a friendly nor an inoffenſive one. The Auſtrians always leave behind them pretty laſting monuments of their viſits, or rather viſitations; not ſo much, I believe, from their thirſt of glory, as from their hunger of prey.

This winter, I take for granted, muſt produce a peace, of ſome kind or another; a bad one for us, no doubt, and yet perhaps better than we ſhould get the year after. I ſuppoſe the King of Pruſſia is negotiating with France, and endeavouring by thoſe means to get out of the ſcrape, with the loſs only of Sileſia, and perhaps Halberſtadt, by way of indemnification to Saxony; and, conſidering all circumſtances, he would be well off upon thoſe terms. But then how is Sweden to be ſatisfied? Will the Ruſſians reſtore Memel? Will France have been at all this expence *gratis?* Muſt there be no acquiſition for them in Flanders? I dare ſay, they have ſtipulated ſomething of that ſort for themſelves, by the additional and ſecret treaty, which I know they made, laſt May, with the Queen of Hungary. Muſt we give up whatever the French pleaſe to deſire, in America, beſides the ceſſion of Minorca in perpetuity? I fear we muſt, or elſe raiſe twelve millions more next year, to as little purpoſe as we did this, and have conſequently a worſe peace afterwards. I turn my eyes away, as much as I can, from this miſerable proſpect; but, as a citizen and member of ſociety, it recurs to my imagination, notwithſtanding all my endeavours to baniſh it from my thoughts. I can do myſelf nor my country no good; but I feel the wretched ſituation of both: the ſtate of the latter makes me better bear that of the former; and, when I am called away from my ſtation here, I ſhall think it rather (as Cicero ſays of Craſſus) *Mors donata quam vita erepta.*

I have often deſired, but in vain, the favour of being admitted into your private apartment at Hamburgh, and of being informed of your private life there. Your mornings, I hope and believe, are employed in buſineſs; but give me an account of the remainder of the day, which I ſuppoſe is, and ought to be, appropriated to amuſements and pleaſures. In what houſes are you domeſtic? Who are ſo in yours? In ſhort, let me in, and do not be denied to me.

Here I am, as uſual, ſeeing few people, and hearing fewer; drinking the waters regularly, to a minute, and am ſomething the better for them. I read a great deal, and vary occaſionally my dead company. I converſe with grave folios in the morning, while my head is cleareſt, and my attention ſtrongeſt; I take up leſs ſevere quartos after dinner; and at night I chuſe the mixed company and amuſing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. *Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis*; that is my philoſophy; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my phyſical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.

Here

Here is a report that Admiral Holbourne's fleet is deſtroyed, in a manner, by a ſtorm; I hope it is not true, in the full extent of the report; but I believe it has ſuffered. This would fill up the meaſure of our misfortunes. Adieu.

LETTER CII.

Bath, November the 20th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE to you now, becauſe I love to write to you; and hope that my letters are welcome to you; for otherwiſe I have very little to inform you of. The King of Pruſſia's late victory, you are better informed of than we are here. It has given infinite joy to the unthinking public, who are not aware that it comes too late in the year, and too late in the war, to be attended with any very great conſequences. There are ſix or ſeven thouſand of the human ſpecies leſs than there were a month ago, and that ſeems to me to be all. However, I am glad of it, upon account of the pleaſure and the glory which it gives the King of Pruſſia, to whom I wiſh well as a man, more than as a King. And ſurely he is ſo great a man, that had he lived ſeventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, and his life been tranſmitted to us in a language that we could not very well underſtand, I mean either Greek or Latin, we ſhould have talked of him as we do now of your Alexanders, your Cæſars, and others, with whom, I believe, we have but a very ſlight acquaintance. *An reſte*, I do not ſee that his affairs are much mended by this victory. The ſame combination of the great powers of Europe againſt him ſtill ſubſiſts, and muſt at laſt prevail. I believe the French army will melt away, as is uſual, in Germany; but his army is extremely diminiſhed by battles, fatigues, and deſertion; and he will find great difficulties in recruiting it, from his own already exhauſted dominions. He muſt therefore, and to be ſure will, negotiate privately with the French, and get better terms that way than he could any other.

The report of the three General Officers, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave, was laid before the King laſt Saturday, after their having ſat four days upon M——t's affair: nobody yet knows what it is; but it is generally believed, that M——t will be brought to a Court-martial. That you may not miſtake this matter, as *moſt* people here do, I muſt explain to you, that this examination, before the three above-mentioned General Officers, was by no means a trial; but only a previous inquiry into his conduct, to ſee whether there was, or was not, cauſe to bring him to a regular trial before a Court-martial. The caſe is exactly parallel to that of a grand jury, who, upon a previous and general examination, find, or do not find, a bill, to bring the matter before the petty jury; where the fact is finally tried. For my

own

own part, my opinion is fixed, upon that affair: I am convinced that the expedition was to be defeated; and nothing that can appear before a Court-martial, can make me alter that opinion. I have been too long acquainted with human nature, to have great regard for human teſtimony: and a very great degree of probability, ſupported by various concurrent circumſtances, conſpiring in one point, will have much greater weight with me than human teſtimony upon oath, or even upon honour; both which I have frequently ſeen conſiderably warped by private views.

The parliament, which now ſtands prorogued to the firſt of next month, it is thought, will be put off for ſome time longer, till we know in what light to lay before it the ſtate off our alliance with Pruſſia, ſince the concluſion of the Hanover neutrality; which, if it did not quite break it, made at leaſt a great flaw in it.

The birth-day was neither fine nor crouded; and no wonder, ſince the King was that day ſeventy-five. The old Court and the young one are much better, ſince the Duke's retirement; and the King has preſented the Prince of Wales with a ſervice of plate.

I am ſtill *unwell*, though I drink theſe waters very regularly. I will ſtay here at leaſt ſix weeks longer, where I am much quieter than I ſhould be allowed to be in town. When things are in ſuch a miſerable ſituation as they are at preſent, I deſire neither to be concerned nor conſulted, ſtill leſs quoted. Adieu.

LETTER CIII.

Bath, November the 26th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, by the laſt mail, your ſhort account of the King of Pruſſia's victory; which victory, contrary to cuſtom, turns out more complete than it was at firſt reported to be. This appears by an intercepted letter from Monſieur de St. Germain to Monſieur d'Affry, at the Hague; in which he tells him, *Cette armée eſt entierement fondue*, and lays the blame, very ſtrongly, upon Monſieur de Soubize. But, be it greater, or be it leſs, I am glad of it; becauſe the King of Pruſſia (whom I honour and almoſt adore) I am ſure is. Though *d'ailleurs*, between you and me, *où eſt ce que cela mene?* To nothing, while that formidable union of the three great powers of Europe, ſubſiſts againſt him. Could that be any way broken, ſomething might be done; without which, nothing can. I take it for granted, that the King of Pruſſia will do all he can to detach France. Why ſhould not we on our part, try to detach Ruſſia? At leaſt, in our preſent diſtreſs, *omnia tentanda*, and ſometimes a lucky

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and unexpected hit turns up. This thought came into my head this morning; and I give it to you, not as a very probable ſcheme, but as a poſſible one, and conſequently worth trying—The year of the Ruſſian ſubſidies (nominally paid by the court of Vienna, but really by France) is near expired. The former probably cannot, and perhaps the latter will not, renew them. The court of Peterſburgh is beggarly, profuſe, greedy, and by no means ſcrupulous. Why ſhould not we ſtep in there, and out bid them? If we could, we buy a great army at once; which would give an intire new turn to the affairs of that part of the world, at leaſt. And, if we bid handſomely, I do not believe the *bonne foi* of that Court would ſtand in the way. Both our Court and our Parliament would I am very ſure, give a very great ſum, and very cheerfully, for this purpoſe. In the next place, Why ſhould not you wriggle yourſelf, if poſſible, into ſo great a ſcheme? You are, no doubt, much acquainted with the Ruſſian Reſident Soltikow; Why ſhould not you ſound him, as intirely from yourſelf, upon this ſubject? You may aſk him, What, does your Court intend to go on next year in the pay of France, to deſtroy the liberties of all Europe, and throw univerſal monarchy into the hands of that already great, and always ambitious power? I know you think, or at leaſt call yourſelves, the allies of the Empreſs Queen; but is it not plain that ſhe will be, in the firſt place, and you in the next, the dupes of France? At this very time you are doing the work of France and Sweden; and that for ſome miſerable ſubſidies, much inferior to thoſe which I am ſure you might have, in a better cauſe, and more conſiſtent with the true intereſt of Ruſſia. Though not empowered, I know the manner of thinking of my own Court, ſo well, upon this ſubject, that I will venture to promiſe you much better terms than thoſe you have now, without the leaſt apprehenſions of being diſavowed. Should he liſten to this, and what more may occur to you to ſay upon this ſubject, and aſk you, *En écrirai-je a ma Cour?* anſwer him, *Ecrivez, écrivez Monſieur, hardiment. Je prendrai tout cela ſur moi.* Should this happen, as, perhaps, and as I heartily wiſh it may, then write an exact relation of it to your own Court. Tell them, that you thought the meaſure of ſuch great importance, that you could not help taking this little ſtep towards bringing it about; but that you mentioned it only as from yourſelf, and that you have not in the leaſt committed them by it. If Soltikow lends himſelf in any degree to this, inſinuate, that in the preſent ſituation of affairs, and particularly of the King's Electoral dominions, you are very ſure that his Majeſty would have *une reconnoiſſance ſans bornes* for *all* thoſe, by whoſe means ſo deſirable a revival of an old and long friendſhip ſhould be brought about. You will, perhaps, tell me, that, without doubt, Mr. Keith's inſtructions are to the ſame effect: but I will anſwer you, that you can, *if you pleaſe*, do it better than Mr. Keith,

and,

and, in the next place, that, be all that as it will, it muſt be very advantageous to you at home, to ſhow that you have at leaſt a contriving head, and an alertneſs in buſineſs.

I had a letter by the laſt poſt, from the Duke of Newcaſtle, in which he congratulates me, in his own name, and in Lord Hardwicke's, upon the approbation which your diſpatches give, not only to them two, but to *others*. This ſucceſs, ſo early, ſhould encourage your diligence, and rouze your ambition, if you have any; you may go a great way, if you deſire it, having ſo much time before you.

I ſend you here enclоſed the copy of the Report of the three General Officers, appointed to examine previouſly into the conduct of General M——t; it is ill written, and ill ſpelled; but no matter; you will decypher it. You will obſerve, by the tenour of it, that it points ſtrongly to a Court-martial; which no doubt, will ſoon be held upon him. I preſume there will be no ſhooting, in the final ſentence; but I do ſuppoſe that there will be breaking, *&c.*

I have had ſome ſevere returns of my old complaints, laſt week, and am ſtill *unwell*. I cannot help it.

A friend of yours arrived here three days ago; ſhe ſeems to be a ſerviceable ſtrong-bodied bay mare, with black mane and tail; you eaſily gueſs who I mean. She is come with mamma, and without *caro ſpoſo*.

Adieu! my head will not let me go on longer.

LETTER CIV.

Bath, December the 31ſt, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 18th, with the enclоſed papers. I cannot help obſerving, that, till then, you never acknowledged the receipt of any one of my letters.

I can eaſily conceive that party ſpirit, among your brother Miniſters at Hamburgh, runs as high as you repreſent it, becauſe I can eaſily believe the errors of the human mind; but, at the ſame time, I muſt obſerve, that ſuch a ſpirit is the ſpirit of little minds, and ſubaltern Miniſters, who think to atone by zeal, for their want of merit and importance. The political differences of the ſeveral Courts, ſhould never influence the perſonal behaviour of their ſeveral Miniſters towards one another. There is a certain *procedé noble et galant*, which ſhould always be obſerved among the Miniſters of powers, even at war with each other, which will always turn out to the advantage of the ableſt; who will in thoſe converſations find, or make, opportunities of throwing out, or receiving, uſeful hints. When I was laſt at the Hague, we were at war with both France and Spain; ſo that I could neither viſit, nor be viſited, by the Miniſters of thoſe two crowns: but we met every day, or dined at third places, where

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we embraced as perſonal friends, and triſled, at the ſame time, upon our being political enemies; and by this ſort of *badinage* I diſcovered ſome things which I wanted to know. There is not a more prudent maxim, than to live with one's enemies as if they may one day become one's friends; as it commonly happens, ſooner or later, in the viciſſitudes of political affairs.

To your queſtion, which is a rational and prudent one, Whether I was authoriſed to give you the hints concerning Ruſſia, by any people in power here? I will tell you that I was not: but, as I had preſſed them to try what might be done with Ruſſia, and got Mr. Keith to be diſpatched there ſome months ſooner than otherwiſe, I dare ſay, he would, with the proper inſtructions for that purpoſe, I wiſhed, that by the hints I gave you, you might have got the ſtart of him, and the merit at leaſt, of having *entamé* that matter with Soltikow. What you have to do with him now, when you meet with him at any third place, or at his own houſe (where you are at liberty to go, while Ruſſia has a Miniſter in London, and we a Miniſter at Peterſburgh) is in my opinion, to ſay to him in an eaſy chearful manner, *He bien, Monſieur, je me flatte que nous ſerons bien tôt amis publics, auſſi bien qu'amis perſonels.* To which he will probably aſk, Why, or how? You will reply, Becauſe you know that Mr. Keith is gone to his Court with inſtructions, which you think muſt neceſſarily be agreeable there. And throw out to him, that nothing but a change of their preſent ſyſtem can ſave Livonia to Ruſſia; for, that he cannot ſuppoſe, that, when the Swedes ſhall have recovered Pomerania, they will long leave Ruſſia in quiet poſſeſſion of Livonia. If he is ſo much a Frenchman as you ſay, he will make you ſome weak anſwers to this; but, as you will have the better of the argument on your ſide, you may remind him of the old and almoſt uninterrupted connection between France and Sweden, the inveterate enemy of Ruſſia. Many other arguments will naturally occur to you in ſuch a converſation, if you have it. In this caſe, there is a piece of miniſterial art, which is ſometimes of uſe; and that is, to ſow jealouſies among one's enemies, by a ſeeming preference ſhown to ſome one of them. Monſieur Hecht's *réveries* are *réveries* indeed. How ſhould his maſter have made the *golden arrangements*, which he talks of, and which are to be forged into ſhackles for General Fermor? The Pruſſian finances are not in a condition now to make ſuch expenſive arrangements. But I think you may tell Monſieur Hecht, in confidence, that you hope, the inſtructions with which you know that Mr. Keith is gone to Peterſburgh, may have ſome effect upon the meaſures of that court.

I would adviſe you to live with that ſame Monſieur Hecht, in all the confidence, familiarity, and connection, which prudence will allow. I mean it with regard to the King of Pruſſia himſelf,

himſelf, by whom I could wiſh you to be known and eſteemed as much as poſſible. It may be of uſe to you ſome day or another. If man, courage, conduct, conſtancy, can get the better of all the difficulties which the King of Pruſſia has to ſtruggle with, he will riſe ſuperior to them. But ſtill, while this alliance ſubſiſts againſt him, I dread *les gros Eſcadrons*. His laſt victory, of the 5th, was certainly the compleateſt that has been heard of theſe many years. I heartily wiſh the Prince of Brunſwick juſt ſuch a one, over Monſieur de Richelieu's army; and that he may take my old acquaintance the Maréchal, and ſend him over here to poliſh and perfume us.

I heartily wiſh you, in the plain home-ſpun ſtyle, a great number of happy new years, well-employed, in forming both your mind and your manners, to be uſeful and agreeable to yourſelf, your country, and your friends! That theſe wiſhes are ſincere, your Secretary's brother, will by the time of your receiving this, have remitted you a proof, from Yours.

LETTER CV.

London, February the 8th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the ſame poſt your two letters of the 13th and 17th paſt; and yeſterday that of the 27th, with the Ruſſian manifeſto encloſed; in which her Imperial Majeſty of all the Ruſſias has been pleaſed to give every reaſon, except the true one, for the march of her troops againſt the King of Pruſſia. The true one, I take to be, that ſhe has juſt received a very great ſum of money from France, or the Empreſs Queen, or both, for that purpoſe. *Point d'argent point de Ruſſe* is now become a maxim. Whatever may be the motive of their march, the effects muſt be bad; and, according to my ſpeculations, thoſe troops will replace the French in Hanover and Lower Saxony; and the French will go and join the Auſtrian army. You aſk me, if I ſtill deſpond? Not ſo much as I did after the battle of Colen: the battles of Roſbach and Liſſa were drams to me, and gave me ſome momentary ſpirits; but though I do not abſolutely deſpair, I own I greatly diſtruſt. I readily allow the King of Pruſſia to be *nec pluribus impar*; but ſtill, when the *plures* amount to a certain degree of plurality, courage and abilities muſt yield at laſt. Michel here aſſures me, that he does not mind the Ruſſians; but as I have it from the gentleman's own mouth, I do not believe him. We ſhall very ſoon ſend a ſquadron to the Baltic, to entertain the Swedes; which, I believe, will put an end to their operations in Pomerania; ſo that I have no great apprehenſions from that quarter; but Ruſſia, I confeſs, ſticks in my ſtomach.

Every thing goes ſmoothly in Parliament; the King of Pruſſia has united all our parties in his ſupport; and the Tories have declared,

clared, that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this ſeſſion: there has not been one ſingle diviſion yet upon public points; and I believe will not. Our American expedition is preparing to go ſoon; the diſpoſition of that affair ſeems to me a little extraordinary. Abercrombie is to be the ſedentary, and not the acting Commander; Amherſt, Lord Howe, and Wolfe, are to be the acting, and I hope the active Officers. I wiſh they may agree. Amherſt, who is the oldeſt Officer, is under the influence of the ſame great perſon, who influenced Mordaunt, ſo much to the honour and advantage of this country. This is moſt certain, that we have force enough in America to eat up the French alive in Canada, Quebec, and Louiſbourg, if we have but ſkill and ſpirit enough to exert it properly; but of that I am modeſt enough to doubt.

When you come to the egotiſm, which I have long deſired you to come to with me, you need make no excuſes for it. The egotiſm is as proper, and ſatisfactory to one's friends, as it is impertinent and miſplaced with ſtrangers. I deſire to ſee you in your every-day clothes, by your fire-ſide, in your pleaſures; in ſhort, in your private life; but I have not yet been able to obtain this. Whenever you condeſcend to do it, as you promiſe, ſtick to truth; for I am not ſo uninformed of Hamburgh, as perhaps you may think.

As for myſelf, I am very *unwell*, and very weary of being ſo; and with little hopes, at my age, of ever being otherwiſe. I often wiſh for the end of the wretched remnant of my life; and that wiſh is a rational one; but then the innate principle of ſelf-preſervation, wiſely implanted in our natures, for obvious purpoſes, oppoſes that wiſh; and makes us endeavour to ſpin our thread as long as we can, however decayed and rotten it may be; and in defiance of common-ſenſe, we ſeek on for that chymic gold, which *beggars us when old.*

Whatever your amuſements, or pleaſures, may be at Hamburgh, I dare ſay, you taſte them more ſenſibly than ever you did in your life, now that you have buſineſs enough to whet your appetite to them. Buſineſs, one half of the day, is the beſt preparation for the pleaſures of the other half. I hope, and believe, that it will be with you, as it was with an apothecary, whom I knew at Twickenham. A conſiderable eſtate fell to him by an unexpected accident; upon which he thought it decent to leave off his buſineſs; accordingly, he generouſly gave up his ſhop and his ſtock to his head man, ſet up his coach, and reſolved to live like a gentleman; but, in leſs than a month, the man uſed to buſineſs, found, that living like a gentleman was dying of *ennui*; upon which he bought his ſhop and ſtock, reſumed his trade; and lived very happily, after he had ſomething to do. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER CVI.

London, February the 24th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 2d instant, with the enclosed; which I return you, that there may be no chasm in your papers. I had heard before of Burrish's death, and had taken some steps thereupon; but I very soon dropped that affair, for ninety nine good reasons; the first of which was, that no-body was to go in his room, and that, had he lived, he was to have been recalled from Munich. But another reason more flattering for you, was, that you could not be spared from Hamburgh. Upon the whole, I am not sorry for it, as the place where you are now is the great *entrepôt* of business; and when it ceases to be so, you will necessarily go to some of the Courts in the neighbourhood, (Berlin, I hope and believe) which will be a much more desirable situation than to rust at Munich, where we can never have any business beyond a subsidy. Go on but, and exert yourself where you are, and better things will soon follow.

Surely the inaction of our army at Hanover continues too long. We expected wonders from it some time ago, and yet nothing is attempted. The French will soon receive reinforcements, and then be too strong for us; whereas they are now most certainly greatly weakened by desertion, sickness, and deaths. Does the King of Prussia send a body of men to our army or not? or has the march of the Russians cut him out work for all his troops? I am afraid it has. If one body of Russians joins the Austrian army in Moravia, and another body the Swedes in Pomerania, he will have his hands very full, too full, I fear. The French say, they will have an army of 180,000 men in Germany this year; the Empress Queen will have 150,000; if the Russians have but 40,000, what can resist such a force? The King of Prussia may say, indeed, with more justice than ever any one person could before him, *Moi. Medea superest.*

You promised me some egotism; but I have received none yet. Do you frequent the Landgrave? *Hantez vous les grands de la terre?* What are the connections of the evening? All this, and a great deal more of this kind, let me know in your next.

The House of Commons is still very unanimous: there was a little popular squib let off this week, in a motion of Sir John Glyn's, seconded by Sir John Philips, for annual Parliaments. It was a very cold scent, and put an end to by a division of 190 to 70.

Good night. Work hard, that you may divert yourself well.

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LETTER CVII.

London, March the 4th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have been much more ſurprized at the contents of your letter of the 17th paſt, if I had not happened to have ſeen Sir C. W. about three or four hours before I received it. I thought he talked in an extraordinary manner; he engaged that the King of Pruſſia ſhould be maſter of Vienna in the month of May; and he told me that you were very much in love with his daughter. Your letter explained all this to me; and next day, Lord and Lady E—— gave me innumerable inſtances of his frenzy, which I ſhall not trouble you with. What inflamed it the more (if it did not entirely occaſion it) was a great quantity of cantharides, which it ſeems, he had taken at Hamburgh, to recommend himſelf, I ſuppoſe, to Mademoiſelle John. He was let blood four times on board the ſhip, and has been let blood four times more ſince his arrival here; but ſtill the inflammation continues very high. He is now under the care of his brothers, who do not let him go abroad. They have written to this ſame Mademoiſelle John, to prevent, if they can, her coming to England, and told her the caſe; which, when ſhe hears, ſhe muſt be as mad as he is, if ſhe takes the journey. By the way, ſhe muſt be *une Dame aventuriere*, to receive a note for 10,000 roubles, from a man whom ſhe had known but three days; to take a contract of marriage, knowing he was married already; and to engage herſelf to follow him to England. I ſuppoſe this is not the firſt adventure of the ſort which ſhe has had.

After the news we received yeſterday, that the French had evacuated Hanover, all but Hamel, we daily expect much better. We purſue them, we cut them off *en détail*, and at laſt we deſtroy their whole army. I wiſh it may happen, and moreover, I think it not impoſſible.

My head is much out of order, and only allows me to wiſh you good night.

LETTER CVIII.

London, March 22d, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 8th lying before me, with the favourable account of our progreſs in Lower Saxony, and reaſonable proſpect of more deciſive ſucceſs. I confeſs I did not expect this, when my friend Münchauſen took his leave of me, to go to Stade, and break the neutrality; I thought it at leaſt a dangerous, but rather a deſperate undertaking; whereas, hitherto, it has proved a very fortunate one. I look upon the French army as *fondue*; and, what with deſertion, deaths, and epidemical diſtempers, I dare ſay, not a third of it will ever return to France. The great object is now, what the Ruſſians

can or will do; and whether the King of Pruſſia can hinder their junction with the Auſtrians, by beating either, before they join: I will truſt him for doing all that can be done.

Sir C. W. is ſtill in confinement, and, I fear, will always be ſo, for he ſeems *cum ratione inſanire*; the phyſicians have collected all he has ſaid and done, that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing; he has anſwered it in writing too, and juſtifies himſelf by the moſt plauſible arguments that can poſſibly be urged. He tells his brother, and the few who are allowed to ſee him, that they are ſuch narrow and contracted minds themſelves, that they take thoſe for mad, who have a great and generous way of thinking; as for inſtance, when he determined to ſend his daughter over to you, in a fortnight, to be married, without any previous agreement or ſettlements, it was becauſe he had long known you, and loved you, as a man of ſenſe and honour; and therefore would not treat with you as with an attorney. That as for Mademoiſelle John, he knew her merit and her circumſtances; and aſks, whether it is a ſign of madneſs, to have a due regard for the one, and a juſt compaſſion for the other. I will not tire you with enumerating any more inſtances of the poor man's frenzy; but conclude this ſubject with pitying him, and poor human nature, which holds its reaſon by ſo precarious a tenure. The lady, who you tell me is ſet out, *en fera pour la peine et les frais du voyage*, for her note is worth no more than her contract. By the way, ſhe muſt be a kind of *aventuriere*, to engage ſo eaſily in ſuch an adventure, with a man whom ſhe had not known above a week, and whoſe *début* of 10,000 roubles ſhewed him not to be in his right ſenſes.

You will probably have ſeen General Yorke, by this time, in his way to Berlin or Breſlau, or wherever the King of Pruſſia may be. As he keeps his commiſſion to the States General, I preſume he is not to ſtay long with his Pruſſian Majeſty; but, however, while he is there, take care to write to him very conſtantly, and to give all the informations you can. His father, Lord Hardwicke, is your great puff; he commends your office letters exceedingly. I would have the Berlin commiſſion your object, in good time: never loſe view of it. Do all you can to recommend yourſelf to the King of Pruſſia, on your ſide of the water, and to ſmooth your way for that commiſſion on this; by the turn which things have taken of late, it muſt always be the moſt important of all foreign commiſſions from hence.

I have no news to ſend you, as things here are extremely quiet; ſo good night.

LETTER CIX.

London, April the 25th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now two letters in your debt, which I think is the firſt time that ever I was ſo, in the long courſe of our correſpondence.

dence. But beſides that my head has been very much out of order of late, writing is by no means that eaſy thing that it was to me formerly. I find by experience, that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are moſt intimately united; and when the one ſuffers, the other ſympathiſes, *non ſum qualis eram*. Neither my memory or my invention are now, what they formerly were. It is in a great meaſure my own fault: I cannot accuſe nature, for I abuſed her; and it is reaſonable I ſhould ſuffer for it.

I do not like the return of the oppreſſion upon your lungs; but the rigour of the cold may probably have brought it upon you, and your lungs not in fault. Take care to live very cool, and let your diet be rather low.

We have had a ſecond winter here, more ſevere than the firſt, at leaſt it ſeemed ſo, from a premature ſummer that we had, for a fortnight, in March; which brought every thing forwards, only to be deſtroyed. I have experienced it at Blackheath; where the promiſe of fruit was a moſt flattering one, and all nipped in the bud by froſt and ſnow, in April. I ſhall not have a ſingle peach or apricot.

I have nothing to tell you from hence, concerning public affairs, but what you read as well in the news-papers. This only is extraordinary: that laſt week, in the Houſe of Commons, above ten millions were granted, and the whole Hanover army taken into Britiſh pay, with but one ſingle negative, which was Mr. Viner's.

Mr. Pitt gains ground in the cloſet, and yet does not loſe it in the public. That is new.

Monſieur Kniphauſen has dined with me; he is one of the prettieſt fellows I have ſeen; he has, with a great deal of life and fire, *les manières d'un honnête homme, et le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*. You like him yourſelf; try to be like him; it is in your power.

I hear that Mr. Mitchel is to be recalled, notwithſtanding the King of Pruſſia's inſtances to keep him. But why, is a ſecret that I cannot penetrate.

You will not fail to offer the Landgrave, and the Princeſs of Heſſe (who I find are going home) to be their agent and commiſſioner at Hamburgh.

I cannot comprehend the preſent ſtate of Ruſſia, nor the motions of their armies. They change their Generals once a week; ſometimes they march with rapidity, and now they lie quiet behind the Viſtula. We have a thouſand ſtories here of the interior of that government, none of which I believe. Some ſay that the Great Duke will be ſet aſide. Woronzoff is ſaid to be entirely a Frenchman, and that Monſieur de l'Hôpital governs both him and the Court. Sir C. W. is ſaid, by his indiſcretions, to have cauſed the diſgrace of Beſtuchef, which ſeems not impoſſible. In ſhort every thing of every kind is ſaid, becauſe, I believe, very little is truly known.

A propos of Sir C. W.; he is out of confinement, and gone to his houſe in the country for the whole ſummer. They ſay he is now very cool and well. I have ſeen his Circe, at her window in Pall-mall; ſhe is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l'aventure*. She has been offered, by Sir C. W—'s friends, 500l. in full of all demands, but will not accept of it. *La conteſſe veut plaider*, and I fancy *faire autre choſe ſi elle peut*. Jubeo te bene valere.

LETTER CX.

Blackheath, May the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE your letter of the 9th now before me, and condole with you upon the preſent ſolitude and inaction of Hamburgh. You are now ſhrunk from the dignity and importance of a conſummate Miniſter, to be but as it were, a common man. But this has at one time or another, been the caſe of moſt great men; who have not always had equal opportunities of exerting their talents. The greateſt muſt ſubmit to the capriciouſneſs of fortune; though they can, better than others, improve the favourable moments. For inſtance, who could have thought, two years ago, that you would have been the Atlas of the Northern Pole? but the good Genius of the North ordered it ſo; and now that you have ſet that part of the globe right, you return to *otium cum dignitate*. But, to be ſerious; now that you cannot have much office buſineſs to do, I could tell you what to do, that would employ you, I ſhould think, both uſefully and agreeably. I mean, that you ſhould write memoirs of that buſy ſcene, in which you have been enough concerned, ſince your arrival at Hamburgh, to be able to put together authentic facts and anecdotes. I do not know whether you will give yourſelf the trouble to do it or not; but I do know, that, if you will, *olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit*. I would have them ſhort, but correct as to facts and dates.

I have told Alt, in the ſtrongeſt manner, your lamentations for the loſs of the Houſe of Caſſel, *et il en fera rapport à ſon Sereniſſime Maître*. When you are quite idle, (as probably you may be, ſometime this ſummer) why ſhould not you aſk leave to make a tour to Caſſel for a week? which would certainly be granted you from hence, and which would be looked upon as a *bon procédé*, at Caſſel.

The King of Pruſſia is probably, by this time, at the gates of Vienna, making the Queen of Hungary really do, what Monſieur de Belliſle only threatened; ſign a peace upon the ramparts of her capital. If ſhe is obſtinate, and will not, ſhe muſt fly either to Peterſburgh or to Inſpruck, and Vienna muſt fall. But I think he will offer her reaſonable conditions enough for herſelf; and I ſuppoſe that, in that caſe, Caunitz will be reaſonable enough to adviſe her to accept of them. What turn would the war take then? Would the French and Ruſſians car-

ry it on without her? The King of Pruſſia, and the Prince of Brunſwick, would ſoon ſweep them out of Germany. By this time too, I believe, the French are entertained, in America, with the loſs of Cape Breton; and, in conſequence of that, Quebec; for we have a force there equal to both thoſe undertakings, and officers there, now, that will execute, what Lord L——n never would ſo much as attempt. His appointments were too conſiderable to let him do any thing, that might poſſibly put an end to the war. Lord Howe, upon ſeeing plainly that he was reſolved to do nothing, had aſked leave to return, as well as Lord Charles Hay.

We have a great expedition preparing, and which will ſoon be ready to ſail from the Iſle of Wight; fifteen thouſand good troops, eighty battering cannons, beſides mortars, and every other thing in abundance, fit for either battle or ſiege. Lord Anſon deſired, and is appointed, to command the fleet employed upon this expedition; a proof that it is not a trifling one. Conjectures, concerning its deſtination, are infinite; and the moſt ignorant are, as uſual, the boldeſt conjecturers. If I form any conjectures, I keep them to myſelf, not to be diſproved by the event; but, in truth, I form none: I might have known, but would not.

Every thing ſeems to tend to a peace next winter: our ſucceſs in America, which is hardly doubtful, and the King of Pruſſia's in Germany, which is as little ſo, will make France (already ſick of the expence of the war) very tractable for a peace. I heartily wiſh it; for, though people's heads are half turned with the King of Pruſſia's ſucceſs, and will be quite turned, if we have any in America, or at ſea: a moderate peace will ſuit us better than this immoderate war of twelve millions a year.

Domeſtic affairs go juſt as they did; the Duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Pitt jog on like man and wife; that is, ſeldom agreeing, often quarrelling, but by mutual intereſt, upon the whole, not parting. The latter, I am told, gains ground in the cloſet; tho' he ſtill keeps his ſtrength in the Houſe, and his popularity in the public: or, perhaps, becauſe of that.

Do you hold your reſolution of viſiting your dominions of Bremen and Lubeck this ſummer? If you do, pray take the trouble of informing yourſelf correctly of the ſeveral conſtitutions and cuſtoms of thoſe places, and of the preſent ſtate of the fœderal union of the Hanſeatic towns: it will do you no harm, nor coſt you much trouble; and it is ſo much clear gain on the ſide of uſeful knowledge.

I am now ſettled at Blackheath for the ſummer; where unſeaſonable froſt and ſnow, and hot and parching eaſt winds, have deſtroyed all my fruit, and almoſt my fruit-trees. I vegetate myſelf little better than they do; I crawl about on foot, and on horſeback; read a great deal, and write a little: and am very much yours.

LETTER

LETTER CXI.

Blackheath, May the 30th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have no letter from you to anſwer, ſo this goes to you unprovoked. But *a propos* of letters; you have had great honour done you, in a letter from a fair and Royal hand, no leſs than that of her Royal highneſs the Princeſs of Caſſel; ſhe has written your panegyric to her ſiſter, Princeſs Amelia, who ſent me a compliment upon it. This has likewiſe done you no harm with the King, who ſaid gracious things upon that occaſion. I ſuppoſe you had, for her Royal Highneſs, thoſe attentions, which I wiſh to God you would have, in due proportions, for every body. You ſee, by this inſtance, the effects of them; they are always repaid with intereſt. I am more confirmed by this in thinking, that, if you can conveniently, you ſhould aſk leave to go for a week to Caſſel, to return your thanks for all favours received.

I cannot expound to myſelf the conduct of the Ruſſians. There muſt be a trick in their not marching with more expedition. They have either had a ſop from the King of Pruſſia, or they want an animating dram from France and Auſtria. The King of Pruſſia's conduct always explains itſelf by the events; and, within a very few days, we muſt certainly hear of ſome very great ſtroke from that quarter. I think I never, in my life, remember a period of time ſo big with great events as the preſent. Within two months, the fate of the Houſe of Auſtria will probably be decided: within the ſame ſpace of time, we ſhall certainly hear of the taking of Cape Breton, and of our army's proceeding to Quebec: within a few days, we ſhall know the good or ill ſucceſs of our great expedition; for it is ſailed: and it cannot be long before we ſhall hear ſomething of the Prince of Brunſwick's operations, from whom I alſo expect good things. If all theſe things turn out, as there is good reaſon to believe they will, we may once, in our turn, dictate a reaſonable peace to France, who now pays ſeventy per cent. inſurance upon its trade, and ſeven per cent. for all the money raiſed for the ſervice of the year.

Comte Bothmar has got the ſmall-pox, and of a bad kind. Kniphauſen diverts himſelf much here; he ſees all places and all people, and is ubiquity itſelf. Mitchel, who was much threatened, ſtays at laſt at Berlin, at the earneſt requeſt of the King of Pruſſia. Lady *** is ſafely delivered of a ſon, to the great joy of that noble family. The expreſſion, of a woman's having brought her huſband a ſon, ſeems to be a proper and cautious one; for it is never ſaid, from whence.

I was going to aſk you how you paſs your time now at Hamburgh, ſince it is no longer the ſeat of ſtrangers and of buſineſs; but I will not; becauſe I know it is to no purpoſe. You have ſworn not to tell me.

Sir

Sir William Stanhope told me, that you promiſed to ſend him ſome old Hock from Hamburgh, and ſo you did — not. If you meet with any ſuperlatively good, and not elſe, pray ſend over a *foudre* of it, and write to him. I ſhall have a ſhare in it. But unleſs you find ſome, either at Hamburgh or at Bremen, uncommonly and almoſt miraculouſly good, do not ſend any. *Dixi*. Yours.

LETTER CXII.

Blackheath, June the 13th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE ſecret is out; St. Malo is the devoted place. Our troops began to land at the Bay of Cancale the 5th, without any oppoſition. We have no farther accounts yet, but expect ſome every moment. By the plan of it, which I have ſeen, it is by no means a weak place; and I fear there will be many hats to be diſpoſed of, before it is taken. There are in the port above thirty privateers; about ſixteen of their own, and about as many taken from us.

Now for Africa, where we have had great ſucceſs. The French have been driven out of all their forts and ſettlements upon the gum coaſt, and upon the river Senegal. They had been many years in poſſeſſion of them, and by them annoyed our African trade exceedingly; which, by the way, *toute proportion gardée*, is the moſt lucrative trade we have. The preſent booty is likewiſe very conſiderable, in gold duſt, and gum ſeneca; which is a very valuable, by being a very neceſſary commodity, for all our ſtained and printed linens.

Now for America. The leaſt ſanguine people here expect, the latter end of this month or the beginning of the next, to have the account of the taking of Cape Breton, and of all the forts with hard names in North America.

Captain Clive has long ſince ſettled Aſia to our ſatisfaction; ſo that three parts of the world look very favourable for us. Europe, I ſubmit to the care of the King of Pruſſia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick; and I think they will give a good account of it. France is out of luck, and out of courage; and will, I hope, be enough out of ſpirits to ſubmit to a reaſonable peace. By reaſonable, I mean what all people call reaſonable in their own caſe; an advantageous one for us.

I have ſet all right with Münchauſen; who would not own that he was at all offended, and ſaid, as you do, that his daughter did not ſtay long enough, nor appear enough at Hamburgh, for you poſſibly to know that ſhe was there. But people are always aſhamed to own the little weakneſſes of ſelf-love, which, however, all people feel more or leſs. The excuſe, I ſaw, pleaſed.

I will ſend you your quadrille-tables by the firſt opportunity, conſigned to the care of Mr. Mathias here. *Felices, fauſtæque ſint.* May you win upon them, when you play with men; and when

when you play with women, either win, or know why you loſe.

Miſs — marries Mr. —, next week *Who proffers Love, proffers Death*, ſays Waller to a dwarf: in my opinion, the concluſion muſt inſtantly choak the little Lady. Admiral * marries Lady ***; there the danger, if danger is, will be on the other ſide. The Lady has wanted a man ſo long, that ſhe now compounds for half a one. Half a loaf ——

I have been worſe ſince my laſt letter; but am now, I think, recovering; *tant va la cruche à l' eau*; —— and I have been there very often.

Good night. I am faithfully and truly yours.

LETTER CXIII.

Blackheath, June the 27th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU either have received already, or will very ſoon receive, a little caſe from Amſterdam, directed to you at Hamburgh. It is for Princeſs Amelia, the King of Pruſſia's ſiſter, and contains ſome books, which ſhe deſired Sir Charles Hotham to procure her from England, ſo long ago as when he was at Berlin; he ſent for them immediately; but, by I do not know what puzzle, they were recommended to the care of Mr. Selwyn, at Paris, who took ſuch care of them, that he kept them near three years in his warehouſe, and has at laſt ſent them to Amſterdam, from whence they are ſent to you. If the books are good for any thing, they muſt be conſiderably improved, by having ſeen ſo much of the world: but, as I believe they are Engliſh books, perhaps they may, like Engliſh travellers, have ſeen nobody, but the ſeveral bankers to whom they were conſigned; be that as it will, I think you had beſt deliver them to Monſieur Hecht, the Pruſſian Miniſter at Hamburgh, to forward to her Royal Highneſs, with a reſpectful compliment from you, which you will, no doubt, turn in the beſt manner; and, *ſelon le bon ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*.

You have already ſeen, in the papers, all the particulars of our St. Malo's expedition, ſo I ſay no more of that; only that Mr. Pitt's friends exult in the deſtruction of three French ſhips of war, and one hundred and thirty privateers and trading ſhips; and affirm, that it ſtopped the march of threeſcore thouſand men, who were going to join the Comte de Clermont's army. On the other hand, Mr. Fox and Company call it breaking windows with guineas; and apply the fable of the Mountain and the Mouſe. The next object of our fleet was to be the bombarding of Granville, which is the great *entrepôt* of their Newfoundland fiſhery, and will be a conſiderable loſs to them in that branch of their trade. Theſe, you will perhaps ſay, are no great matters, and I ſay ſo too; but, at leaſt, they are ſigns of life, which we had not given for many years before;

before; and will ſhow the French, by our invading them, that we do not fear their invading us. Were thoſe invaſions, in fiſhing boats from Dunkirk, ſo terrible as they were artfully repreſented to be, the French would have had an opportunity of executing them, while our fleet, and ſuch a conſiderable part of our army, were employed upon their coaſt. *But my Lord Ligonier does not want an army at home.*

The Parliament is prorogued by a moſt gracious ſpeech, neither by nor from his Majeſty, who was *too ill* to go to the houſe; the Lords and Gentlemen are, conſequently, moſt of them, gone to their ſeveral Counties, to do (to be ſure) all the good that is recommended to them in the ſpeech. London, I am told, is now very empty, for I cannot ſay ſo from knowledge. I vegetate wholly here. I walk and read a great deal, ride and ſcribble a little, according as my head allows, or my ſpirits prompt; to write any thing tolerable, the mind muſt be in a natural, proper diſpoſition; provocatives, in that caſe, as well as in another, will only produce miſerable, abortive performances.

Now that you have (as I ſuppoſe) full leiſure enough, I wiſh you would give yourſelf the trouble, or rather the pleaſure, to do what I hinted to you ſome time ago; that is, to write ſhort memoirs of thoſe affairs which have either gone through your hands, or that have come to your certain knowledge, from the inglorious battle of Haſtenbeck, to the ſtill more ſcandalous Treaty of Neutrality. Connect, at leaſt, if it be by ever ſo ſhort notes, the pieces and letters which you muſt neceſſarily have in your hands, and throw in the authentic anecdotes that you have probably heard. You will be glad when you have done it now, and the reviving paſt ideas, in ſome order and method, will be an infinite comfort to you hereafter. I have a thouſand times regretted not having done ſo; it is at preſent, too late for me to begin, this is the right time for you, and your life is likely to be a buſy one. Would young men avail themſelves of the advice and experience of their old friends, they would find the utility in their youth, and the comfort of it in their more advanced age; but they ſeldom conſider that, and you, leſs than any body I ever knew. May you ſoon grow wiſer! Adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

Blackheath, June the 30th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter follows my laſt very cloſe; but I received yours of the 15th in the ſhort interval. You did very well not to buy any Rheniſh, at the exorbitant price you mention, without any farther directions; for both my brother and I think the money better than the wine, be the wine ever ſo good. We will content ourſelves with our ſtock in hand of humble Rheniſh, of about three ſhillings a bottle. However,

pour

pour la rareté du fait, I will lay out twelve ducats, for twelve bottles of the wine of 1665, by way of an eventual cordial, if you can obtain a *ſenatus conſultum* for it. I am in no hurry for it, ſo ſend it me only when you can conveniently: well packed up *s'entend*.

You will, I dare ſay, have leave to go to Caſſel; and if you do go, you will perhaps think it reaſonable, that I, who was the adviſer of the journey, ſhould pay the expence of it. I think ſo too, and therefore, if you go, I will remit the 100l. which you have calculated it at. You will find the Houſe of Caſſel the houſe of gladneſs; for Hanau is already, or muſt be ſoon, delivered of its French gueſts.

The Prince of Brunſwick's victory is, by all the ſkilful, thought a *chef d' œuvre*, worthy of Turenne, Condé, or the moſt illuſtrious human butchers. The French behaved better than at Roſbach, eſpecially the *Carabiniers Royaux*, who could not be *entamés*. I wiſh the ſiege of Olmutz well over, and a victory after it; and that, with good news from America, which, I think, there is no reaſon to doubt of, muſt procure us a good peace at the end of the year. The Prince of Pruſſia's death is no public misfortune; there was a jealouſy and alienation between the King and him, which could never have been made up between the poſſeſſor of the crown and the next heir to it. He will make ſomething of his nephew, *s' il eſt du bois dont on en fait*. He is young enough to forgive, and to be forgiven, the poſſeſſion and the expectative, at leaſt for ſome years.

Adieu! I am *unwell*, but affectionately yours.

LETTER CXV.

Blackheath, July the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 4th; and my laſt will have informed you that I had received your former, concerning the Rheniſh, about which I gave you inſtructions. If *vinum Moſellanum eſt omni tempore ſanum*, as the chapter of Treves aſſerts, what muſt this *vinum Rhenanum* be, from its ſuperior ſtrength and age? It muſt be the univerſal panacea.

Captain Howe is to ſail forthwith ſomewhere or another, with about 8000 land forces on board him; and what is much more, Edward the White Prince. It is yet a ſecret where they are going; but I think it is no ſecret, that what 16,000 men and a great fleet could not do, will not be done by 8000 men, and a much ſmaller fleet. About 8500 horſe, foot, and dragoons, are embarking, as faſt as they can, for Embden, to reinforce Prince Ferdinand's army; late, and few, to be ſure, but ſtill better than never, and none. The operations in Moravia go on ſlowly, and Olmutz ſeems to be a tough piece of work: I own I begin to be in pain for the King of Pruſſia; for the Ruſſians now march in earneſt, and Marechal Daun's army

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is certainly ſuperior in number to his. God ſend him a good delivery!

You have a Daniſh army now in your neighbourhood, and they ſay a very fine one; I preſume you will go to ſee it, and, if you do, I would adviſe you to go when the Daniſh Monarch comes to review it himſelf; *pour prendre Langue de ce Signeur*. The Rulers of the earth are all worth knowing; they ſuggeſt moral reflections: and the reſpect that one naturally has for God's Vicegerents here on earth, is greatly increaſed by acquaintance with them.

Your card-tables are gone, and they encloſe ſome ſuits of clothes, and ſome of theſe clothes encloſe a letter.

Your friend Lady * * is gone into the country with her Lord, to negotiate, coolly and at leiſure, their intended ſeparation. My Lady inſiſts upon my Lord's diſmiſſing the * *, as ruinous to his fortune; my Lord inſiſts, in his turn, upon my Lady's diſmiſſing Lord * *; my Lady replies, that that is unreaſonable, ſince Lord * * creates no expence to the family, but rather the contrary. My Lord confeſſes, that there is ſome weight in this argument; but then pleads ſentiment: my Lady ſays, a fiddleſtick for ſentiment, after having been married ſo long. How this matter will end, is in the womb of time, *nam fuit ante Helenam*.

You did very well to write a congratulatory letter to Prince Ferdinand; ſuch attentions are always right, and always repaid ſome way or other.

I am glad you have connected your negotiations and anecdotes; and I hope not with your uſual laconiſm. Adieu! Yours.

LETTER CXVI.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 1ſt, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Think the Court of Caſſel is more likely to make you a ſecond viſit at Hamburgh, than you are to return theirs at Caſſel; and therefore, till that matter is clearer, I ſhall not mention it to Lord Holderneſſe.

By the King of Pruſſia's diſappointment in Moravia, by the approach of the Ruſſians, and the intended march of Monſieur de Soubize to Hanover, the waters ſeem to me to be as much troubled as ever. *Je vois très noir actuellement*; I ſee ſwarms of Auſtrians, French, Imperialiſts, Swedes, and Ruſſians, in all near four hundred thouſand men, ſurrounding the King of Pruſſia and Prince Ferdinand, who have about a third of that number. Hitherto, they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will ſting.

The immediate danger of this country is being drowned; for it has not ceaſed raining theſe three months, and withal is extremely cold. This neither agrees with me in itſelf, nor in its conſequences; for it hinders me from taking my neceſſary exerciſe, and makes me very *unwell*. As my head is always the part

part offending, and is ſo at preſent, I will not do, like many writers, write without a head; ſo adieu.

LETTER CXVII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 28th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's laſt letter brought me the good news, that your fever had left you, and I will believe that it has; but a poſtſcript to it, of only two lines, under your own hand, would have convinced me more effectually of your recovery. An intermitting fever, in the intervals of the paroxyſms, would ſurely have allowed you to have written a very few lines with your own hand, to tell me how you were; and till I receive a letter (as ſhort as you pleaſe) from yourſelf, I ſhall doubt of the exact truth of any other accounts.

I ſend you no news, becauſe I have none; Cape Breton, Cherbourg, *&c.* are now old ſtories; we expect a new one ſoon from Commodore Howe, but from whence we know not. From Germany we hope for good news; I confeſs I do not; I only wiſh it. The King of Pruſſia is marched to fight the Ruſſians, and I believe will beat them, if they ſtand; but what then? What ſhall he do next, with the three hundred and fourſcore thouſand men, now actually at work upon him? He will do all that man can do, but at laſt *il faut ſuccomber*.

Remember to think yourſelf leſs well than you are, in order to be quite ſo; be very regular, rather longer than you need; and then there will be no danger of a relapſe. God bleſs you.

LETTER CXVIII.

Blackheath, September the 5th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

I Received, with great pleaſure, your letter of the 22d Auguſt; for, by not having a line from you in your Secretary's two letters, I ſuſpected that you were worſe than he cared to tell me; and ſo far I was in the right, that your fever was more malignant than intermitting ones generally are; which ſeldom confine people to their bed, or at moſt only the days of the paroxyſms. Now that, thank God, you are well again, though weak, do not be in too much haſte to be better and ſtronger: leave that to nature, which, at your age, will reſtore both your health and ſtrength as ſoon as ſhe ſhould. Live cool for a time, and rather low, inſtead of taking what they call heartening things.

Your manner of making preſents is noble, *et ſent la grandeur d' ame d' un preux Chevalier*. You depreciate their value, to prevent any returns; for it is impoſſible that a wine which has counted ſo many Sindicks, that can only be delivered by a *ſenatus conſultum*, and is the *panacea* of the North, ſhould be ſold for a ducat a bottle. The *ſylphium* of the Romans, which was ſtored up in the public magazines, and only diſtributed by order

of

of the magiſtrate, I dare ſay, coſt more; ſo that, I am convinced, your preſent is much more valuable than you would make it.

Here I am interrupted, by receiving your letter of the 25th paſt. I am glad that you are able to undertake your journey to Bremen; the motion, the air, the new ſcene, the every thing, will do you good, provided you manage yourſelf diſcreetly.

Your bill for fifty pounds, ſhall certainly be accepted and paid; but, as in conſcience, I think fifty pounds is too little, for ſeeing a live Landgrave, and eſpecially at Bremen, which this whole nation knows to be a very dear place, I ſhall, with your leave, add fifty more to it. By the way, when you ſee the Princeſs Royal of Caſſel, be ſure to tell her how ſenſible you are of the favourable and too partial teſtimony, which you know ſhe wrote of you to Princeſs Amelia.

The King of Pruſſia has had the victory, which you, in ſome meaſure, foretold; and as he has taken *la Caiſſe Militaire*, I preſume *Meſſieurs les Ruſſes ſont hors de combat pour cette campagne*; for *point d' argent, point de Suiſſe* is not truer of the laudable Helvetic body, than *point d' argent, point de Ruſſe*, is of the ſavages of the Two Ruſſias, not even excepting the Autocratrice of them both. Serbelloni, I believe, ſtands next in his Pruſſian Majeſty's liſt to be beaten; that is, if he will ſtand; as the Prince de Soubize does in Prince Ferdinand's, upon the ſame condition. If both theſe things happen, which is by no means improbable, we may hope for a tolerable peace this winter; for, *au bout du compte*, the King of Pruſſia cannot hold out another year; and therefore he ſhould make the beſt of theſe favourable events, by way of negotiation.

I think I have written a great deal, with an actual giddineſs of head upon me. So adieu.

I am glad you have received my letter of the Ides of July.

LETTER CXIX.

Blackheath, September the 8th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter ſhall be ſhort, being only an explanatory note upon my laſt; for I am not learned enough, not yet dull enough, to make my comment much longer than my text. I told you then in my former letter, that, with your leave, (which I will ſuppoſe granted) I would add fifty pounds to your draught for that ſum; now leſt you ſhould miſunderſtand this, and wait for the remittance of that additional fifty from hence, know then my meaning was, that you ſhould likewiſe draw upon me for it when you pleaſe; which I preſume, will be more convenient to you.

Let the pedants, whoſe buſineſs it is to believe lies, or the poets, whoſe trade it is to invent them, match the King of Pruſſia with a hero, in ancient or modern ſtory, if they can.

He

He diſgraces hiſtory, and makes one give ſome credit to romances. Calprenede's Juba does not now ſeem ſo abſurd as formerly.

I have been extremely ill this whole ſummer; but am now ſomething better: however, I perceive, *que l'eſprit et le corps baiſſent*; the former is the laſt thing that any body will tell me, or own when I tell it them; but I know it is true. Adieu.

LETTER CXX.

Blackheath, September the 22d, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received no letter from you, ſince you left Hamburgh; I preſume that you are perfectly recovered, but it might not have been improper to have told me ſo. I am very far from being recovered; on the contrary, I am worſe and worſe, weaker and weaker every day; for which reaſon I ſhall leave this place next Monday, and ſet out for Bath a few days afterwards. I ſhould not take all this trouble merely to prolong the ſag-end of a life, from which I can expect no pleaſure, and others no utility; but the cure or at leaſt the mitigation, of thoſe phyſical ills which make that life a load, while it does laſt, is worth any trouble and attention.

We are come off but ſcurvily from our ſecond attempt upon St. Malo; it is our laſt for this ſeaſon; and in my opinion ſhould be our laſt for ever, unleſs we were to ſend ſo great a ſea and land force, as to give us a moral certainty of taking ſome place of great importance, ſuch as Breſt, Rochefort, or Toulon.

Monſieur Münchauſen embarked yeſterday, as he ſaid, for Prince Ferdinand's army; but as it is not generally thought that his military ſkill can be of any great uſe to that Prince, people conjecture, that his buſineſs muſt be of a very different nature, and ſuſpect ſeparate negotiations, neutralities, and what not. Kniphauſen does not reliſh it in the leaſt, and is by no means ſatisfied with the reaſons that have been given him for it. Before he can arrive there, I reckon that ſomething deciſive will have paſſed in Saxony: if to the diſadvantage of the King of Pruſſia, he is cruſhed; but if, on the contrary, he ſhould get a complete victory (and he does not get half victories) over the Auſtrians, the winter may probably produce him and us a reaſonable peace. I look upon Ruſſia as *hors de combat* for ſome time; France is certainly ſick of the war, under an unambitious King, and an incapable Miniſtry, if there is one at all: and unaſſiſted by thoſe two powers, the Empreſs Queen had better be quiet. Were any other man in the ſituation of the King of Pruſſia, I ſhould not heſitate to pronounce him ruined; but he is ſuch a prodigy of a man, that I will only ſay, I fear he will be ruined. It is by this time decided.

Your Caſſel Court at Bremen is, I doubt, not very ſplendid, money muſt be wanting; but, however, I dare ſay, their table

ble is always good, for the Landgrave is a *Gourmand*; and as you are domeſtic there, you may be ſo too, and recruit your loſs of fleſh from your fever; but do not recruit too faſt. Adieu.

LETTER CXXI.

London, September the 26th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM ſorry to find that you had a return of your fever; but, to ſay the truth, you in ſome meaſure deſerved it, for not carrying Dr. Middleton's bark and preſcription with you. I foreſaw that you would think yourſelf cured too ſoon, and gave you warning of it; but *by-gones* are *by-gones*, as Chartres, when he was dying, ſaid of his ſins: let us look forwards. You did very prudently to return to Hamburgh, to good bark, and, I hope, a good phyſician. Make all ſure there before you ſtir from thence, notwithſtanding the requeſts or commands of all the Princeſſes in Europe; I mean a month at leaſt, taking the bark even to ſupererogation, that is, ſome time longer than Dr. Middleton requires; for, I preſume, you are got over your childiſhneſs about taſtes, and are ſenſible that your health deſerves more attention than your palate. When you ſhall be thus re-eſtabliſhed, I approve of your returning to Bremen; and, indeed, you cannot well avoid it, both with regard to your promiſe, and to the diſtinction with which you have been received by the Caſſel family.

Now to the other part of your letter. Lord Holderneſſe has been extremely civil to you, in ſending you, all under his own hand, ſuch obliging offers of his ſervice. The hint is plain, that he will (in caſe you deſire it) procure you leave to come home for ſome time; ſo that the ſingle queſtion is, Whether you ſhould deſire it or not, *now*. It will be two months before you can poſſibly undertake the journey, whether by ſea or by land, and either way it would be a troubleſome and dangerous one for a *convaleſcent*, in the rigour of the month of November; you could drink no mineral waters here in that ſeaſon, nor are any mineral waters proper in your caſe, being all of them heating, except Seltzer's; then, what would do you more harm than all medicines could do you good, would be the peſtilential vapours of the Houſe of Commons, in long and crowded days, of which there will probably be many this ſeſſion; where your attendance, if here, will neceſſarily be required. I compare St. Stephen's Chapel, upon thoſe days, to *la Grotta del Cane*.

Whatever may be the fate of the war now, negotiations will certainly be ſtirring all the winter, and of thoſe, the northern ones, you are ſenſible, are not the leaſt important: in theſe, if at Hamburgh, you will probably have your ſhare, and perhaps a meritorious one. Upon the whole, therefore, I would adviſe you to write a very civil letter to lord Holderneſſe; and to tell him, that, though you cannot hope to be of any uſe to his Ma-

jeſty's

jeſty's affairs any where, yet, in the preſent unſettled ſtate of the North, it is poſſible that unforeſeen accidents may throw it in your way to be of ſome little ſervice, and that you would not willingly be out of the way of thoſe accidents; but that you ſhall be moſt extremely obliged to his Lordſhip, if he will procure you his Majeſty's gracious permiſſion, to return for a few months in the ſpring, when probably affairs will be more ſettled one way or another. When things tend nearer to a ſettlement, and that Germany, from want of money or men, or both, breathes peace more than war, I ſhall ſolicit Burriſh's commiſſion for you, which is one of the moſt agreeable ones in his Majeſty's gift; and I ſhall by no means deſpair of ſucceſs. Now that I have given you my opinion upon this affair, which does not make a difference of above three months, or four at moſt, I would not be underſtood to mean to force your own, if it ſhould happen to be different from mine; but mine, I think, is more both for your health and your intereſt. However, do as you pleaſe; may you in this, and every thing elſe, do for the beſt! ſo God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXII.

Bath, October the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received by the ſame poſt your two letters of the 29th paſt and of the 3d inſtant. The laſt tells me, that you are perfectly recovered; and your reſolution of going to Bremen in three or four days proves it; for ſurely you would not undertake that journey a ſecond time, and at this ſeaſon of the year, without feeling your health ſolidly reſtored; however, in all events, I hope you have taken a proviſion of good bark with you. I think your attention to her Royal Highneſs may be of uſe to you here; and indeed all attentions, to all ſorts of people, are always repaid in ſome way or other; though real obligations are not. For inſtance; Lord Titchfield, who has been with you at Hamburgh, has written an account to the Duke and Dutcheſs of Portland, who are here, of the civilities you ſhowed him; which he is much pleaſed, and they delighted with. At this rate, if you do not take care, you will get the unmanly reputation of a well bred man; and your countryman, John Trott, will diſown you.

I have received, and taſted of your preſent; which is a *très grand vin*, but more cordial to the ſtomach than pleaſant to the palate. I keep it as a phyſic, only to take occaſionally, in little diſorders of my ſtomach; and in thoſe caſes, I believe, it is wholeſomer than ſtronger cordials.

I have been now here a fortnight; and though I am rather better than when I came, I am ſtill far from well. My head is giddier than becomes a head of my age; and my ſtomach has not recovered its retentive faculty. Leaning forwards, particularly to write, does not at preſent agree with. Yours.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIII.

Bath, October the 28th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has quieted my alarms; for I find by it, that you are as well recovered as you could be in so short a time. It is your business now to keep yourself well, by scrupulously following Dr. Middleton's directions. He seems to be a rational and knowing man. Soap and steel are, unquestionably, the proper medicines for your case; but, as they are alteratives, you must take them for a very long time, six months at least; and then drink chalybeate waters. I am fully persuaded, that this was your original complaint in Carniola; which those ignorant physicians called, in their jargon, *Arthritis vaga*, and treated as such. But now, that the true cause of your illness is discovered, I flatter myself, that with time and patience on your part, you will be radically cured; but, I repeat it again, it must be by a long and uninterrupted course of those alterative medicines above-mentioned. They have no taste; but if they had a bad one, I will not now suppose you such a child, as to let the frowardness of your palate interfere in the least, with the recovery or enjoyment of health. The latter, deserves the utmost attention of the most rational man; the former, is only the proper object of the care of a dainty, frivolous woman.

The run of luck, which some time ago we were in, seems now to be turned against us. Oberg is completely routed; his Prussian Majesty was surprized, (which I am surprized at) and had rather the worst of it. I am in some pain for Prince Ferdinand; as I take it for granted, that the detachment from Marechal de Contade's army, which enabled Prince Soubize to beat Oberg, will immediately return to the grand army, and then it will be infinitely superior. Nor do I see where Prince Ferdinand can take his winter-quarters, unless he retires to Hanover; and that I do not take to be at present the land of Canaan. Our second expedition to St. Malo, I cannot call so much an unlucky, as an ill-conducted one; as was also Abercrombie's affair in America, *Mais il n'y a pas de petite perte qui revient souvent*; and all these accidents, put together, make a considerable sum total.

I have found so little good by these waters, that I do not intend to stay here above a week longer; and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the most convenient place, either to live or die in.

I cannot expect active health any where; you may, with common care and prudence, expect it every where; and God grant that you may have it! Adieu.

LETTER CXXIV.

London, November the 21ſt, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU did well to think of Prince Ferdinand's riband, which, I confeſs, I did not; and I am glad to find you thinking ſo far before hand. It would be a pretty commiſſion, and I will *accingere me* to procure it you. The only competition I fear, is that of General Yorke, in caſe Prince Ferdinand ſhould paſs any time with his brother at the Hague, which is not unlikely, ſince he cannot go to Brunſwick to his eldeſt brother, upon account of their ſimulated quarrel.

I fear the piece is at an end with the king of Pruſſia, and he may ſay *ilicet*; I am ſure he may perſonally ſay *plaudite*. Warm work is expected this ſeſſion of Parliament, about continent and no continent: ſome think Mr. Pitt too continent, others too little ſo; but a little time, as the news-papers moſt prudently and truly obſerve, will clear up theſe matters.

The King has been ill; but his illneſs has terminated in a good fit of the gout, with which he is ſtill confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reaſon; for the oldeſt lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy I can aſſure you was believed by many above *peuple*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

Take care of your health, as much as you can; for, *to be, or not to be*, is a queſtion of much leſs importance, in my mind, than to be or not to be well. Adieu.

LETTER CXXV.

London, December the 15th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a great while ſince I heard from you, but I hope that good, not ill health, has been the occaſion of this ſilence; I will ſuppoſe you have been, or are ſtill, at Bremen, and engroſſed by your Heſſian friends.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick is moſt certainly to have the Garter, and I think I have ſecured you the honour of putting it on. When I ſay *ſecured*, I mean it in the ſenſe in which that word ſhould always be underſtood at Courts, and that is, *inſecurely*; I have a promiſe, but that is not *caution bourgeoiſe*. In all events, do not mention it to any mortal, becauſe there is always a degree of ridicule that attends a diſappointment, though often very unjuſtly, if the expectation was reaſonably grounded; however, it is certainly moſt prudent not to communicate, prematurely, one's hopes or one's fears. I cannot tell you when Prince Ferdinand will have it; though there are ſo many candidates for the other two vacant Garters, that I believe he will have his ſoon, and by himſelf, the others muſt wait till a third, or rather a fourth vacancy. Lord Rockingham

ham and Lord Holderneſſe are ſecure; Lord Temple puſhes ſtrongly, but, I believe, is not ſecure. This commiſſion for dubbing a Knight, and ſo diſtinguiſhed a one, will be a very agreeable and creditable one for you, *et il faut vous en acquitter galamment*. In the days of ancient chivalry, people were very nice, who they would be knighted by; and, if I do not miſtake, Francis the Firſt would only be knighted by the Chevalier Bayard, *qui etoit preux Chevalier et ſans reproche*; and no doubt but it will be recorded, *dans les archives de la Maiſon de Brunſwick*, that Prince Ferdinand received the honour of knighthood from your hands.

The eſtimates for the expence of the year 1759 are made up; I have ſeen them; and what do you think they amount to? No leſs than twelve millions three hundred thouſand pounds. A moſt incredible ſum, and yet already all ſubſcribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the Houſe of Commons, in voting ſuch a ſum, and ſuch forces, both by ſea and land, is not leſs aſtoniſhing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, *and it is marvellous in our eyes*.

The King of Pruſſia has nothing more to do this year; and, the next he muſt begin where he left off. I wiſh he would employ this winter in concluding a ſeparate peace with the Elector of Saxony; which would give him more elbow room, to act againſt France and the Queen of Hungary, and put an end at once to the proceedings of the Diet, and the army of the Empire; for then no Eſtate of the Empire would be invaded by a co-Eſtate, and France, the faithful and diſintereſted *guarantee* of the treaty of Weſtphalia, would have no pretence to continue its armies there. I ſhould think that his Poliſh Majeſty, and his Governor Comte Brühl, muſt be pretty weary of being fugitives in Poland, where they are hated, and of being ravaged in Saxony. This *rêverie* of mine, I hope, will be tried, and I wiſh it may ſucceed. Good night, and God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXVI.

London, New Year's-day, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MOLTI e felici, and I have done upon that ſubject, one truth being fair, upon the moſt lying day in the whole year.

I have now before me your laſt letter, of the 21ſt December, which I am glad to find is a bill of health; but, however, do not preſume too much upon it, but obey and honour your phyſician, "that thy days may be long in the land."

Since my laſt, I have heard nothing more concerning the ribband; but I take it for granted, it will be diſpoſed of ſoon. By the way, upon reflection, I am not ſure that any body but a Knight can, according to form, be employed to make a Knight. I remember, that Sir Clement Cotterel was ſent to Holland, to

dubb the late Prince of Orange, only becauſe he was a Knight himſelf; and I know that the proxies of Knights, who cannot attend their own inſtallations, muſt always be Knights. This did not occur to me before, and perhaps will not to the perſon who was to recommend you; I am ſure I will not ſtir it; and I only mention it now, that you may be in all events prepared for the diſappointment, if it ſhould happen.

G** is exceedingly flattered with your account, that three thouſand of his countrymen, all as little as himſelf, ſhould be thought a ſufficient guard upon three-and-twenty thouſand of all the nations in Europe; not that he thinks himſelf by any means, a little man, for when he would deſcribe a tall, handſome man, he raiſes himſelf up at leaſt half an inch to repreſent him.

The private news from Hamburgh is, that his Majeſty's Reſident there is woundily in love with Madame ****; if this be true, God ſend him, rather than her, a good *delivery*. She muſt be *étrenné* at this ſeaſon, and therefore I think you ſhould be ſo too; ſo draw upon me, as ſoon as you pleaſe, for one hundred pounds.

Here is nothing new, except the unanimity with which the Parliament gives away a dozen of millions ſterling; and the unanimity of the public is as great in approving of it, which has ſtifled the uſual political and polemical argumentations.

Cardinal Bernis's diſgrace is as ſudden, and hitherto as little underſtood, as his elevation was. I have ſeen his poems, printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare ſay; and, to judge by them, I humbly conceive his Eminency is a p—y. I will ſay nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him, and unmade him, in the ſame month, except *O King, live for ever*.

Good night to you, who ever you paſs it with.

LETTER CXXVII.

London, February the 2d, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now (what I have very ſeldom been) two letters in your debt: the reaſon was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn; in which caſe, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleaſant to my readers.

I wiſh you would (while you have ſo good an opportunity, as you have, at Hamburgh) make yourſelf perfectly maſter of that dull, but very uſeful knowledge, the Courſe of Exchange, and the cauſes of its almoſt perpetual variations; the value and relation of different Coins, the Specie, the Banco, Uſances, Agio, and a thouſand other particulars. You may with eaſe learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them; for, in your buſineſs, that ſort of knowledge will often prove neceſſary.

I hear

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's Garter: that he will have one is very certain, but when, I believe, is very uncertain, all the other poſtulants wanting to be dubbed at the ſame time, which cannot be, as there is not ribband enough for them.

If the Ruſſians move in time, and in earneſt, there will be an end of our hopes and of our armies in Germany: three ſuch mill-ſtones as Ruſſia, France, and Auſtria, muſt, ſooner or later in the courſe of the year, grind his Pruſſian Majeſty down to a mere *Margrave* of Brandenburgh. But I have always ſome hopes of a change under a *Gunarchy* *; where whim and humour commonly prevail, reaſon very ſeldom, and then only by a lucky miſtake.

I except the incomparable fair one of Hamburgh, that prodigy of beauty, and paragon of good ſenſe, who has enſlaved your mind, and inflamed your heart. If ſhe is as well *étrennée*, as you ſay ſhe ſhall, you will be ſoon out of her chains; for I have, by long experience, found women to be like Telephus's ſpear, if one end kills the other cures.

There never was ſo quiet, nor ſo ſilent a ſeſſion of Parliament as the preſent: Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Viner only excepted.

Dutcheſs Hamilton is to be married, to-morrow, to Colonel Campbell, the ſon of General Campbell, who will ſome day or another be Duke of Argyle, and have the eſtate. She refuſed the Duke of B——r for him.

Here is a report, but I believe a very groundleſs one, that your old acquaintance, the fair Madame C—e, is run away from her huſband, with a jeweller, that *étrennes* her, and is come over here; but I dare ſay it is ſome miſtake, or perhaps a lie. Adieu! God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXVIII.

London, February the 27th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN your laſt letter, of the 7th, you accuſe me, moſt unjuſtly, of being in arrears in my correſpondence; whereas, if our epiſtolary accounts were fairly liquidated, I believe you would be brought in conſiderably debtor. I do not ſee how any of my letters to you can miſcarry, unleſs your office packet miſcarries too, for I always ſend them to the office. Moreover, I might have a juſtifiable excuſe for writing to you ſeldomer than uſual, for to be ſure there never was a period of time, in the middle of a winter, and the Parliament ſitting, that ſupplied ſo little matter for a letter. Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid*

* Derived from the Greek word Γυνη, a woman, and means Female Government.

quicquid dicente. The proper officers b.ing in the eſtimates; it is taken for granted that they are neceſſary, and frugal; the Members go to dinner, and leave Mr. Weſt and Mr. Martin to do the reſt.

I preſume you have ſeen the little poem of the Country Laſs, by Soame Jenyns, for it was in the Chronicle; as was alſo an anſwer to it, from the Monitor. They are neither of them bad performances; the firſt is the neateſt, and the plan of the ſecond has the moſt invention. I ſend you none of thoſe *pieces volantes* in my letters, becauſe they are all printed in one or other of the news-papers, particularly the Chronicles; and I ſuppoſe that you and others have all thoſe papers amongſt you at Hamburgh; in which caſe it would be only putting you to the unneceſſary expence of double poſtage.

I find you are ſanguine about the King of Pruſſia this year; I allow his army will be what you ſay; but what will that be *vis a vis* French, Auſtrians, Imperialiſts, Swedes, and Ruſſians, who muſt amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality leſs, I would allow for the King of Pruſſia's being ſo much *ipſe agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In war, numbers are generally my omens; and I confeſs, that in Germany they ſeem not happy ones this year. In America, I think, we are ſure of ſucceſs, and great ſucceſs; but how we ſhall be able to ſtrike a balance, as they call it, between good ſucceſs there, and ill ſucceſs upon the continent, ſo as to come at a peace, is more than I can diſcover.

Lady Cheſterfield makes you her compliments, and thanks you for your offer; but declines troubling you, being diſcouraged by the ill ſucceſs of Madame Münchauſen's and Miſs Chetwynd's commiſſions, the former for beef, and the latter for gloves; neither of which have yet been executed, to the diſſatisfaction of both. Adieu.

LETTER CXXIX.

London, March the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have now your letter of the 20th paſt lying before me, by which you deſpond, in my opinion too ſoon, of dubbing your Prince; for he moſt certainly will have the Garter; and he will as probably have it before the campaign opens, as after. His campaign muſt, I doubt, at beſt, be a defenſive one; and he will ſhow great ſkill in making it ſuch; for, according to my calculation, his enemies will be at leaſt double his number. Their troops, indeed, may perhaps be worſe than his; but then their number will make up that defect, as it will enable them to undertake different operations at the ſame time. I cannot think that the King of Denmark will take a part in the preſent war; which he cannot do without great poſſible danger: and he is well paid by France for his neutrality; is ſafe, let what will turn out; and, in the mean time, carries on his

commerce

commerce with great advantage and ſecurity: ſo that that conſideration will not retard your viſit to your own country, whenever you have leave to return, and that your own *arrangemens* will allow you. A ſhort abſence animates a tender paſſion, *et ſon ne recule que pour mieux ſauter*, eſpecially in the ſummer months; ſo that I would adviſe you to begin your journey in May, and continue your abſence from the dear object of your vows till after the dog-days, when love is ſaid to be unwholeſome. We have been diſappointed at Martinico; I wiſh we may not be ſo at Guadaloupe, though we are landed there; for many difficulties muſt be got over, before we can be in poſſeſſion of the whole iſland. *A propos de bottes*; you make uſe of two Spaniſh words, very properly, in your letter; were I you, I would learn the Spaniſh language, if there were a Spaniard at Hamburgh who could teach me; and then you would be maſter of all the European languages that are uſeful; and, in my mind, it is very convenient, if not neceſſary, for a public man to underſtand them all; and not to be obliged to have recourſe to an interpreter, for thoſe papers that chance or buſineſs may throw in his way. I learned Spaniſh when I was older than you; convinced, by experience, that, in every thing poſſible, it was better to truſt to one's ſelf, than to any other body whatſoever. Interpreters, as well as relators, are often unfaithful, and ſtill oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In ſhort, let it be your maxim, through life, to know all you can know, yourſelf; and never to truſt implicitly to the informations of others. This rule has been of infinite ſervice to me, in the courſe of my life.

I am rather better than I was; which I owe not to my phyſicians, but to an aſs and a cow, who nouriſh me, between them, very plentifully and wholeſomely; in the morning the aſs is my nurſe, at night the cow; and I have juſt now bought a milch-goat, which is to graze, and nurſe me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter, and I am not without apprehenſions that it may make a ſatyr of me; but, ſhould I find that obſcene diſpoſition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes. And ſo we heartily bid you farewell.

LETTER CXXX.

London, March the 30th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Do not like theſe frequent, however ſhort, returns of your illneſs; for I doubt they imply either want of ſkill in your phyſician, or want of care in his patient. Rhubarb, ſoap and chalybeate medicines and waters, are almoſt always ſpecifics for obſtructions of the liver; but then a very exact regimen is neceſſary, and that for a long continuance. Acids are good for you, but you do not love them; and ſweet things are bad for you, and you do love them. There is another thing very bad

for

for you, and I fear you love it too much. When I was in Holland, I had a ſlow fever, that hung upon me a great while: I conſulted Boerhaave, who preſcribed me what I ſuppoſe was proper, for it cured me; but he added, by way of poſtſcript to his preſcription, *Venus rarius colatur*: which I obſerved, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual.

I doubt we ſhall be mutually diſappointed in our hopes of ſeeing one another this ſpring, as I believe you will find, by a letter which you will receive, at the ſame time with this, from Lord Holderneſſe; but as Lord Holderneſſe will not tell you all, I will, between you and me, ſupply that defect. I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, that he has acted in the moſt kind and friendly manner poſſible to us both. When the King read your letter, in which you deſired leave to return, for the ſake of drinking the Tunbridge-waters, he ſaid, If he wants ſteel waters, thoſe of Pyrmont are better than Tunbridge, and he can have them very freſh at Hamburgh. I would rather he had aſked to come laſt autumn, and had paſſed the winter here; for, if he returns now, I ſhall have nobody in thoſe quarters to inform me of what paſſes; and yet it will be a very buſy and important ſcene. Lord Holderneſſe, who found that it would not be liked, reſolved to puſh it no farther; and replied, he was very ſure, that, when you knew his Majeſty had the leaſt objection to your return, at this time, you would think of it no longer; and he owned that he (Lord Holderneſſe) had given you encouragement for this application, laſt year, then thinking and hoping that there would be little occaſion for your preſence at Hamburgh this year. Lord Holderneſſe will only tell you, in his letter, that, as he had ſome reaſon to believe, his moving this matter would be diſagreeable to the King, he reſolved, for your ſake, not to mention it. You muſt anſwer his letter upon that foot ſingly, and thank him for this mark of his friendſhip; for he has really acted as your friend. I make no doubt of your having willing leave to return in autumn, for the whole winter. In the mean time, make the beſt of your *ſejour* where you are; drink the Pyrmont waters, and no wine but Rheniſh, which, in your caſe, is the only proper one for you.

Next week, Mr. Harte will ſend you his Guſtavus Adolphus, in two quartos; it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable hiſtory; though, between you and me, I could have wiſhed that he had been more correct and elegant in his ſtyle. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praiſes beſtowed upon him, and yet he has left enough of all conſcience to ſatisfy a reaſonable man. Harte has been very much out of order, theſe laſt three or four months, but is not the leſs intent upon ſowing his Lucerne, of which he had ſix crops laſt year, to his infinite joy, and, as he ſays, profit. As

a gar-

a gardener, I ſhall probably have as much joy, though not quite ſo much profit, by thirty or forty ſhillings; for there is the greateſt promiſe of fruit this year, at Blackheath, that ever I ſaw in my life. Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for Priapus, that tremendous garden God, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and the thieves.

Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, *Levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.*

LETTER CXXXI.

London, April the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH humble ſubmiſſion to you, I ſtill ſay, that if Prince Ferdinand can make a defenſive campaign this year, he will have done a great deal, conſidering the great inequality of numbers. The little advantages, of taking a regiment or two priſoners, or cutting another to pieces, are but trifling articles in the great account; they are only the pence, the pounds are yet to come; and I take it for granted, that neither the French, nor the Court of Vienna, will have *le démenti* of their main object, which is unqueſtionably Hanover; for that is the *ſumma ſummarum*; and they will certainly take care to draw a force together for this purpoſe, too great for any that Prince Ferdinand has, or can have, to oppoſe them. In ſhort, mark the end on't, *j'en augure mal.* If France, Auſtria, the Empire, Ruſſia, and Sweden, are not, at long run, too hard for the two Electors of Hanover and Brandenburgh, there muſt be ſome inviſible power, ſome tutelar Deities, that miraculouſly interpoſe in favour of the latter.

You encourage me to accept all the powers that goats, aſſes, and bulls, can give me, by engaging for my not making an ill uſe of them; but I own, I cannot help diſtruſting myſelf a little, or rather human nature; for it is an old and very true obſervation, that there are miſers of money, but none of power; and the non-uſe of the one, and the abuſe of the other, increaſe in proportion to their quantity.

I am very ſorry to tell you, that Harte's Guſtavus Adolphus does not take at all, and conſequently ſells very little: it is certainly informing and full of good matter; but it is as certain too, that the ſtyle is execrable: where the devil he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad ſtyle, of a new and ſingular kind; it is full of Latiniſms, Galliciſms, Germaniſms, and all *iſms* but Angliciſms; in ſome places pompous, in others vulgar and low. Surely, before the end of the world, people, and you in particular, will diſcover, that the *manner*, in every thing, is at leaſt as important as the matter; and that the latter never can pleaſe, without a degree of elegancy in the former. This holds true in every thing in life: in writing, converſing, buſineſs, the help of the Graces is abſolutely neceſſary; and whoever

ver vainly thinks himſelf above them, will find he is miſtaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to ſtrangers of an advanced age. There is an Hiſtory lately come out, of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her ſon (no matter by whom) King James, written by one Robertſon a Scotchman, which for clearneſs, purity, and dignity of ſtyle, I will not ſcruple to compare with the beſt hiſtorians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its ſucceſs has conſequently been great, and a ſecond edition is already publiſhed, and bought up. I take it for granted, that it is to be had, or at leaſt borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would ſend it you.

I hope you drink the Pyrmont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends ſo much upon the health of the body, that the latter deſerves the utmoſt attention, independently of the ſenſes. God ſend you a very great ſhare of both! Adieu.

LETTER CXXXII.

London, April the 27th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your two letters of the 10th and 13th, by the laſt mail; and I will begin my anſwer to them, by obſerving to you, that a wiſe man, without being a Stoic, conſiders, in all misfortunes that befal him, their beſt as well as their worſt ſide; and every thing has a better and a worſe ſide. I have ſtrictly obſerved that rule for many years, and have found by experience, that ſome comfort is to be extracted, under moſt moral ills, by conſidering them in every light, inſtead of dwelling, as people are too apt to do, upon the gloomy ſide of the object. Thank God the diſappointment that you ſo pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no conſolation. Let us ſimplify it, and ſee what it amounts to. You were pleaſed with the expectation of coming here next month, to ſee thoſe who would have been pleaſed with ſeeing you. That, from very natural cauſes, cannot be; and you muſt paſs this ſummer at Hamburgh, and next winter in England, inſtead of paſſing this ſummer in England, and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, eſtimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the ſummer more eligible, both for health and pleaſure, than the winter, in that northern, frozen Zone? and will not the winter, in England, ſupply you with more pleaſures than the ſummer, in an empty capital, could have done? So far then it appears, that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

The *tour* too, which you propoſe making to Lubeck, Altena, *&c.* will both amuſe and inform you; for, at your age, one cannot ſee too many different places and people; ſince, at the age you are now of, I take it for granted that you will not ſee them ſuperficially, as you did when you firſt went abroad.

This

This whole matter then, ſummed up, amounts to no more than this — that you will be here next winter, inſtead of this ſummer. Do not think that all I have ſaid is the conſolation only of an old philoſophical fellow almoſt inſenſible of pleaſure or pain, offered to a young fellow, who has quick ſenſations of both. No, it is the rational philoſophy, taught me by experience and knowledge of the world, and which I have practiſed above thirty years. I always made the beſt of the beſt, and never made bad worſe, by fretting; this enabled me to go through the various ſcenes of life, in which I have been an actor, with more pleaſure and leſs pain than moſt people. You will ſay, perhaps, one cannot change one's nature; and that if a perſon is born of a very ſenſible gloomy temper, apt to ſee things in the worſt light, they cannot help it, nor new make themſelves. I will admit it, to a certain degree, and but to a certain degree; for though we cannot totally change our nature, we may, in a great meaſure, correct it, by reflection and philoſophy; and ſome philoſophy is a very neceſſary companion in this world, where even to the moſt fortunate, the chances are greatly againſt happineſs.

I am not old enough, nor tenacious enough, to pretend not to underſtand the main purport of your laſt letter; and, to ſhow you that I do, you may draw upon me for two hundred pounds, which, I hope, will more than clear you.

Good night, *æquam memento rebus in arduis ſervare mentem*; be neither tranſported nor depreſſed by the accidents of life.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Blackheath, May the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's laſt letter of the 4th, which I received yeſterday, has quietted my fears a good deal, but has not, intirely diſſipated them. *Your fever ſtill continues*, he ſays, *though in a leſs degree*. Is it a continued fever, or an intermitting one? If the former, no wonder that you are weak, and that your head achs. If the latter, why has not the bark, in ſubſtance and large doſes, been adminiſtered? for, if it had, it muſt have ſtopped it by this time. Next poſt, I hope, will ſet me quite at eaſe. Surely you have not been ſo regular as you ought, either in your medicines, or in your general regimen, otherwiſe this fever would not have returned; for the Doctor calls it *your fever returned*, as if you had an excluſive patent for it. You have now had illneſs enough, to know the value of health, and to make you implicitly follow the preſcriptions of your phyſician, in medicines, and the rules of your own common ſenſe in diet; in which, I can aſſure you, from my own experience, that quantity is often worſe than quality, and I would rather eat half a pound of bacon at a meal, than two pounds of any of the moſt wholeſome food.

I have

I have been ſettled here near a week, to my great ſatisfaction, *c'eſt ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to every body. Cut off from ſocial life by my deafneſs, as well as other phyſical ills, and being at beſt but the ghoſt of my former ſelf, I walk here in ſilence and ſolitude, as becomes a ghoſt, with this only difference, that I walk by day, whereas, you know, to be ſure, that other ghoſts only appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was laſt year, thanks to my almoſt total milk diet. This enables me to vary my ſolitary amuſements, and alternately to ſcribble as well as read, which I could not do laſt year. Thus I ſaunter away the remainder, be it more or leſs, of an agitated and active life, now reduced (and I am not ſure that I am a loſer by the change) to ſo quiet and ſerene a one, that it may properly be called ſtill life.

The French whiſper in confidence, in order that it may be the more known and the more credited, that they intend to invade us this year, in no leſs than three places; that is, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of our great men, like the Devils, believe and tremble; others, and one little one, whom I know, laugh at it; and, in general it ſeems to be but a poor inſtead of a formidable ſcarecrow. While *ſomebody* was at the head of a moderate army, and wanted (I know why) to be at the head of a great one, intended invaſions were made an article of political faith; and the belief of them was required, as in the Church the belief of ſome abſurdities, and even impoſſibilities, is required, upon pain of hereſy, excommunication, and conſequently damnation, if they tend to the power and intereſt of the Heads of the Church. But now, that there is a general toleration, and that the beſt Subjects, as well as the beſt Chriſtians, may believe what their reaſon and their conſciences ſuggeſt, it is generally and rationally ſuppoſed, the French will threaten and not ſtrike, ſince we are ſo well prepared, both by armies and fleets, to receive, and, I may add, to deſtroy them. Adieu! God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Blackheath, June the 15th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 5th, which I received yeſterday, gave me great ſatisfaction, being all in your own hand; though it contains great, and I fear juſt complaints of your ill ſtate of health. You do very well to change the air; and I hope that change will do well by you. I would therefore have you write, after the 20th of Auguſt, to Lord Holderneſſe, to beg of him to obtain his Majeſty's leave for you to return to England for *two or three months*, upon account of your health. Two or three months is an indefinite time, which may afterwards be inſenſibly ſtretched to what length one pleaſes; leave that to me. In the mean time you may be taking your meaſures, with the beſt œconomy.

The

The day before yeſterday, an expreſs arrived from Guadaloupe; which brought an account of our being in poſſeſſion of the whole iſland. And I make no manner of doubt, but that, in about two months, we ſhall have as good news from Crown-point, Quebec, *&c.* Our affairs in Germany, I fear, will not be equally proſperous; for I have very little hopes for the King of Pruſſia or Prince Ferdinand. God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXXV.

Blackheath, June the 25th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE two laſt mails have brought me no letter from you or your Secretary; I will take this ſilence as a ſign that you are better; but however if you thought that I cared to know, you ſhould have cared to have written. Here the weather has been very fine for a fortnight together; a longer term than in this climate we are uſed to hold fine weather by. I hope it is ſo too at Hamburgh, or at leaſt at the *villa* to which you are gone; but pray do not let it be your *villa vicioſa* as thoſe retirements are often called, and too often prove; though (by the way) the original name was villa *vezzoſa*; and by wags miſcalled *vicioſa*.

I have a moſt gloomy proſpect of affairs in Germany; the French are already in poſſeſſion of Caſſel, and of the learned part of Hanover, that is Göttingen; where I preſume they will not ſtop *pour l'amour des Belles Lettres*, but rather go on to the Capital, and ſtudy them upon the coin. My old acquaintance Monſieur de Richelieu, made a great progreſs, there in metallic learning and inſcriptions. If Prince Ferdinand ventures a battle to prevent it, I dread the conſequences; the odds are too great againſt him. The King of Pruſſia is ſtill in a worſe ſituation; for he has the Hydra to encounter: and though he may cut off a head or two, there will ſtill be enough left to devour him at laſt. I have, as you know, long foretold the approaching cataſtrophe; but I was Caſſandra. Our affairs in the new world have a much more pleaſing aſpect; Guadaloupe is a great acquiſition, and Quebec, which I make no doubt of, will ſtill be a greater. But muſt all theſe advantages, purchaſed at the price of ſo much Engliſh blood and treaſure, be at laſt ſacrificed as a peace-offering? God knows what conſequences ſuch a meaſure may produce; the germe of diſcontent is already great, upon the bare ſuppoſition of the caſe; but ſhould it be realiſed, it will grow to a harveſt of diſaffection.

You are now, to be ſure, taking the previous neceſſary meaſures for your return here in the autumn; and I think you may diſband your whole family, excepting your ſecretary, your butler, who takes care of your plate, wine, *&c.* one, or at moſt two, maid-ſervants, and your valet de chambre, and one footman, whom you will bring over with you. But give no mortal, either

either there or here, reaſon to think that you are not to return to Hamburgh again. If you are aſked about it, ſay, like Lockhart, that you are *le ſerviteur des événemens*; for your preſent appointments will do you no hurt here, till you have ſome better deſtination. At that ſeaſon of the year, I believe, it will be better for you to come by ſea than by land; but that you will be beſt able to judge of from the then circumſtances of your part of the world.

Your old friend Stevens is dead, of the conſumption that has been long undermining him. God bleſs you, and ſend you health!

LETTER CXXXVI.

Bath, February the 26th, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very glad to hear that your election is finally ſettled, and, to ſay the truth, not ſorry that Mr. * * has been compelled to do, *de mauvaiſe grace*, that which he might have done at firſt in a friendly and handſome manner However, take no notice of what is paſt, and live with him as you uſed to do before; for, in the intercourſe of the world, it is often neceſſary to ſeem ignorant of what one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers.

I have juſt now finiſhed Colman's play, and like it very well; it is well conducted, and the characters are well preſerved, I own, I expected from the author more dialogue wit; but, as I know that he is a moſt ſcrupulous claſſic, I believe he did not dare to put in half ſo much wit as he could have done, becauſe Terence has not a ſingle grain; and it would have been *crimen læſæ antiquitatis*. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXXXVII.

Bath, November the 21ſt, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 19th. If I find any alterations by drinking theſe waters, now ſix days, it is rather for the better; but, in ſix days more, I think I ſhall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuſe their kindneſs; all things have their bounds, *quos ultra citrave nequit conſiſtere rectum*; and I will endeavour to nick that point.

The Queen's jointure is larger than, from *ſome reaſons*, I expected it would be, though not greater than the very laſt precedent authorized. The caſe of the late Lord Wilmington was, I fancy, remembered.

I have now good reaſon to believe, that Spain will declare war to us; that is, that it will very ſoon, if it has not already, avowedly aſſiſt France, in caſe the war continues. This will be a great triumph to Mr. Pitt, and fully juſtify his plan of beginning

beginning with Spain firſt, and having the firſt blow, which is often half the battle.

Here is a great deal of company, and what is commonly called good company, that is great quality. I trouble them very little, except at the pump, where my buſineſs calls me; for, what is company to a deaf man, or a deaf man to company?

Lady Brown, whom I have ſeen, and who, by the way has got the gout in her eye, enquired very tenderly after you. And ſo I elegantly reſt,

Yours till death.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Bath, December the 6th, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been in your debt ſome time, which, you know, I am not very apt to be; but it was really for want of ſpecie to pay. The preſent ſtate of my invention does not enable me to coin; and you would have had as little pleaſure in reading, as I ſhould have had in writing *le coglionerie* of this place; beſides, that I am very little mingled in them. I do not know whether I ſhall be able to follow your advice, and cut a winner: for, at preſent, I have neither won nor loſt a ſingle ſhilling. I will play on this week only; and if I have a good run, I will carry it off with me; if a bad one, the loſs can hardly amount to any thing conſiderable in ſeven days, for I hope to ſee you in town to-morrow ſevennight.

I had a diſmal letter from Harte, laſt week; he tells me that he is at nurſe with a ſiſter in Berkſhire; that he has got a confirmed jaundice, beſides twenty other diſtempers. The true cauſe of theſe complaints I take to be, the ſame that ſo greatly diſordered, and had nearly deſtroyed, the moſt auguſt Houſe of Auſtria, about one hundred and thirty years ago; I mean Guſtavus Adolphus; who neither anſwered his expectations in point of profit, nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for, as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the beſt hiſtories extant.

Au revoir, as Sir Fopling ſays, and God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Bath, November the 2d, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as I propoſed, laſt Sunday; but as ill as I feared I ſhould be, when I ſaw you. Head, ſtomach, and limbs, all out of order.

I have yet ſeen nobody but Villettes, who is ſettled here for good, as it is called. What conſequences has the Duke of Devonſhire's reſignation had? He has conſiderable connections, and relations; but whether any of them are reſigned enough to reſign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be ſure, as many, and as abſurd reports, as there are in the law books;

I do

I do not desire to know either; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of such reports only as you believe are grounded. And so God bless you!

LETTER CXL.

Bath, November the 13th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter, and believe that your Preliminaries are very near the mark; and upon that supposition I think we have made a tolerable good bargain with Spain; at least, full as good as I expected, and almost as good as I wished, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida; but if we have St. Augustin, as I suppose, that by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made so good a bargain with France; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Mississippi, and that is all? As for the restrictions upon the French fishery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the Commissary whom we shall employ; for he will have a good salary from hence, to see that those restrictions are complied with; and the French will double that salary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to me, that the French fishery will be exactly what it was before war.

The three Leeward islands, which the French yield to us, are not, all together, worth half so much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The restrictions of the French, in the East Indies, are as absurd and impracticable as those of Newfoundland; and you will live to see the French trade to the East Indies, just as they did before the war. But, after all I have said, the articles are as good as I expected with France, when I considered that no one single person, who carried on this negotiation on our parts, was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada has cost us fourscore millions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Guadaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His most faithful Majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction, for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one Moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure, *païe les pots cassez*; for, besides St. Augustin, Logwood, &c. it has lost at least four millions sterling, in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to his sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He complains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done me a great deal of good, though I drink but two thirds of a

pint

pint in the whole day, which is leſs than the ſobereſt of my countrymen drink of claret at every meal.

I ſhould naturally think, as you do, that this ſeſſion will be a ſtormy one, that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is pleaſed, as the miniſters ſay, there is no other Eolus to blow a ſtorm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcaſtle, and Devonſhire, have no better troops to attack with, than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipſe agmen*. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXLI.

Bath, November the 27th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, and return you the ball *a la volée*. The King's ſpeech is a very prudent one, and, as I ſuppoſe that the Addreſſes, in anſwer to it, were, as uſual, in almoſt the ſame words, my Lord Mayor might very well call them innocent. As his Majeſty expatiates ſo much upon the great *atchievements* of the war, I cannot help hoping that when the Preliminaries ſhall be laid before the Parliament *in due time*, which, I ſuppoſe, means after the reſpective ratifications of all the contracting parties, that ſome untalked-of and unexpected advantage will break out in our treaty with France: St. Lucia, at leaſt. I ſee in the news papers, an article which I by no means like, in our treaty with Spain; which is, that we ſhall be at liberty to cut logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, *but paying for it*. Who does not ſee that this condition may, and probably will, amount to a prohibition, by the price which the Spaniards may ſet it at? It was our undoubted right, and confirmed to us by former treaties, before the war, to cut logwood *gratis*; but this new ſtipulation (if true) gives us a privilege, ſomething like a reprieve to a criminal, with a *non obſtante* to be hanged.

I now drink ſo little water, that it can neither do me good nor hurt; but, as I bathe but twice a week, that operation, which does my rheumatic carcaſe good, will keep me here ſome time longer than you had allowed.

Harte is going to publiſh a new edition of his Guſtavus, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered, and which I could tell him, he ſhould tranſlate into Engliſh, or it will not ſell better than the former; for, while the world endures, ſtyle and manner will be regarded, at leaſt as much as matter. And ſo, *Dieu vous aie dans ſa ſainte garde*.

LETTER CXLII.

Bath, December the 4th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, with the encloſed Preliminaries, which we have had here theſe three days; and I return them, ſince you intend to keep them, which is more than I believe the French will. I am very glad to find that the

French are to reſtore all the conqueſts they made upon us in the Eaſt Indies during this war; and I cannot doubt but they will likewiſe reſtore to us all the Cod that they ſhall take within leſs than three leagues of our coaſts in North America, (a diſtance eaſily meaſured, eſpecially at ſea) according to the ſpirit, though not the letter of the Treaty. I am informed that the ſtrong oppoſition to the Peace will he in the Houſe of Lords, though I cannot well conceive it; nor can I make out above ſix or ſeven who will be againſt it upon a diviſion, unleſs (which I cannot ſuppoſe) ſome of the Biſhops ſhould vote on the ſide of their maker. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXLIII.

Bath, December the 13th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter, which gave me a very clear account of the debate in your Houſe. It is impoſſible for a human creature to ſpeak well for three hours and a half; I queſtion even if Belial, who, according to Milton, was the orator of the fallen Angels, ever ſpoke ſo long at a time.

There muſt have been a trick in Charles Townſhend's ſpeaking for the Preliminaries; for he is infinitely above having an opinion. Lord Egremont muſt be ill, or have thoughts of going into ſome other place; perhaps into Lord Granville's, who they ſay is dying: when he dies, the ableſt head in England dies too, take it for all in all.

I ſhall be in town, barring accidents, this day ſevennight, by dinner-time; when I have ordered a *Haricot*, to which you will be very welcome about four o'clock. *En attendant Dieu vous aïe dans ſa ſante garde.*

LETTER CXLIV.

Blackheath, June the 14th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, by the laſt mail, your letter of the 4th, from the Hague; ſo far ſo good. You arrived *ſonica* at the Hague, for our Embaſſador's entertainment; I find he has been very civil to you. You are in the right to ſtop, for two or three days, at Hanau, and make your court to the Lady of that place *. Your excellency makes a figure already in the newspapers; and let them, and others, Excellency you as much as they pleaſe, but pray ſuffer not your own ſervants to do it.

Nothing new of any kind has happened here ſince you went; ſo I will wiſh you a good night, and hope that God will bleſs you.

LETTER

* Her Royal Highneſs Princeſs Mary of England, Landgravine of Heſſe.

LETTER CXLV.

Blackheath, July the 14th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Ratiſbon, where I am glad that you are arrived ſafe. You are, I find over head and ears engaged in ceremony and *étiquette*. You muſt not yield in any thing eſſential, where your public character may ſuffer; but I adviſe you, at the ſame time, to diſtinguiſh carefully what may and what may not affect it, and to deſpiſe ſome German *minuties*; ſuch as one ſtep lower or higher upon the ſtairs, a bow more or leſs, and ſuch ſort of trifles.

By what I ſee in Creſſener's letter to you, the cheapneſs of wine compenſates the quality, as the cheapneſs of ſervants compenſates the number that you muſt make uſe of.

Write to your mother often, if it be but three words, to prove your exiſtence; for when ſhe does not hear from you, ſhe knows to a demonſtration, that you are dead, if not buried.

The enclоſed is a letter of the utmoſt conſequence, which I was deſired to forward, with care and ſpeed, to the moſt ſerene *Louis*.

My head is not well to day. So God bleſs you!

LETTER CXLVI.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 1ſt, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Hope by this time you are pretty well ſettled at Ratiſbon, at leaſt as to the important points of the ceremonial; ſo that you may know with preciſion, to whom you muſt give, and from whom you muſt require, the *ſeine Excellence*. Thoſe formalities are, no doubt, ridiculous enough in themſelves; but yet they are neceſſary for manners, and ſometimes for buſineſs; and both would ſuffer by laying them quite aſide.

I have lately had an attack of a new complaint, which I have long ſuſpected that I had in my body, in *actu primo*, as the pedants call it, but which I never felt in *actu ſecundo*, till laſt week, and that is a fit of the ſtone or gravel. It was, thank God, but a ſlight one; but it was *dans toutes les formes*; for it was preceded by a pain in my loins, which I at firſt took for ſome remains of my rheumatiſm; but was ſoon convinced of my miſtake, by making water much blacker than coffee, with a prodigious ſediment of gravel. I am now perfectly eaſy again, and have no more indications of that dreadful complaint.

God keep you from that and deafneſs; other complaints are the common, and almoſt the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of ſome mitigation. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXLVII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 22d, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will by this poſt, hear from others, that Lord Egremont died two days ago of an apoplexy, which, from his figure, and the conſtant plethora he lived in, was reaſonably to be expected. You will aſk me, who is to be Secretary in his room; to which I anſwer, that I do not know. I ſhould gueſs Lord Sandwich, to be ſucceeded in the Admiralty by Charles Townſhend; unleſs the Duke of Bedford, who ſeems to have taken to himſelf the department of Europe, ſhould have a mind to it. This event may perhaps produce others; but, till this happened, every thing was in a ſtate of in-action, and abſolutely nothing was done. Before the next ſeſſion, this chaos muſt neceſſarily take ſome form, either by a new jumble of its own atoms, or by mixing them with the more efficient ones of the Oppoſition.

I ſee by the news-papers, as well as by your letter, that the difficulties ſtill ſubſiſt about your ceremonial at Ratiſbon; ſhould they, from pride and folly, prove inſuperable, and obſtruct your real buſineſs, there is one expedient, which may perhaps remove difficulties, and which I have often known practiſed; but which I believe our people here know nothing of; it is, to have the character of *Miniſter*, only, in your oſtenſible title, and that of Envoy Extraordinary in your pocket, to produce occaſionally, eſpeciaally if you ſhould be ſent to any of the Electors in your neighbourhood: or elſe, in any tranſactions that you may have, in which your title of Envoy Extraordinary may create great difficulties, to have a reverſal given you, declaring that the temporary ſuſpenſion of that character, *ne donnera pas la moindre atteinte ni à vos droits, ni à vos pretenſions*. As for the reſt, divert yourſelf as well as you can, and eat and drink as little as you can: and ſo God bleſs you!

LETTER CXLVIII.

Blackheath, September the 1ſt, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

GREAT news. The King ſent for Mr. Pitt, laſt Saturday, and the conference laſted a full hour: on the Monday following, another conference, which laſted much longer; and yeſterday a third, longer than either. You take for granted, that the treaty was concluded and ratified; no ſuch matter, for this laſt conference broke it intirely off; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple went yeſterday evening to their reſpective country houſes. Would you know what it broke off upon, you muſt aſk the news-mongers, and the coffee-houſes; who, I dare ſay, know it all very minutely; but I, who am not apt to know any thing that I do not know, honeſtly and humbly confeſs, that I cannot tell you; probably one party aſked too much,

much, and the other would grant too little. However, the King's dignity was not, in my mind, much conſulted, by their making him ſole Plenipotentiary of a treaty, which they were not, in all events, determined to conclude. It ought ſurely to have been begun by ſome inferior agent, and his Majeſty ſhould only have appeared in rejecting or ratifying it. Lewis the XIVth never ſat down before a town in perſon, that was not ſure to be taken.

However, *ce qui eſt différé n' eſt pas perdu*; for this matter muſt be taken up again, and concluded before the meeting of the parliament, and probably upon more diſadvantageous terms to the preſent Miniſters, who have tacitly admitted, by this late negotiation, what their enemies have loudly proclaimed, that they are not able to carry on affairs: ſo much *de re politica*.

I have at laſt done the beſt office that can be done, to moſt married people; that is, I have fixed the ſeparation between my brother and his wife; and a definitive Treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only ſolid and laſting peace, between a man and his wife, is, doubtleſs, a ſeparation. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXLIX.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will have known, long before this, from the office, that the departments are not caſt as you wiſhed; for Lord Halifax, as ſenior, had, of courſe, his choice, and choſe the Southern, upon account of the Colonies. The Miniſtry, ſuch as it is, is now ſettled *en attendant mieux*; but in my opinion, cannot, as they are, meet the Parliament.

The only, and all the efficient people they have, are in the Houſe of Lords; for, ſince Mr. Pitt has firmly engaged Charles Townſhend to him, there is not a man, of the Court ſide, in the Houſe of Commons, who has either abilities or words enough to call a coach. Lord B*** is certainly playing *un deſſous de cartes*, and I ſuſpect that it is with Mr. Pitt; but what that *deſſous* is, I do not know, though all the coffee-houſes do moſt exactly.

The preſent inaction, I believe, gives you leiſure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things; I mean, reading uſeful books; and, what is ſtill more uſeful, converſing with yourſelf ſome part of every day. Lord Shafteſbury recommends ſelf-converſation to all authors; and I would recommend it to all men; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that converſation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the moſt trifling diſſipations, in order to avoid it; but if a man would allow half an hour every night, for his ſelf-converſation, and recapitulate with himſelf whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the courſe of the day, he would be both

the

the better and the wiſer for it. My deafneſs gives me more than ſufficient time for ſelf-converſation; and I have found great advantages from it. My brother, and Lady Stanhope, are at laſt finally parted. I was the negotiator between them; and had ſo much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the moſt difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii*, with the whole Diet of Ratiſbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had ſome of thoſe ſelf-converſations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at paſt ſixty, with a crazy, battered conſtitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, juſt turned of twenty, full of health, and conſequently of deſires. But who takes warning by the fate of others? This perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of ſelf-converſation. God bleſs you!

LETTER CL.

Blackheath, October the 17th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE laſt mail brought me your letter of the 2d inſtant, as the former had brought me that of the 25th paſt. I did ſuppoſe that you would be ſent for over, for the firſt day of the ſeſſion; as I never knew a ſtricter muſter, and no furlows allowed. I am very ſorry for it, for the reaſons you hint at; but, however, you did very prudently, in doing *de bonne grace*, what you could not help doing: and let that be your rule in every thing, for the reſt of your life. Avoid diſagreeable things, as much as, by dexterity, you can; but when they are unavoidable, do them with ſeeming willingneſs and alacrity. Though this journey is ill-timed for you in many reſpects, yet, in point of *finances*, you will be a gainer by it upon the whole; for, depend upon it, they will keep you here till the very laſt day of the ſeſſion; and I ſuppoſe you have ſold your horſes, and diſmiſſed ſome of your ſervants. Though they ſeem to apprehend the firſt day of the ſeſſion ſo much, in my opinion, their danger will be much greater in the courſe of it.

When you are at Paris, you will of courſe wait upon Lord Hertford, and deſire him to preſent you to the King; at the ſame time make my compliments to him, and thank him for the very obliging meſſage he left at my houſe in town; and tell him, that, had I received it in time from thence, I would have come to town on purpoſe to have returned it in perſon. If there are any new little books at Paris, pray bring them to me. I have already Voltaire's *Zelis dans le Bain*, his *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Olympie*. Do not forget to call once at Madame Monconſeil's, and as often as you pleaſe at Madame du Pin's. *Au revoir*.

LETTER

LETTER CLI.

Bath, November the 24th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here, as you ſuppoſe in your letter, laſt Sunday; but after the worſt day's journey I ever had in my life: it ſnowed and froze that whole morning, and in the evening it rained and thawed, which made the roads ſo ſlippery, that I was ſix hours coming poſt from the Devizes, which is but eighteen miles from hence; ſo that, but for the name of coming poſt, I might as well have walked on foot. I have not yet quite got over my laſt violent attack, and am weak and flimzy.

I have now drank the waters but three days; ſo that, without a miracle, I cannot yet expect much alteration, and I do not in the leaſt expect a miracle. If they prove *les eaux de Jouvence* to me, that would be a miracle indeed; but, as the late Pope Lambertini ſaid, *Frà noi, gli miracoli ſono paſſati già un pezzo.*

I have ſeen Harte, who inquired much after you: he is dejected and diſpirited, and thinks himſelf much worſe than he is, though he has really a tendency to the jaundice. I have yet ſeen no body elſe, nor do I know who here is to be ſeen; for I have not yet exhibited myſelf to public view, except at the pump, which, at the time I go to it, is the moſt private place in Bath.

After all the fears and hopes, occaſioned ſeverally by the meeting of the Parliament, in my opinion, it will prove a very eaſy ſeſſion. Mr. Wilkes is univerſally given up; and if the Miniſters themſelves do not wantonly raiſe difficulties, I think they will meet with none A majority of two hundred is a great anodyne. Adieu! God bleſs you.

LETTER CLII.

Bath, December the 3d, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST poſt brought me your letter of the 29th paſt. I ſuppoſe C—T—— let off his ſpeech upon the Princeſs's portion, chiefly to ſhow that he was of the Oppoſition; for otherwiſe, the point was not debatable, unleſs as to the *quantum*, againſt which ſomething might be ſaid; for the late Princeſs of Orange (who was the eldeſt daughter of a King) had no more, and her two ſiſters but half, if I am not miſtaken.

It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger, and may live to fight and write again in ſupport of them; and it is no leſs a mercy, that God hath raiſed up the Earl of S— to vindicate and promote true religion and morality. Theſe two bleſſings will juſtly make an epocha in the annals of this country.

I have delivered your meſſage to Harte, who waits with impatience for your letter. He is very happy now in having free

acceſs to all Lord Craven's papers, which, he ſays, give him great lights into the *bellum tricennale*; the old Lord Craven having been the profeſſed and valorous knight errant, and perhaps ſomething more, to the Queen of Bohemia; at leaſt, like Sir Peter Pride, he had the honour of ſpending great part of his eſtate in her Royal cauſe.

I am by no means right yet; I am very weak and flimzy ſtill; but the Doctor aſſures me, that ſtrength and ſpirits will return; if they do, *lucro apponam*, I will make the beſt of them; if they do not, I will not make their want ſtill worſe, by grieving and regretting them. I have lived long enough, and obſerved enough, to eſtimate moſt things at their intrinſic, and not their imaginary value; and at ſeventy, I find nothing much worth either deſiring or fearing. But theſe reflections, which ſuit with ſeventy, would be greatly premature at two-and-thirty. So make the beſt of your time, enjoy the preſent hour; but *memor ultimæ*. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLIII.

Bath, December the 18th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, in which you reproach me with not having written to you this week. The reaſon was, that I did not know what to write. There is that ſameneſs in my life here, that *every day is ſtill but as the firſt*. I ſee very few people; and, in the literal ſenſe of the word, I hear nothing.

Mr. L— and Mr. C— I hold to be two very ingenious men; and your image of the two men ruined, one by loſing his lawſuit, and the other by carrying it, is a very juſt one. To be ſure they felt in themſelves uncommon talents for buſineſs and ſpeaking, which were to reimburſe them.

Harte has a great poetical work to publiſh, before it be long; he has ſhown me ſome parts of it. He had entitled it Emblems; but I perſuaded him to alter that name, for two reaſons: the firſt was, becauſe they were not emblems, but fables: the ſecond was, that, if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and viliſied that name, to ſuch a degree, that it is impoſſible to make uſe of it after him; ſo they are to be called fables, tho' moral tales would, in my mind, be the propereſt name. If you aſk me what I think of thoſe I have ſeen I muſt ſay that *ſunt plura bona, quædam mediocria, et quædam*, ——

Your report of future changes, I could think is wholly groundleſs: for it ſtill runs ſtrongly in my head, that the mine, we talked of, will be ſprung, at, or before the end of the ſeſſion.

I have got a little more ſtrength, but not quite the ſtrength of Hercules; ſo that I will not undertake, like him, fifty defiorations in one night; for I really believe that I could not compaſs them. So good night, and God bleſs you!

LETTER

LETTER CLIV.

Bath, December the 24th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Confeſs I was a good deal ſurpriſed at your preſſing me ſo ſtrongly to influence parſon Roſenhagen, when you well know the reſolution I had made ſeveral years ago, and which I have ſcrupulouſly obſerved ever ſince, not to concern myſelf, directly or indirectly, in any party political conteſt whatſoever. Let parties go to loggerheads, as much and as long as they pleaſe; I will neither endeavour to part them, nor take the part of either; for I know them all too well. But you ſay, that Lord Sandwich has been remarkably civil and kind to you. I am very glad of it; and he can by no means impute to you my obſtinacy, folly, or philoſophy; call it what you pleaſe: you may with great truth aſſure him, that you did all you could to obey his commands.

I am ſorry to find that you are out of order, but I hope it is only a cold; ſhould it be any thing more, pray conſult Dr. Maty, who did you ſo much good in your laſt illneſs, when the great medicinal Mattadores did you rather harm. I have found a Monſieur *Diafoirus* here, Dr. Moiſy, who has really done me a great deal of good; and I am ſure I wanted it a great deal, when I came here firſt. I have recovered ſome ſtrength, and a little more will give me as much as I can make uſe of.

Lady Brown, whom I ſaw yeſterday makes you many compliments: and I wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas, and a good night. Adieu.

LETTER CLV.

Bath, December the 31ſt, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREVENKOP wrote me word, by the laſt poſt, that you were laid up with the gout; but I much queſtion it; that is, whether it is the gout or not. Your laſt illneſs, before you went abroad, was pronounced the gout, by the ſkilful; and proved at laſt a mere rheumatiſm. Take care that the ſame miſtake is not made this year; and that, by giving you ſtrong and hot medicines to throw out the gout, they do not inflame the rheumatiſm, if it be one.

Mr. Wilkes has imitated ſome of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile: it was his only way of defeating both his creditors and his proſecutors. Whatever his friends, if he has any, give out of his returning ſoon, I will anſwer for it, that it will be a long time before that *ſoon* comes.

I have been much out of order theſe four days, of a violent cold; which I do not know how I got, and which obliged me to ſuſpend drinking the waters: but it is now ſo much better, that I propoſe reſuming them for this week, and paying my court to you in town on Monday or Tueſday ſevennight; but this is *ſub ſpe rati* only. God bleſs you!

LETTER

LETTER CLVI.

Blackheath, July the 20th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 3d, from Prague, but I never received that which you mention from Ratiſbon; this made me think you in ſuch rapid motion, that I did not know where to take aim. I now ſuppoſe that you are arrived, though not yet ſettled at Dreſden; your audiences and formalities are, to be ſure, over, and that is great eaſe of mind to you.

I have no political events to acquaint you with; the ſummer is not the ſeaſon for them, they ripen only in winter; great ones are expected immediately before the meeting of Parliament, but that, you know, is always the language of fears and hopes. However, I rather believe that there will be ſomething patched up between the *ins* and the *outs*.

The whole ſubject of converſation, at preſent, is the death and will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thouſand pounds in land and money, four hundred thouſand pounds in caſh, ſtocks, and mortgages; his own eſtate, in land, was improved to fifteen thouſand pounds a year, and the Bradford eſtate, which he **, is as much; both which at only five-and-twenty years purchaſe, amount to eight hundred thouſand pounds; and all this he has left to his brother, General Pulteney, and in his own diſpoſal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling, for, in truth, he cared for nobody; the words *give* and *bequeath* were too ſhocking to him to repeat, and ſo he left all, in one word, to his brother. The public, which was long the dupe of his ſimulation and diſſimulation begins to explain upon him; and draws ſuch a picture of him as I gave you long ago.

Your late Secretary has been with me three or four times; he wants ſomething or another, and it ſeems all one to him what, whether civil or military; in plain Engliſh, he wants bread. He has knocked at the doors of ſome of the Miniſters, but to no purpoſe. I wiſh with all my heart that I could help him: I told him fairly that I could not, but adviſed him to find ſome channel to Lord B***, which, though a Scotchman, he told me he could not. He brought a packet of letters from the office to you, which I made him ſeal up; and I keep it for you, as I ſuppoſe it makes up the ſeries of your Ratiſbon letters.

As for me, I am juſt what I was when you left me, that is, nobody. Old age ſteals upon me inſenſibly. I grow weak and decrepit; but do not ſuffer, and ſo I am content.

Forbes brought me four books of yours, two of which were Bielefeldt's letters; in which, to my knowledge, there are many notorious lies.

Make

Make my compliments to Comte Einſiedlen, whom I love and honour much; and ſo good night to *ſeine Excellence*.

Now our correſpondence may be more regular, and I expect a letter from you every fortnight. I will be regular on my part: but write oftener to your mother, if it be but three lines.

LETTER CLVII.

Blackheath, July the 27th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, two days ago, your letter of the 11th, from Dreſden, where I am very glad that you are ſafely arrived at laſt. The prices of the neceſſaries of life are monſtrous there; and I do not conceive how the poor natives ſubſiſt at all, after having been ſo long and ſo often plundered by their own as well as by other Sovereigns.

As for procuring you either the title or the appointments of Plenipotentiary, I could as ſoon procure them from the Turkiſh as from the Engliſh Miniſtry; and, in truth, I believe they have it not to give.

Now to come to your Civil Liſt, if one may compare ſmall things to great. I think I have found out a better refreſhment for it than you propoſe; for, to-morrow, I ſhall ſend to your caſhier, Mr. Larpent, five hundred pounds at once, for your uſe, which, I preſume, is better than by quarterly payments; and I am very apt to think, that, next Midſummer-day, he will have the ſame ſum, and for the ſame uſe, conſigned to him.

It is reported here, and I believe not without ſome foundation, that the queen of Hungary has acceded to the family Compact between France and Spain; if ſo, I am ſure it behoves us to form in time a counter alliance, of at leaſt equal ſtrength; which I could eaſily point out, but which, I fear, is not thought of here.

The rage of marrying is very prevalent; ſo that there will be probably a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at preſent only *cocus en herbe*. It will contribute to population, and ſo far muſt be allowed to be a public benefit. Lord G——, Mr. B——, and Mr. D——, are, in this reſpect, very meritorious; or they have all married handſome women, without one ſhilling fortune. Lord —— muſt indeed take ſome pains to arrive at that dignity; but I dare ſay he will bring it about, by the help of ſome young Scotch or Iriſh officer. Good night, and God bleſs you!

LETTER CLVIII.

Blackheath, September the 3d, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your letter of the 13th paſt. I ſee that your complete arrangement approaches, and you need not be in a hurry to give entertainments, ſince ſo few others do.

Comte

Comte Flemming is the man in the world the beſt calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, which have been all this century ſquandered and laviſhed with the moſt abſurd profuſion: he has certainly abilities, and, I believe, integrity; I dare anſwer for him, that the gentleneſs and flexibility of his temper will not prevail with him to yield to the importunities of craving and petulant applications. I ſee in him another Sully; and therefore I wiſh he were at the head of our finances.

France and Spain both inſult us, and we take it too tamely; for this is, in my opinion, the time for us to talk high to them. France, I am perſuaded, will not quarrel with us, till it has got a Navy at leaſt equal to ours, which cannot be theſe three or four years at ſooneſt; and then, indeed, I believe we ſhall hear of ſomething or other: therefore, this is the moment for us to ſpeak loud, and we ſhall be feared, if we do not ſhow that we fear.

Here is no domeſtic news of changes and chances in the political world; which like oyſters, are only in ſeaſon in the R months, when the Parliament ſits. I think there will be ſome then, but of what kind, God knows.

I have received a book for you, and one for myſelf, from Harte. It is upon Agriculture, and will ſurprize you, as, I confeſs, it did me. This work is not only in Engliſh, but good and elegant Engliſh; he has even ſcattered graces upon his ſubject; and in proſe, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verſe. I have written to him, to congratulate his happy transformation. As ſoon as I can find an opportunity, I will ſend you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleaſure.

I know Mackenzie, whom you mention. *C'eſt un delié, ſed cave.*

Make mine and Lady Cheſterfield's compliments to Comte et Comteſſe Flemming: and ſo, *Dieu vous aïe en ſa ſainte garde.*

LETTER CLIX.

Blackheath, September the 14th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 30th paſt, by which I find that you had not then got mine, which I ſent you the day after I had received your former; you have had no great loſs of it, for, as I told you in my laſt, this inactive ſeaſon of the year ſupplies no materials for a letter; the winter may, and probably will, produce an abundant crop, but of what grain, I neither know, gueſs, nor care. I take it for granted, that Lord B*** *ſurnagera encore*, but by the aſſiſtance of what bladders or cork-waiſtcoats, God only knows. The death of poor Mr. Legge, the epileptic fits of the Duke of Devonſhire, for which he is gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the advanced age of the Duke of Newcaſtle, ſeem to facilitate an accommodation, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute are inclined to it.

You

You aſk me what I think of the death of poor Iwan, and of the perſon who ordered it. You may remember that I often ſaid ſhe would murder or marry him, or probably both; ſhe has choſen the ſafeſt alternative; and has now compleated her character of *femme forte*, above ſcruples and heſitation. If Machiavel were alive, ſhe would probably be his Heroine, as Cæſar Borgia was his Hero. Women are all ſo far Machiavelians, that they are never either good or bad by halves; their paſſions are too ſtrong, and their reaſon too weak, to do any thing with moderation. She will, perhaps, meet, before it is long, with ſome Scythian as free from prejudices as herſelf. If there is one Oliver Cromwell in the three regiments of guards, he will probably, for the ſake of his dear country, depoſe and murder her: for that is one and the ſame thing in Ruſſia.

You ſeem now to be ſettled, and *bien nippé* at Dreſden. Four ſedentary footmen, and one running one, *font Equipage leſte*. The German ones will give you, *ſeine Excellence*; and the French ones, if you have any, *Monſeigneur*.

My own health varies, as uſual, but never deviates into good. God bleſs you, and ſend you better!

LETTER CLX.

Blackheath, October the 4th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your laſt letter, of the 16th paſt, lying before me; and I gave your encloſed to Grevenkop, which has put him into a violent buſtle to execute your commiſſions, as well and as cheap as poſſible. I refer you to his own letter. He tells you true, as to Comteſſe Coſel's diamonds, which certainly nobody will buy here, unſight unſeen, as they call it; ſo many *minuties* concurring, to encreaſe or leſſen the value of a diamond. Your Cheſhire cheeſe, your Burton ale and beer, I charge myſelf with, and they ſhall be ſent you as ſoon as poſſible. Upon this occaſion I will give you a piece of advice, which, by experience, I know to be uſeful. In all commiſſions, whether from men or women, *point de galanterie*, bring them in your account, and be paid to the uttermoſt farthing; but if you would ſhow them *une galanterie*, let your preſent be ſomething that is not in your commiſſion, otherwiſe you will be the *Commiſſionaire banal*, of all the women of Saxony. *A propos*; who is your Comteſſe de Coſel? Is ſhe daughter, or granddaughter of the famous Madame de Coſel, in King Auguſtus's time? Is ſhe young or old, ugly or handſome?

I do not wonder that people are wonderfully ſurprized at our tameneſs and forbearance, with regard to France and Spain. Spain, indeed, has lately agreed to our cutting logwood, according to the treaty, and ſent ſtrict orders to their Governor to allow it; but you will obſerve too, that there is not one word of reparation for the loſſes we lately ſuſtained there. But France is not even ſo tractable; it will pay but half the money due

due upon a liquidated account, for the maintenance of their priſoners. Our requeſt, to have Comte d'Eſtaing recalled and cenſured, they have abſolutely rejected, though, by the laws of war, he might be hanged for having twice broke his parole. This does not do France honour; however, I think we ſhall be quiet, and that at the only time, perhaps this century, when we might, with ſafety, be otherwiſe; but this is nothing new, nor the firſt time, by many, when national honour and intereſt have been ſacrificed to private. It has always been ſo: and one may ſay, upon this occaſion, what Horace ſays upon another, *Nam fuit ante Helenam.*

I have ſeen *les Contes de Guillaume Vadé*, and like moſt of them ſo little, that I can hardly think them Voltaire's, but rather the ſcraps that have fallen from his table, and been worked up by inferior workmen, under his name. I have not ſeen the other book you mention, the *Dictionnaire Portatif*. It is not yet come over.

I ſhall next week go to take my winter-quarters in London, the weather here being very cold and damp, and not proper for an old, ſhattered, and cold carcaſe, like mine. In November I will go to Bath, to careen myſelf for the winter, and to ſhift the ſcene. Good night.

LETTER CLXI.

London, October the 19th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY morning Mr. * * came to me from Lord Halifax, to aſk me whether I thought you would approve of vacating your ſeat in Parliament, during the remainder of it, upon a valuable conſideration, meaning *money*. My anſwer was, that I really did not know your diſpoſition upon that ſubject; but that I knew you would be very willing, in general to accommodate them, as far as lay in your power. That your Election, to my knowledge, had coſt you two thouſand pounds; that this Parliament had not ſate above half its time; and that, for my part, I approved of the meaſure well enough, provided you had an equitable equivalent. I take it for granted, that you will have a letter from ———, by this poſt, to that effect, ſo that you muſt conſider what you will do. What I adviſe, is this; give them a good deal of *Galbanum* in the firſt part of your letter. *Le Galbanum ne coute rien*; and then ſay, that you are willing to do as they pleaſe; but that you hope an equitable conſideration will be had to the two thouſand pounds, which your ſeat coſt you in the preſent Parliament, of which not above half the term is expired. Moreover, that you take the liberty to remind them, that your being ſent for from Ratiſbon, laſt ſeſſion, when you were juſt ſettled there, put you to the expence of three or four hundred pounds, for which you were allowed nothing: and that, therefore, you hope they will not think one thouſand pounds too much, conſidering

ſidering all theſe circumſtances; but that, in all events, you will do whatever they deſire. Upon the whole, I think this propoſal advantageous to you, as you probably will not make uſe of your ſeat this parliament; and further, as it will ſecure you from another unpaid journey from Dreſden, in caſe they meet, or fear to meet, with any difficulties in any enſuing ſeſſion of the preſent Parliament. Whatever one muſt do, one ſhould do *de bonne grace*. *Dixi*. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXII.

Bath, November the 10th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM much concerned at the account you gave me of yourſelf, in your laſt letter. There is to be ſure, at ſuch a town as Dreſden, at leaſt ſome one very ſkilful phyſician; whom I hope you have conſulted; and I would have you acquaint him with all your ſeveral attacks of this nature, from your great one at Laubach, to your late one at Dreſden: tell him too, that, in your laſt illneſs in England, the phyſicians miſtook your caſe, and treated it as the gout, till Maty came, who treated it as a rheumatiſm, and cured you. In my own opinion, you have never had the gout, but always the rheumatiſm; which, to my knowledge, is as painful as the gout can poſſibly be, and ſhould be treated in a quite different way; that is, by cooling medicines and regimen, inſtead of thoſe inflammatory cordials which they always adminiſter, where they ſuppoſe the gout, to keep it, as they ſay, out of the ſtomach.

I have been here now juſt a week; but have hitherto drank ſo little of the water, that I can neither ſpeak well nor ill of it. The number of people in this place is infinite; but very few whom I know. Harte ſeems ſettled here for life. He is not well, that is certain; but not ſo ill neither as he thinks himſelf, or at leaſt would be thought.

I long for your anſwer to my laſt letter, containing a certain propoſal, which by this time, I ſuppoſe, has been made you, and which, in the main, I approve of your accepting.

God bleſs you, my dear friend, and ſend you better health! Adieu.

LETTER CLXIII.

London, February the 26th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR laſt letter of the 5th, gave me as much pleaſure as your former had given me uneaſineſs; and Larpent's acknowledgment of his negligence frees you from thoſe ſuſpicions, which I own I did entertain, and which I believe every one would, in the ſame concurrence of circumſtances, have entertained. So much for that.

You may depend upon what I promiſed you, before Midſummer next, at fartheſt, and *at leaſt*.

All

All I can ſay of the affair between you, of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and the Saxon Miniſters, is, *que voila bien du bruit pour une ommelette au lard.* It will moſt certainly be ſoon made up; and in that negotiation ſhow yourſelf as moderate and healing as your inſtructions from hence will allow, eſpecially to Comte Flemming. The King of Pruſſia, I believe, has a mind to inſult him perſonally, as an old enemy, or elſe to quarrel with Saxony, that dares not quarrel with him; but ſome of the *Corps Diplomatique* here aſſure me, it is only a pretence to recall his Envoy, and to ſend, when matters ſhall be made up, a little Secretary there, *à moins de fraix*, as he does now to Paris and London.

Comte Brühl is much in faſhion here; I like him mightily; he has very much *le ton de la bon compagnie*. Poor Schrader died laſt Saturday, without the leaſt pain or ſickneſs. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXIV.

London, April the 22d, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day before yeſterday I received your letter of the 3d inſtant. I find that your important affair of the Ceremonial is adjuſted at laſt, as I foreſaw it would be. Such *minuties* are often laid hold on as a pretence, for Powers who have a mind to quarrel; but are never tenaciouſly inſiſted upon, where there is neither intereſt nor inclination to break. Comte Flemming, though a hot, is a wiſe man; and I was ſure would not break, both with England and Hanover upon ſo trifling a point, eſpecially during a minority. *A propos* of a minority; the King is to come to the houſe to-morrow to recommend a bill to ſettle a Regency, in caſe of his demiſe while his ſucceſſor is a minor. Upon the King's late illneſs, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for ſuch a bill, for reaſons which will readily occur to you, who know ſituations, perſons, and characters, here. I do not know the particulars of this intended bill; but I wiſh it may be copied exactly from that which was paſſed in the late King's time, when the preſent King was a minor. I am ſure there cannot be a better.

You inquire about Monſieur de Guerchy's affair; and I will give you as ſuccinct an account as I can, of ſo extraordinary and perplexed a tranſaction; but without giving you my own opinion of it, by the common poſt. You know what paſſed at firſt between Mr. De Guerchy and Monſieur D'Eon, in which, both our Miniſters and Monſieur de Guerchy, from utter inexperience in buſineſs, puzzled themſelves into diſagreeable difficulties. About three or four months ago, Monſieur du Vergy publiſhed, in a *brochure*, a parcel of letters, from himſelf to the Duc de Choiſeul; in which he poſitively aſſerts, that Monſieur de Guerchy prevailed with him (Vergy) to come over into England to aſſaſſinate D'Eon; the words are as well as I remember,

member, *que ce n'étoit pas pour ſe ſervir de ſa plume, mais de ſon Epée, qu'on le demandoit en Angleterre.* This accuſation of aſſaſſination, you may imagine, ſhocked Monſieur de Guerchy, who complained bitterly to our Miniſters; and they both puzzled on for ſome time, without doing any thing, becauſe they did not know what to do. At laſt du Vergy, about two months ago, applied himſelf to the Grand Jury of Middleſex, and made oath, that Mr. de Guerchy had hired him (du Vergy) to aſſaſſinate D'Eon. Upon this depoſition, the Grand Jury found a bill of intended murder againſt Monſieur de Guerchy; which bill, however, never came to the Petty Jury. The King granted a *noli proſequi* in favour of Monſieur de Guerchy; and the Attorney General is actually proſecuting du Vergy. Whether the King can grant a *noli proſequi* in a criminal caſe, and whether *le Droit des gens* extends to criminal caſes, are two points which employ our domeſtic politicians, and the whole *Corps Diplomatique Enfin*, to uſe a very coarſe and vulgar ſaying, *il y' de la merde au bout du bâton, quelque part.*

I ſee and hear theſe ſtorms from ſhore, *ſuave mari magno, &c.* I enjoy my own ſecurity and tranquility, together with better health than I had reaſon to expect, at my age, and with my conſtitution: however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one; and I think that I ſhall not tumble, but ſlide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary. God bleſs you!

Mallet died, two days ago, of a diarrhœa, which he had carried with him to France, and brought back again hither.

LETTER CXLIV.

Blackheath, July the 2d, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 22d paſt; and I delayed anſwering your former, in daily, or rather hourly expectation of informing you of the birth of a new Miniſtry; but in vain; for, after a thouſand conferences, all things remain in the ſtate which I deſcribed to you in my laſt. Lord S. has, I believe, given you a pretty true account of the preſent ſtate of things; but my Lord is much miſtaken, I am perſuaded, when he ſays, that *the King has thought proper to reeſtabliſh his old ſervants in the management of his affairs*; for he ſhows them all the public diſlike poſſible; and, at his levee, hardly ſpeaks to any of them; but ſpeaks by the hour to any body elſe. Conferences, in the mean time, go on, of which it is eaſy to gueſs the main ſubject, but impoſſible, for me at leaſt, to know the particulars; but this I will venture to propheſy, that the whole will ſoon center in Mr. Pitt.

You ſeem not to know the character of the Queen; here it is — She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother, and an unmeddling Queen. The King loves her as a woman; but, I verily believe, has never ſpoke one word to her about buſineſs. I have now told you all that I know of theſe affairs; which, I

believe, is as much as any body elſe knows, who is not in the ſecret. In the mean time, you eaſily gueſs, that ſurmiſes, conjectures, and reports, are infinite; and if, as they ſay, truth is but one, one million, at leaſt, of theſe reports muſt be falſe; for they differ exceedingly.

You have loſt an honeſt ſervant, by the death of poor *Louis*; I would adviſe you to take a clever young Saxon in his room, of whoſe character you may get authentic teſtimonies; inſtead of ſending for one to France, whoſe character you can only know from far.

When I hear more, I will write more; till when, God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXVI.

Blackheath, July the 15th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Told you in my laſt, that you ſhould hear from me again, as ſoon as I had any thing more to write; and now I have too much to write, therefore will refer you to the Gazette, and the office letters, for all that has been done; and adviſe you to ſuſpend your opinion, as I do, about all that is to be done. Many more changes are talked of; but ſo idly, and variouſly, that I give credit to none of them. There has been pretty clean ſweeping already; and I do not remember, in my time, to have ſeen ſo much at once, as an entire new Board of Treaſury, and two new Secretaries of State, *cum multis aliis, &c.*

Here is a new political arch almoſt built, but of materials of ſo different a nature, and without a key ſtone, that it does not in my opinion, indicate either ſtrength or duration. It will certainly require repairs, and a key ſtone, next winter; and that key-ſtone will and muſt neceſſarily be Mr. Pitt. It is true, he might have been that key-ſtone now; and would have accepted it, but not without Lord Temple's conſent; and Lord Temple poſitively refuſed. There was evidently ſome trick in this, but what, is paſt my conjecturing. *Davus ſum, non Oedipus.*

There is a manifeſt interregnum in the Treaſury; for I do ſuppoſe that Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeſwell will not think proper to be very active. General Conway, who is your Secretary, has certainly parts, at leaſt equal to his buſineſs, which I dare ſay he will apply to. The ſame may be ſaid, I believe, of the Duke of Grafton; and indeed there is no magic requiſite for the executive part of thoſe employments. The miniſterial part is another thing; they muſt ſcramble with their fellow-ſervants for power and favour, as well as they can. Foreign affairs are not ſo much as mentioned, and, I very believe, not thought of. But, ſurely, ſome counterbalance would be neceſſary to the Family Compact; and, if not ſoon contracted, will be too late. God bleſs you!

LETTER

LETTER CLXVII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 17th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now two letters in my debt; and I fear the gout has been the cauſe of your contracting that debt. When you are not able to write yourſelf, let your Secretary ſend me two or three lines, to acquaint me how you are.

You have now ſeen, by the London Gazette, what changes have really been made at Court; but, at the ſame time, I believe you have ſeen that there muſt be more, before a Miniſtry can be ſettled; what thoſe will be, God knows; were I to conjecture, I ſhould ſay, that the whole will centre, before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and Co. the preſent being an heterogeneous jumble of youth and caducity, which cannot be efficient.

Charles Townſhend calls the preſent, a Luteſtring Miniſtry; fit only for the ſummer. The next ſeſſion will be not only a warm, but a violent one, as you will eaſily judge, if you look over the names of the *ins* and of the *outs*.

I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold: the leaves are withered, fall apace, and ſeem to intimate that I muſt follow them; which I ſhall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this ſilly world. God bleſs you, both in it and after it.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 25th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received but four days ago your letter of the 2d inſtant. I find by it that you are well, for you are in good ſpirits. Your notion of the new birth, or regeneration of the Miniſtry is a very juſt one; and that they have not yet the true ſeal of the covenant, is, I dare ſay, very true; at leaſt, it is not in the poſſeſſion of either of the Secretaries of State, who have only the King's ſeal; nor do I believe (whatever his Grace may imagine) that it is even in the poſſeſſion of the Lord Privy Seal. I own I am loſt, in conſidering the preſent ſituation of affairs; different conjectures preſent themſelves to my mind, but none that it can reſt upon. The next ſeſſion muſt neceſſarily clear up matters a good deal; for I believe it will be the warmeſt and moſt acrimonious one that has been known, ſince that of the Exciſe. The late Miniſtry, *the preſent Oppoſition*, are determined to attack Lord B—— publicly in Parliament, and reduce the late Oppoſition, *the preſent Miniſtry*, to protect him publicly, in conſequence of their ſuppoſed treaty with him. *En attendant mieux*, the paper war is carried on with much fury and ſcurrility on all ſides, to the great entertainment of ſuch lazy and impartial people as myſelf. I do not know whether you have the Daily Advertiſer and the Public Advertiſer; in which all the political letters are inſerted, and ſome very well written

ones on both ſides; but I know that they amuſe me, *tant bien que mal*, for an hour or two every morning. Lord T—— is the ſuppoſed author of the pamphlet you mention; but I think it is above him. Perhaps his brother C—— T——, who is by no means ſatisfied with the preſent arrangement, may have aſſiſted him privately. As to this latter, there was a good ridiculous paragraph in the news-papers, two or three days ago: *We hear, that the Right Honourable, Mr. C—— T—— is indiſpoſed, at his houſe in Oxfordſhire, of a pain in his ſide; but it is not ſaid in which ſide.*

I do not find that the Duke of York has yet viſited you; if he ſhould, it may be expenſive, *mais on trouvera moïen.* As for the Lady, if you ſhould be very ſharp ſet for ſome Engliſh fleſh, ſhe has it amply in her power to ſupply you, if ſhe pleaſes. Pray tell me, in your next, what you think of, and how you like, Prince Henry of Pruſſia. God bleſs you.

LETTER CLXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR great character of Prince Henry, which I take to be a very juſt one, lowers the King of Pruſſia's a great deal; and probably that is the cauſe of their being ſo ill together. But the King of Pruſſia, with his good parts, ſhould reflect upon that trite and true maxim, *qui invidet minor*, or Mr. de la Rochefoucault's, *que l' envie eſt la plus baſſe de toutes les paſſions, puiſqu' on avoue bien des crimes, mais que perſonne n' avoue l'envie.* I thank God, I never was ſenſible of that dark and vile paſſion, except, that formerly I have ſometimes envied a ſucceſsful rival with a fine woman. But now that cauſe is ceaſed, and conſequently the effects,

What ſhall I, or rather what can I tell you of the political world here? The late Miniſters accuſe the preſent with having done nothing, the preſent accuſe the late ones with having done much worſe than nothing. Their writers abuſe one another moſt ſcurrilouſly, but ſometimes with wit. I look upon this to be *peloter en attendant partie*, till battle begins in St. Stephen's Chapel. How that will end, I proteſt I cannot conjecture; any farther than this, that, if Mr. Pitt does not come in to the aſſiſtance of the preſent Miniſters, they will have much to do to ſtand their ground. C—— T—— will play booty; and who elſe have they? No body but C—; who has only good ſenſe, but not the neceſſary talents or experience, *Ære ciere viros martemque accendere cantu.* I never remember in all my time, to have ſeen ſo problematical a ſtate of affairs; and a man would be much puzzled which ſide to bet on.

Your gueſt, Miſs C——, is another problem which I cannot ſolve. She no more wanted the waters of Carlſbadt, than you did. Is it to ſhow the Duke of K——n, that he cannot live without her? A dangerous experiment! which may poſſibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it; but

but what, I neither know nor care; you did very well to ſhow her civilities, *cela ne gâte jamais rien*. I will go to my waters, that is, the Bath waters, in three weeks or a month, more for the ſake of bathing than of drinking. The hot bath always promotes my perſpiration, which is ſluggiſh, and ſupples my ſtiff rheumatic limbs. *D'ailleurs*, I am, at preſent, as well, and better, than I could reaſonably expect to be, *anno ſeptuageſimo primo*. May you be ſo as long, *y mas*. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXX.

London, October the 25th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

I RECEIVED your letter of the 10th *ſonica*; for I ſet out for Bath to morrow morning. If the uſe of thoſe waters does me no good, the ſhifting the ſcene for ſome time will at leaſt amuſe me a little; and at my age, and with my infirmities, *il faut faire de tout bois flêche*. Some variety is as neceſſary for the mind, as ſome medicines are for the body.

Here is a total ſtagnation of politics, which I ſuppoſe, will continue till the Parliament ſits to do buſineſs, and that will not be till about the middle of January; for the meeting on the 17th December is only for the ſake of ſome new writs. The late Miniſters threaten the preſent ones; but the latter do not ſeem in the leaſt afraid of the former, and for a very good reaſon, which is, that they have the diſtribution of the loaves and fiſhes, I believe it is very certain that Mr. Pitt will never come into this or any other Adminiſtration; he is abſolutely a cripple all the year, and in violent pain at leaſt half of it. Such phyſical ills are great checks to two of the ſtrongeſt paſſions, to which human nature is liable, love and ambition. Though I cannot perſuade myſelf that the preſent Miniſtry can be long-lived, I can as little imagine, who or what can ſucceed them, *telle eſt la diſette de ſujets Pabables*. The Duke of —— ſwears, that he will have Lord —— perſonally attacked in both Houſes; but I do not ſee how, without endangering himſelf at the ſame time.

Miſs C—— is ſafely arrived here, and her Duke is fonder of her than ever. It was a dangerous experiment that ſhe tried, in leaving him ſo long; but it ſeems ſhe knew her man.

I pity you, for the inundation of your good countrymen, which overwhelms you; *je ſçai ce qu' en vaut l'aune*. It is, beſides, expenſive; but, as I look upon the expence to be the leaſt evil of the two, I will ſee if a New-year's gift will not make it up.

As I am now upon the wing, I will only add, God bleſs you!

LETTER

LETTER CLXXI.

Bath, November the 28th, 1765

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 10th. I have now been here near a month, bathing and drinking the waters, for complaints much of the ſame kind as yours; I mean pains in my legs, hips, and arms; whether gouty or rheumatic, God knows; but, I believe, both, that fight without a deciſion in favour of either, and have abſolutely reduced me to the miſerable ſituation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs; that is, with the aſſiſtance of my ſtick, to walk, or rather hobble, very indifferently. I wiſh it were a declared gout, which is the diſtemper of a gentleman; whereas the rheumatiſm is the diſtemper of a hackney coachman or chairman, who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

I think you will do very right to aſk leave, and I dare ſay you will eaſily get it, to go to the baths in Suabia; that is, ſuppoſing that you have conſulted ſome ſkilful phyſician, if ſuch a one there be, either at Dreſden or at Leipſic, about the nature of your diſtemper, and the nature of thoſe baths; but, *ſuos quiſque patimur manes*. We have but a bad bargain, God knows, of this life, and patience is the only way not to make bad worſe. Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here, with a very real gout, and not a political one, as is often ſuſpected.

Here has been a congreſs of moſt of the *ex Miniſtres*. If they have raiſed a battery, as I ſuppoſe they have, it is a maſked one, for nothing has tranſpired; only they confeſs, that they intend a moſt vigorous attack. *D'ailleurs*, there ſeems to be a total ſuſpenſion of all buſineſs, till the meeting of the Parliament, and then *Signa canant*. I am very glad that, at this time, you are out of it; and for reaſons that I need not mention: you would certainly have been ſent for over, and, as before, not paid for your journey.

Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hot-well at Briſtol. He is a better poet than philoſopher; for all this illneſs and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill ſucceſs of his Guſtavus Adolphus. He is grown extremely devout; which I am very glad of, becauſe that is always a comfort to the afflicted.

I cannot preſent Mr. Larpent with my New-year's gift, till I come to town, which will be before Chriſtmas, at fartheſt; till when, God bleſs you! Adieu.

LETTER CLXXII.

London, December the 27th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here from Bath laſt Monday, rather, but not much, better than when I went there. My rheumatic pains, in my legs and hips, plague me ſtill; and I muſt never expect to be quite free from them.

You have, to be ſure, had from the office an account of what the Parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting; and the ſame point will be the great object at their next meeting; I mean, the affair of our American Colonies, relative to the late impoſed Stamp duty; which our coloniſts abſolutely refuſe to pay. The Adminiſtration are for ſome indulgence and forbearance to thoſe froward children of their mother country: the Oppoſition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent meaſures; not leſs than *les dragonades*; and to have the tax collected by the troops we have there. For my part, I never ſaw a froward child mended by whipping; and I would not have the mother country become a ſtepmother. Our trade to America brings in, *communibus annis*, two millions a year; and the Stamp-duty is eſtimated at but one hundred thouſand pounds a year; which I would, by no means, bring into the ſtock of the Exchequer, at the loſs, or even the riſk, of a million a year to the national ſtock.

I do not tell you of the Garter, given away yeſterday, becauſe the news-papers will; but I muſt obſerve, that the Prince of Brunſwick's riband is a mark of great diſtinction to that family; which, I believe, is the firſt (except our own Royal family) that has ever had two blue ribbands at a time; but it muſt be owned they deſerve them.

One hears of nothing now, in town, but the ſeparation of men and their wives. Will Finch the ex-vice Chamberlain, Lord Warwick, and your friend Lord Bolingbroke. I wonder at none of them for parting; but I wonder at many for ſtill living together; for in this country, it is certain, that marriage is not well underſtood.

I have this day ſent Mr. Larpent two hundred pounds for your Chriſtmas-box, which I ſuppoſe he will inform you of by this poſt. Make this Chriſtmas as merry a one as you can; for *pour le peu de bon tems qui nous reſte, rien n' eſt ſi funeſte qu' un noir chagrin*; for the new year; God ſend you many, and happy ones! Adieu.

LETTER CLXXIII.

London, February the 11th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 25th paſt, and your former, which you mention in it, but ten days ago; this may be eaſily accounted for from the badneſs of the weather,

weather, and conſequently of the roads. I hardly remember ſo ſevere a winter; it has occaſioned many illneſſes here. I am ſure it pinched my crazy carcaſe ſo much, that, about three weeks ago, I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days; which I found afterwards was very neceſſary, by the relief it gave to my head, and to the rheumatic pains in my limbs; and from the execrable kind of blood which I loſt.

Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the preſent ſtate of affairs here; but, if you do, you will be diſappointed; for no man living (and I ſtill leſs than any one) knows what it is: it varies, not only daily, but hourly. Moſt people think, and I among the reſt, that the date of the preſent Miniſters is pretty near out; but how ſoon we are to have a new ſtyle, God knows. This, however, is certain, that the Miniſters had a conteſted election in the Houſe of Commons, and got it but by eleven Votes; too ſmall a majority to carry any thing; the next day they loſt a queſtion in the Houſe of Lords, by three. The queſtion in the Houſe of Lords was, to enforce the execution of the Stamp-act in the Colonies *vi et armis*. What concluſions you will draw from theſe premiſes, I do not know; but I proteſt I draw none; but only ſtare at the preſent undecypherable ſtate of affairs, which, in fifty years experience, I have never ſeen any thing like. The Stamp-act has proved a moſt pernicious meaſure; for, whether it is repealed or not, which is ſtill very doubtful, it has given ſuch terror to the Americans, that our trade with them will not be, for ſome years, what it uſed be; and great numbers of our manufacturers at home will be turned a ſtarving, for want of that employment, which our very profitable trade to America found them: and hunger is always the cauſe of tumults and ſedition.

As you have eſcaped a fit of the gout in this ſevere cold weather, it is to be hoped you may be intirely free from it, till next winter at leaſt.

P. S. Lord ——, having parted with his wife, now keeps another w—e, at a great expence. I fear he is totally undone.

LETTER CLXXIV.

London, March the 17th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU wrong me, in thinking me in your debt, for I never receive a letter of yours, but I anſwer it by the next poſt or the next but one, at fartheſt: but I can eaſily conceive that my two laſt letters to you may have been drowned, or frozen, in their way; for portents, and prodigies of froſt, ſnow, and inundations, have been ſo frequent this winter, that they have almoſt loſt the names.

You tell me that you are going to the baths of *Baden*; but that puzzles me a little, ſo I recommend this letter to the care of Mr. Larpent, to forward to you; for Baden I take to be the

the general German word for baths, and the particular ones are diſtinguiſhed by ſome epithet, as Weiſsbaden, Carlſbden, *&c.* I hope they are not cold baths, which I have a very ill opinion of, in all arthritic or rheumatic caſes; and your caſe I take to be a compound of both, but rather more of the latter.

You will probably wonder that I tell you nothing of public matters; upon which I ſhall be as ſecret as Hotſpur's gentle Kate, who would not tell what ſhe did not know; but, what is ſingular, nobody ſeems to know any more of them than I do. People gape, ſtare, conjecture, and refine. Changes of the Miniſtry, or in the Miniſtry, at leaſt, are daily reported and foretold; but of what kind, God only knows. It is alſo very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into Adminiſtration or not; the two preſent Secretaries are extremely deſirous that he ſhould; but the others think of the horſe that called the man to its aſſiſtance. I will ſay nothing to you about American affairs, becauſe I have not pens, ink, or paper enough to give you an intelligible account of them. They have been the ſubjects of warm and acrimonious debates, both in the Lords and Commons, and in all companies.

The repeal of the Stamp-act is at laſt carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it; becauſe I ſaw many more inconveniencies from the enforcing, than from the repealing it.

Colonel Browne was with me the other day, and aſſured me that he left you very well. He ſaid that he ſaw me at Spa; but I did not remember him; though I remember his two brothers, the Colonel and the raviſher, very well. Your Saxon Colonel has the brogue exceedingly. Preſent my reſpects to Count Flemming; I am very ſorry for the Counteſs's illneſs; ſhe was a moſt well-bred woman.

You would hardly think that I gave a dinner to the Prince of Brunſwick, your old acquaintance. I am glad it is over; but I could not avoid it. *Il m' avoit accablé de politeſſes.* God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXV.

Blackheath, June the 13th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, your letter of the 30th paſt. I waited with impatience for it, not having received one from you of ſix weeks; nor your mother neither, who began to be very ſure that you were dead, if not buried. You ſhould write to her once a week, or at leaſt once a fortnight; for women make no allowance for either buſineſs or lazineſs; whereas I can, by experience, make allowances for both: however, I wiſh you would generally write to me once a fortnight.

Laſt week I paid my Midſummer offering, of five hundred pounds, to Mr. Larpent, for your uſe, as I ſuppoſe he has informed you. I am punctual, you muſt allow.

What

What account ſhall I give you of Miniſterial affairs here? I proteſt I do not know: your own deſcription of them is as exact a one as any I, who am upon the place, can give you. It is a total diſlocation and *dérangement*; conſequently, a total inefficiency. When the Duke of Grafton quitted the ſeals, he gave that very reaſon for it, in a ſpeech in the Houſe of Lords. he declared, *that he had no objection to the perſons or to the meaſures of the preſent Miniſters; but that he thought they wanted ſtrength and efficiency to carry on proper meaſures with ſucceſs; and that he knew but one man* (meaning, as you will eaſily ſuppoſe, Mr. Pitt) *who could give them that ſtrength and ſolidity; that, under this perſon, he ſhould be willing to ſerve in any capacity, not only as a General Officer, but as a pioneer; and would take up a ſpade and a mattock.* When he quitted the ſeals, they were offered firſt to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke; who both declined them, probably for the ſame reaſons that made the Duke of Grafton reſign them: but, after their going a begging for ſome time, the Duke of —— begged them, and has them *faute de mieux*. Lord Mountſtuart was never thought of for Vienna, where Lord Stormont returns in three months: the former is going to be married to one of the Miſs Windſors, a great fortune. To tell you the ſpeculations, the reaſonings, and the conjectures, either of the uninformed, or even of the beſt-informed public, upon the preſent wonderful ſituation of affairs, would take up much more time and paper than either you or I can afford, tho' we have neither of us a great deal of buſineſs at preſent.

I am in as good health as I could reaſonably expect, at my age, and with my ſhattered carcaſe; that is, from the waiſt upwards: but downwards it is not the ſame; for my limbs retain that ſtiffneſs and debility of my long rheumatiſm, I cannot walk half an hour at a time. As the autumn, and ſtill more as the winter approaches, take care to keep yourſelf very warm, eſpecially your legs and feet.

Lady Cheſterfield ſends you her compliments, and triumphs in the ſucceſs of her plaiſter. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXVI.

Blackheath, July the 11th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are a happy mortal, to have your time thus employed between the Great and the Fair; I hope you do the honours of your country to the latter. The Emperor, by your account, ſeems to be very well for an Emperor; who, by being above the other Monarchs in Europe, may juſtly be ſuppoſed to have had a proportionably worſe education. I find, by your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only ſcience in which Princes are ever inſtructed; and with good reaſon, as their greatneſs and glory ſingly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures, which their ambition exterminates.

exterminates. If a Sovereign ſhould, by great accident, deviate into moderation, juſtice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of Princes! I have always owned a great regard for King Log. From the interview of Torgaw, between the two Monarchs, they will be either a great deal better, or worſe together; but I think rather the latter; for our nameſake, Philip de Comines, obſerves, that he never knew any good come from *l'abouchement des Rois*. The King of Pruſſia will exert all his perſpicacity, to analyſe his Imperial Majeſty; and I would bet upon the one head of his Black Eagle, againſt the two heads of the Auſtrian Eagle; though two heads are ſaid to be proverbially, to be better than one. I wiſh I had the direction of both the Monarchs, and they ſhould, together with ſome of their Allies, take Lorraine and Alſace from France. You will call me l'Abbé de St. Pierre; but I only ſay what I wiſh; whereas he thought every thing that he wiſhed, practicable.

Now to come home. Here are great buſtles at Court, and a great change of perſons is certainly very near. You will aſk me, perhaps, who is to be out, and who is to be in? To which I anſwer, I do not know. My conjecture, is that, be the new ſettlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I preſume *qu'il aura mis de l'Eau dans ſon Vin par rapport a Mylord B*—— when that ſhall come to be known, as known it certainly will ſoon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity. A Miniſter, as Miniſter, is very apt to be the object of public diſlike; and a favourite, as favourite, ſtill more ſo. If any event of this kind happens, which (if it happens at all) I conjecture will be ſome time next week, you ſhall hear farther from me.

I will follow your advice, and be as well as I can next winter, though I know I ſhall never be free from my flying rheumatic pains, as long as I live; but whether that will be more or leſs, is extremely indifferent to me: in either caſe, God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXVII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 1ſt, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE curtain was at laſt drawn up, the day before yeſterday, and diſcovered the new actors, together with ſome of the old ones. I do not name them to you, becauſe to-morrow's Gazette will do it full as well as I could. Mr. Pitt, who had *carte blanche* given him, named every one of them: but what would you think he named himſelf for? Lord Privy Seal; and (what will aſtoniſh you, as it does every mortal here) Earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had a *fall up ſtairs*, and has done himſelf ſo much hurt, that he never will be able to ſtand upon his legs again. Every body is puzzled how to account for this ſtep; though it would not be the firſt time, that

that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But, be it what it will, he is now, certainly, only Earl of Chatham; and no longer Mr. Pitt, in any reſpect whatever, Such an event, I believe was never read nor heard of. To withdraw, in the fulneſs of his power, and in the utmoſt gratification of his ambition, from the Houſe of Commons, (which procured him his power, and which could alone inſure it to him) and to go into that Hoſpital of Incurables, the Houſe of Lords, is a meaſure ſo unaccountable, that nothing but proof poſitive could have made me believe it: but true it is. Hans Stanley is to go Embaſſador to Ruſſia; and my nephew, Ellis, to Spain, decorated with the red riband. Lord Shelburne is your Secretary of State, which I ſuppoſe he has notified to you this poſt, by a circular letter. Charles Townſhend has now the ſole management of the Houſe of Commons; but how long he will be content to be only Lord Chatham's vicegerent there, is a queſtion which I will not pretend to decide. There is one very bad ſign for Lord Chatham, in his new dignity; which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it; and all his friends are ſtupefied and dumb-founded. If I miſtake not much, he will, in the courſe of a year, enjoy perfect *otium cum dignitate*. Enough of politics.

Is the fair, or at leaſt the fat, Miſs C—— with you ſtill? It muſt be confeſt that ſhe knows the arts of Courts; to be ſo received at Dreſden, and ſo connived at in Leiceſter-fields.

There never was ſo wet a ſummer as this has been, in the memory of man; we have not had one ſingle day, ſince March, without ſome rain; but moſt days a great deal. I hope that does not affect your health, as great cold does; for, with all theſe inundations, it has not been cold. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 14th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday your letter of the 30th paſt; and I find by it, that it croſſed mine upon the road, where they had no time to take notice of one another.

The news-papers have informed you, before now, of the changes actually made; more will probably follow, but what, I am ſure, I cannot tell you; and, I believe, nobody can, not even thoſe who are to make them: they will, I ſuppoſe, be occaſional, as people behave themſelves. The cauſes and conſequences of Mr. Pitt's quarrel now appear in print, in a pamphlet publiſhed by Lord T——; and in a refutation of it, not by Mr. Pitt himſelf, I believe, but by ſome friend of his, and under his ſanction. The former is very ſcurrilous and ſcandalous, and betrays private converſation. My Lord ſays, that in his laſt conference, he thought he had as good a right to nominate the new Miniſtry as Mr. Pitt, and conſequently named Lord G—, Lord L——, &c. for Cabinet Council employments; which

which Mr. Pitt not conſenting to, Lord T— broke up the conference, and, in his wrath, went to Stowe; where, I preſume, he may remain undiſturbed a great while, ſince Mr. Pitt will neither be willing, nor able, to ſend for him again. The pamphlet, on the part of Mr. Pitt, gives an account of his whole political life; and, in that reſpect, is tedious, to thoſe who were acquainted with it before; but, at the latter end, there is an article that expreſſes ſuch ſupreme contempt of Lord T——, and in ſo pretty a manner, that I ſuſpect it to be Mr. Pitt's own: you ſhall judge yourſelf, for I here tranſcribe the article.—"But this I will be bold to ſay, that had he "(Lord T——) not faſtened himſelf into Mr. Pitt's train, and "acquired thereby ſuch an intereſt in that great man, he might "have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in; "and gone off with no other degree of credit, than that of "adding a ſingle unit to the bills of mortality."——I wiſh I could ſend you all the pamphlets and half ſheets that ſwarm upon this occaſion; but that is impoſſible; for every week here would make a ſhip's cargo. It is certain that Mr. Pitt has, by his dignity of Earl, loſt the greateſt part of his popularity, eſpecially in the city; and I believe the Oppoſition will be very ſtrong, and perhaps prevail, next ſeſſion, in the Houſe of Commons there being now nobody there, who can have the authority, and aſcendant over them, that Pitt had.

People tell me here, as young Harvey told you at Dreſden, that I look very well; but thoſe are words of courſe, which every one ſays to every body. So far is true, that I am better than, at my age, and with my broken conſtitution, I could have expected to be. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXIX.

Blackheath, September the 12th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 27th paſt. I was in hopes that your courſe of waters this year, at Baden, would have given you a longer reprieve from your painful complaint. If I do not miſtake, you carried over with you ſome of Dr. Monſey's powders. Have you taken any of them, and have they done you any good? I know they did me a great deal. I, who pretend to ſome ſkill in phyſic, adviſe a cool regimen, and cooling medicines.

I do not wonder, that you do wonder at Lord C——'s conduct. If he was not outwitted into his Peerage by Lord B——, his accepting it is utterly inexplicable. The inſtruments he has choſen for the great Offices, I believe, will never fit the ſame caſe. It was cruel to put ſuch a boy as Lord G——, over the head of old Ligonier; and if I had been the former, I would have refuſed that commiſſion, during the life of that honeſt and brave old General. All this to quiet the the Duke of R—— to a reſignation, and to make Lord B— Lieutenant of Ireland, where,

where, I will venture to propheſy, that he will not do. Ligonier was much preſſed to give up his regiment of guards, but would by no means do it; and declared, that the King might break him, if he pleaſed, but that he would certainly not break himſelf.

I have no political events to inform you of; they will not be ripe till the meeting of the Parliament. Immediately upon the receipt of this letter, write me one, to acquaint me how you are.

God bleſs you; and, particularly, may he ſend you health, for that is the greateſt bleſſing!

LETTER CLXXX.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, with great pleaſure, your letter of the 18th, by which I conſider this laſt ugly bout as over; and, to prevent its return, I greatly approve of your plan for the South of France, where I recommend for your principal reſidences, Pezenas, Toulouſe, or Bourdeaux; but do not be perſuaded to go to Aix en Provence, which, by experience, I know to be, at once, the hotteſt and the coldeſt place in the world, from the ardour of the Provençal Sun, and the ſharpneſs of the Alpine winds. I alſo earneſtly recommend to you, for your complaint upon your breaſt, to take, twice a day, aſſes or (what is better) mare's milk, and that for theſe ſix months at leaſt. Mingle turnips, as much as you can, with your diet.

I have written, as you deſired, to Mr. Secretary Conway; but I will anſwer for it, that there will be no difficulty to obtain the leave you aſk.

There is no new event in the political world, ſince my laſt; ſo God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXXI.

London, October the 29th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE laſt mail brought me your letter of the 17th. I am glad to hear that your breaſt is ſo much better. You will find both aſſes and mares milk enough in the South of France, where it was much drank when I was there. Guy Patin recommends to a patient, to have no Doctor but a Horſe; and no Apothecary but an Aſs. As for your pains and weakneſs in your limbs, *je vous en offre autant*; I have never been free from them ſince my laſt rheumatiſm. I uſe my legs as much as I can, and you ſhould do ſo too, for diſuſe makes them worſe. I cannot now uſe them long, at a time, becauſe of the weakneſs of old age; but I contrive to get, by different ſnatches, at leaſt two hours walking every day, either in my garden or within doors, as the weather permits. I ſet out to-morrow

for

for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give me whole ones; the timbers of my wretched veſſel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for uſe. I ſhall ſee poor Harte there, who, I am told, is in a miſerable way, between ſome real and ſome imaginary diſtempers.

I ſend you no political news, for one reaſon, among others, which is, that I know none. Great expectations are raiſed of this ſeſſion, which meets the 11th of next month; but of what kind nobody knows, and conſequently every body conjectures variouſly. Lord Chatham comes to town to-morrow, from Bath, where he has been to refit himſelf for the winter campaign: he has hitherto but an indifferent ſet of *Aides de Camp*; and where he will find better, I do not know. Charles Townſhend and he are already upon ill terms. *Enfin, je n'y vois goute*; and ſo God bleſs you.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Bath, November the 15th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 5th inſtant, from Baſil. I am very glad to find that your breaſt is relieved, though, perhaps, at the expence of your legs: for, if the humour be either gouty or rheumatic, it had better be in your legs than any where elſe. I have conſulted Moiſey, the great phyſician of this place, upon it; who ſays, that at this diſtance he dares not preſcribe any thing, as there may be ſuch different cauſes for your complaint, which muſt be well weighed by a phyſician upon the ſpot: that is, in ſhort, that he knows nothing of the matter. I will therefore tell you my own caſe, in 1732, which may be ſomething parallel to yours. I had that year been dangerouſly ill of a fever, in Holland; and when I was recovered of it, the febrific humour fell into my legs, and ſwelled them to that degree, and chiefly in the evening, that it was as painful to me, as it was ſhocking to others. I came to England with them in this condition; and conſulted Mead, Broxholme, and Arbuthnot, who none of them did me the leaſt good; but, on the contrary, increaſed the ſwelling, by applying poultices and emollients. In this condition I remained near ſix months, till, finding that the doctors could do me no good, I reſolved to conſult Palmer, the moſt eminent ſurgeon of St. Thomas's Hoſpital. He immediately told me, that the phyſicians had purſued a very wrong method, as the ſwelling of my legs proceeded only from a relaxation and weakneſs of the cutaneous veſſels; and he muſt apply ſtrengtheners inſtead of emollients. Accordingly he ordered me to put my legs, up to the knees, every morning, in brine from the ſalters, as hot as I could bear it: the brine muſt have had meat ſalted in it. I did ſo; and after having thus pickled my legs for about three weeks; the complaint abſolutely ceaſed, and I have never had the leaſt ſwelling in them ſince. After what I have ſaid, I muſt caution

you

you not to uſe the ſame remedy raſhly, and without the moſt ſkilful advice you can find, where you are; for if your ſwelling proceeds from a gouty, or rheumatic humour, there may be great danger in applying ſo powerful an aſtringent, and perhaps *repellent*, as brine. So go *piano*, and not without the beſt advice, upon a view of the parts.

I ſhall direct all my letters to you *Chez Monſieur Sarrazin*, who by his trade is, I ſuppoſe, *ſedentaire* at Baſil, while it is not ſure that you will be at any one place, in the South of France. Do you know that he is a deſcendant of the French poet, Sarrazin?

Poor Harte, whom I frequently go to ſee here, out of compaſſion, is in a moſt miſerable way; he has had a ſtroke of the palſy, which has deprived him of the uſe of his right leg, affected his ſpeech a good deal, and his head perhaps a little. Such are the intermediate tributes that we are forced to pay, in ſome ſhape or other, to our wretched nature, till we pay the laſt great one of all. May you pay this very late, and as few intermediate tributes as poſſible; and ſo *jubeo te bene valere*. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Bath, December the 9th, 1766.

My DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, two days ago, your letter of the 26th paſt. I am very glad that you begin to feel the good effects of the climate where you are; I know it ſaved my life, in 1741, when both the ſkilful and the unſkilful gave me over. In that ramble I ſtayed three or four days at Nîmes, where there are more remains of Antiquity, I believe, than in any town in Europe, Italy excepted. What is falſely called *la maiſon quarrée*, is, in my mind, the fineſt piece of architecture that I ever ſaw; and the Amphitheatre the clumſieſt and the uglieſt; if it were in England, every body would ſwear it had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

This place is now, juſt what you have ſeen it formerly; here is a great crowd of trifling and unknown people, whom I ſeldom frequent, in the public rooms; ſo that I paſs my time *très uniment*, in taking the air in my poſt-chaiſe every morning, and in reading of evenings. And *à propos* of the latter, I ſhall point out a book, which, I believe, will give you ſome pleaſure; at leaſt it gave me a great deal: I never read it before. It is *Réflexions ſur la Poëſie et la Peinture, par l' Abbé de Bos*, in two octavo volumes; and is, I ſuppoſe, to be had at every great town *in* France. The criticiſms and the reflections are juſt and lively.

It may be you expect ſome political news from me; but I can tell you, that you will have none; for no mortal man can comprehend the preſent ſtate of affairs. Eight or nine people, of ſome conſequence, have reſigned their employments; upon which

which Lord C—— made overtures to the Duke of B—— and his people; but they could by no means agree, and his Grace went, the next day, full of wrath, to Wooburne: ſo that negotiation is entirely at an end. People wait to ſee who Lord C—— will take in, for ſome he muſt have; even *he* cannot be alone, *contra Mundum*. Such a ſtate of affairs, to be ſure, was never ſeen before, in this or any other country. When this Miniſtry ſhall be ſettled, it will be the ſixth Miniſtry in ſix years time.

Poor Harte is here, and in a moſt miſerable condition; thoſe who wiſh him the beſt, as I do, muſt wiſh him dead. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXXIV.

London, February the 13th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is ſo long ſince I have had a letter from you, that I am alarmed about your health; and fear, that the ſouthern parts of France have not done ſo well by you, as they did by me in the year 1741, when they ſnatched me from the jaws of death. Let me know, upon the receipt of this letter, how you are, and where you are.

I have no news to ſend you from hence; for every thing ſeems ſuſpended, both in the Court and in the Parliament, till Lord Chatham's return from the Bath, where he has been laid up this month, by a ſevere fit of the gout; and, at preſent he has the ſole apparent power. In what little buſineſs has hitherto been done in the Houſe of Commons, Charles Townſhend has given himſelf more Miniſterial airs than Lord Chatham will, I believe, approve of. However, ſince Lord Chatham has thought fit to withdraw himſelf from that Houſe, he cannot well do without Charles's abilities to manage it as his Deputy.

I do not ſend you an account of weddings, births, and burials, as I take it for granted, that you know them all from the Engliſh printed papers; ſome of which I preſume, are ſent after you. Your old acquaintance, Lord Eſſex, is to be married this week to Harriet Bladen, who has £. 20,000 down, beſides the reaſonable expectation of as much at the death of her father. My kinſman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married in a fortnight, to Miſs Bowes, the greateſt heireſs, perhaps, in Europe. In ſhort, the matrimonial phrenzy ſeems to rage at preſent, and is epidemical. The men marry for money, and I believe you gueſs what the women marry for. God bleſs you, and ſend you health!

LETTER CXXXV.

London, March the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received two letters at once from you, both dated Montpellier; one of the 29th of laſt December, and the other, the 12th of February: but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you: for I aſſure you that I anſwered all yours, the next poſt after I received them; and, about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, becauſe you had been ſo long ſilent; and I was afraid that you were not well; but your letter of the 12th February has removed all my fears upon that ſcore. The ſame climate that has reſtored your health ſo far, will probably in a little more time, reſtore your ſtrength too; though you muſt not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At leaſt I find, that, ſince my late great rheumatiſm, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place ſingly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great ſhock given then to my limbs. *D'ailleurs* I am pretty well for my age and ſhattered conſtitution.

As I told you in my laſt, I muſt tell you again in this, that I have no news to ſend. Lord Chatham, at laſt, came to town yeſterday, full of gout, and is not able to ſtir hand or foot. During his abſence, Charles Townſhend has talked of him, and at him, in ſuch a manner, that henceforwards they muſt be either much worſe or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday laſt, Mr. Dowdeſwell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one ſhilling in the pound of the land-tax taken off; which was oppoſed by the Court; but the Court loſt it by eighteen. The Oppoſition triumph much upon this victory; though, I think, without reaſon; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themſelves with this ſhilling in the pound.

The Duke of Buccleugh is very ſoon to be married to Lady Betty Montague. Lord Eſſex was married, yeſterday, to Harriet Bladen; and Lord Strathmore, laſt week, to Miſs Bowes; both couples went directly from the church to conſummation in the country, from an unneceſſary fear that they ſhould not be tired of each other, if they ſtayed in town. And now *dixi*; God bleſs you!

You are in the right to go to ſee the Aſſembly of the States of Languedoc, though they are but the ſhadow of the original *Etats*, while there was ſome liberty ſubſiſting in France.

LETTER CXXXVI.

London, April the 6th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Nîmes, by which I find that ſeveral of our letters have reciprocally miſcarried.

ried. This may probably have the ſame fate; however, if it reaches Monſieur Sarrazin, I preſume, he will know where to take his aim at you: for I find you are in motion, and with a Polarity to Dreſden. I am very glad to find, by it, that your Meridional journey has perfectly recovered you, as to your general ſtate of health; for as to your legs and thighs, you muſt never expect that they will be reſtored to their original ſtrength and activity, after ſo many rheumatic attacks as you have had. I know that my limbs, beſides the natural debility of old age, have never recovered the ſevere attack of the rheumatiſm that plagued me five or ſix years ago. I cannot now walk above half an hour at a time, and even that in a hobbling kind of way.

I can give you no account of our political world, which is in a ſituation that I never ſaw in my whole life. Lord Chatham has been ſo ill, theſe laſt two months, that he has not been able (ſome ſay not willing) to do or hear of any buſineſs: and for his *ſous Miniſtres*, they either cannot, or dare not, do any, without his directions; ſo that every thing is now at a ſtand. This ſituation, I think, cannot laſt much longer; and if Lord Chatham ſhould either quit his poſt, or the world, neither of which is very improbable, I conjecture that what is called the Rockingham Connection, ſtands the faireſt for the Miniſtry. But this is merely my conjecture; for I have neither *data* nor *poſtulata* enough to reaſon upon.

When you get to Dreſden, which I hope you will not do till next month, our correſpondence will be more regular. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXXVII.

London, May the 5th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY your letter of the 25th paſt, from Baſil, I preſume this will find you at Dreſden, and accordingly I direct to you there. When you write me word that you are at Dreſden, I will return you an anſwer, with ſomething better than the anſwer itſelf. If you complain of the weather, north of Beſançon, what would you ſay to the weather that we have had here, for theſe laſt two months, uninterruptedly? Snow often, north-eaſt wind conſtantly, and extreme cold. I write this by the ſide of a good fire; and at this moment it ſnows very hard. All my promiſed fruit at Blackheath is quite deſtroyed; and what is worſe, many of my trees.

I cannot help thinking, that the King of Poland, the Empreſs of Ruſſia, and the King of Pruſſia, *s' entendent comme Larrons en foire*, though the former muſt not appear in it, upon account of the ſtupidity, ignorance, and bigotry of his Poles. I have a great opinion of the cogency of the controverſial arguments of the Ruſſian troops, in favour of the Diſſidents: I am ſure, I wiſh them ſucceſs; for I would have all intoleration intolerated

in its turn. We ſhall ſoon ſee more clearly into this matter; for I do not think that the Autocratrice of all the Ruſſias will be trifled with by the Sarmatians.

What do you think of the late extraordinary event is Spain? Could you have ever imagined that thoſe ignorant Goths would have dared to baniſh the Jeſuits? There muſt have been ſome very grave and important reaſons for ſo extraordinary a meaſure: but what they were, I do not pretend to gueſs; and, perhaps, I ſhall never know, though all the coffee-houſes here do.

Things are here exactly in the ſame ſituation, in which they were when I wrote to you laſt. Lord Chatham is ſtill very ill, and only goes abroad for an hour in a day, to take the air, in his coach. The King has to my certain knowledge, ſent him repeated meſſages, deſiring him not to be concerned at his confinement, for that he is reſolved to ſupport him *pour et contre tous*. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

London, June the 1ſt, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yeſterday your letter of the 20th paſt, from Dreſden, where I am glad to find that you are arrived ſafe and ſound. This has been every where an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; and it continues here ſtill. Every body has fires, and their winter-clothes, as at Chriſtmas. The town is extremely ſickly; and ſudden deaths have been very frequent.

I do not know what to ſay to you upon public matters; things remain *in ſtatu quo*, and nothing is done. Great changes are talked of, and, I believe, will happen ſoon, perhaps next week; but who is to be changed, for who, I do not know, though every body elſe does. I am apt to think that it will be a Moſaic Miniſtry, made up *de pieces rapportées* from different connections.

Laſt Friday I ſent your ſubſidy to Mr. Larpent, who, I ſuppoſe, has given you notice of it. I believe it will come very ſeaſonably, as all places, both foreign and domeſtic, are ſo far in arrears. They talk of paying you all up to Chriſtmas. The King's inferior ſervants are almoſt ſtarving.

I ſuppoſe you have already heard, at Dreſden, that Count Brühl is either actually married, or very ſoon to be ſo, to Lady Egremont. She has, together with her ſalary as Lady of the Bedchamber, £. 2,500 a year; beſides ten thouſand pounds in money left her, at her own diſpoſal, by Lord Egremont. All this will ſound great *en écus d'Allemagne*. I am glad of it; for he is a very pretty man. God bleſs you!

I eaſily conceive why Orloff influences the Empreſs of all the Ruſſias; but I cannot ſee why the King of Pruſſia ſhould be influenced by that motive.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Blackheath, July the 2d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have had no letter from you ſince my laſt, and though I have no political news to inform you of, I write this to acquaint you with a piece of Greenwich news, which I believe you will be very glad of; I am ſure I am. Know then, that your friend Miſs ** was happily married, three days ago, to Mr. ***, an Iriſh gentleman, and a Member of that Parliament, with an eſtate of above two thouſand pounds a year. He ſettles upon her £. 600 jointure, and, in caſe they have no children, £. 1500. He happened to be by chance in her company one day here, and was at once ſhot dead by her charms; but, as dead men ſometimes walk, he walked to her next morning, and tendered her his perſon and his fortune; both which, taking the one with the other, ſhe very prudently accepted; for his perſon is ſixty years old.

Miniſterial affairs are ſtill in the ſame ridiculous and doubtful ſituation as when I wrote to you laſt. Lord Chatham will neither hear of, nor do any buſineſs, but lives at Hamſtead, and rides about the heath; his gout is ſaid to be falleo upon his nerves. Your Provincial Secretary, Conway, quits this week, and returns to the army, which he languiſhed for. Two Lords are talked of to ſucceed him; Lord Egmont, and Lord Hillſborough: I rather hope the latter. Lord Northington certainly quits this week; but nobody gueſſes who is to ſucceed him, as Preſident. A thouſand other changes are talked of, which I neither believe nor reject.

Poor Harte is in a moſt miſerable condition: he has loſt one ſide of himſelf, and in a great meaſure his ſpeech; notwithſtanding which, he is going to publiſh his *divine poems*, as he calls them. I am ſorry for it, as he had not time to correct them, before this ſtroke, nor abilities to do it ſince. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXC.

Blackheath, July the 9th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of the 21ſt paſt, with the encloſed propoſal from the French *refugiés*, for a ſubſcription towards building them *un Temple*. I have ſhewn it to the very few people I ſee, but without the leaſt ſucceſs. They told me (and with too much truth) that while ſuch numbers of poor were literally ſtarving here, from the dearneſs of all proviſions, they could not think of ſending their money into another country, for a building which they reckoned uſeleſs. In truth, I never knew ſuch miſery as is here now; and it affects both the hearts and the purſes of thoſe who have either; for my own part, I never gave to a building in my life; which I reckon is only

only giving to maſons and carpenters, and the treaſurer of the undertaking.

Contrary to the expectations of all mankind here, every thing ſtill continues in *ſtatu quo*. General Conway has been deſired by the King to keep the ſeals till he has found a ſucceſſor for him, and the Lord Preſident the ſame. Lord Chatham is relapſed, and worſe than ever; he ſees nobody, and no body ſees him: it is ſaid, that a bungling Phyſician has checked his gout, and thrown it upon his nerves; which is the worſt diſtemper that a Miniſter or a Lover can have, as it debilitates the mind of the former, and the body of the latter. Here is at preſent an interregnum. We muſt ſoon ſee what order will be produced from this chaos.

The Electorate, I believe, will find the want of Comte Flemming; for he certainly had abilities; and was as ſturdy and inexorable as a Miniſter at the head of the finances ought always to be. When you ſee Comteſſe Flemming, which I ſuppoſe cannot be of ſome time, pray make her Lady Cheſterfield's and my compliments of condolence.

You ſay that Dreſden is very ſickly; I am ſure London is at leaſt as ſickly now, for there reigns an epidemical diſtemper, called by the genteel name of *l' influenza*. It is a little fever, which ſcarcely any body dies of; and it generally goes off with a little looſeneſs. I have eſcaped it, I believe, by being here. God keep you from all diſtempers, and bleſs you!

LETTER CXCI.

London, October the 30th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now left Blackheath, till the next ſummer, if I live till then; and am juſt able to write, which is all I can ſay, for I am extremely weak, and have in a great meaſure, loſt the uſe of my legs; I hope they will recover both fleſh and ſtrength, for at preſent they have neither. I go to the Bath next week, in hopes of half repairs at moſt, for thoſe waters, I am ſure, will not prove Medea's kettle, nor *les eaux de Jouvence* to me; however, I ſhall do as good Courtiers do, and get what I can, if I cannot get what I will. I ſend you no politics, for here are neither politics nor Miniſters; Lord Chatham is quiet at Pynſent, in Somerſetſhire, and his former ſubalterns do nothing, ſo that nothing is done. Whatever places or preferments are diſpoſed of, come evidently from Lord ——, who affects to be inviſible; and who, like a woodcock, thinks, that if his head is but hid, he is not ſeen at all.

General Pulteney is at laſt dead, laſt week, worth above thirteen hundred thouſand pounds. He has left all his landed eſtate, which is eight-and-twenty thouſand pounds a year, including the Bradford eſtate, which his brother had —— from that ancient family, to a couſin-german. He has left two hundred thouſand pounds, in the funds, to Lord Darlington, who

who was his next neareſt relation; and, at leaſt, twenty thouſand pounds in various legacies. If riches alone could make people happy, the laſt two proprietors of this immenſe wealth ought to have been ſo, but they never were.

God bleſs you, and ſend you good health, which is better than all the riches of the world:

LETTER CXCII.

London, November the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR laſt letter brought me but a ſcurvy account of your health. For the head-achs you complain of, I will venture to preſcribe a remedy, which, by experience, I found a ſpecific, when I was extremely plagued with them. It is, either to chew ten grains of rhubarb every night going to bed; or, what I think rather better, to take, immediately before dinner, a couple of rhubarb pills, of five grains; by which means it mixes with the aliments, and will, by degrees, keep your body gently open. I do it to this day, and find great good by it. As you ſeem to dread the approach of a German winter, I would adviſe you to write to General Conway, for leave of abſence for the three rigorous winter months, which I dare ſay will not be refuſed. If you chuſe a worſe climate you may come to London; but if you chuſe a better and a warmer, you may go to Nice en Provence, where Sir William Stanhope is gone to paſs his winter, who, I am ſure, will be extremely glad of your company there.

I go to the Bath next Saturdy. *Utinam ne fruſtra.* God bleſs you!

LETTER CXCIII.

Bath, December the 19th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 29th paſt, and am very glad to find that you are well enough to think, that you may perhaps ſtand the winter at Dreſden; but if you do, pray take care to keep both your body and your limbs exceedingly warm.

As to my own health, is is in general, as good as I could expect it at my age; I have a good ſtomach, a good digeſtion, and ſleep well; but find that I ſhall never recover the free uſe of my legs, which are now full as weak as when I firſt came hither.

You aſk me queſtions, concerning Lord C——, which neither I, nor I believe, any body but himſelf can anſwer; however, I will tell you all that I do know, and all that I gueſs concerning him. This time twelvemonth he was here, and in good health and ſpirits, except, now and then, ſome little twinges of the gout. We ſaw one another four or five times, at our reſpective houſes; but, for theſe laſt eight months, he has been abſolutely

abſolutely inviſible to his moſt intimate friends, *les ſous Miniſtres*: he would receive no letters, nor ſo much as open any pacquet about buſineſs.

His phyſician, Dr. ———, as I am told, had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and ſcattered it about his body; and it fell particularly upon his nerves, ſo that he continues exceedingly vapouriſh, and would neither ſee nor ſpeak to any body while he was here. I ſent him my compliments, and aſked leave to wait upon him, but he ſent me word, that he was too ill to ſee any body whatſoever. I met him frequently taking the air in his poſt-chaiſe, and he looked very well. He ſet out from hence, for London, laſt Tueſday; but what to do, whether to reſume, or finally to reſign the Adminiſtration, God knows: conjectures are various In one of our converſations here, this time twelvemonth, I deſired him to ſecure you a ſeat in the new Parliament; he aſſured me that he would, and, I am convinced, very ſincerely: he ſaid that he would make it his own affair, and deſired that I would give myſelf no more trouble about it. Since that, I have heard no more of it, which made me look for ſome venal borough: and I ſpoke to a borough-jobber, and offered five-and-twenty hundred pounds for a ſecure ſeat in Parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and ſaid, That there was no ſuch thing as a borough to be had now; for that the rich Eaſt and Weſt Indians had ſecured them all, at the rate of three thouſand pounds at leaſt; but many at four thouſand; and two or three that he knew at five thouſand. This, I confeſs, has vexed me a good deal; and made me the more impatient to know whether Lord C—— had done any thing in it; which I ſhall know when I go to town, as I propoſe to do in about a fortnight; and as ſoon as I know it, you ſhall. To tell you truly what I think — I doubt, from all this *nervous diſorder*, that Lord C—— is *hors de Combat*, as a Miniſter; but do not even hint this to any body. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXCIV.

Bath, December the 27th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

En nova progenies.

THE outlines of a new Miniſtry are now declared; but they are not yet quite filled up: it was formed by the Duke of Bedford. Lord Gower is made Preſident of the Council, Lord Sandwich Poſt-maſter, Lord Hillſborough Secretary of State for America only, Mr. Rigby Vice-treaſurer of Ireland. General Conway is to keep the ſeals a fortnight longer, and then to ſurrender them to Lord Weymouth. It is very uncertain whether the Duke of Grafton is to continue at the head of the Treaſury or not; but, in my private opinion George Grenville will very ſoon be there. Lord Chatham ſeems to be out of the queſtion, and is at his repurchaſed Houſe at Hays, where

where he will not ſee a mortal. It is yet uncertain whether Lord Shelburne is to keep his place; if not, Lord Sandwich, they ſay, is to ſucceed him. All the Rockingham people are abſolutely excluded. Many more changes muſt neceſſarily be; but no more are yet declared. It ſeems to be a reſolution taken by ſomebody, that Miniſters are to be annual.

Sir George Macartney is, next week to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's ſecond daughter.

I never knew it ſo cold in my life as it is now, and with a very deep ſnow; which if it continues, I may be ſnow bound here, for God knows how long, though I propoſed leaving this place the latter end of the week.

Poor Harte is very ill here; he mentions you often, and with great affection. God bleſs you!

When I know more, you ſhall.

LETTER CXCV.

London, March the 12th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day after I received your letter, of the 21ſt paſt, I wrote to Lord Weymouth, as you deſired; and I ſend you his anſwer encloſed: from which (though I have not heard from him ſince) I take it for granted, and ſo may you, that his ſilence ſignifies his Majeſty's conſent to your requeſt. Your complicated complaints give me great uneaſineſs, and the more, as I am convinced that the Montpellier phyſicians have miſtaken a material part of your caſe; as indeed all the phyſicians here did, except Dr. Maty. In my opinion, you have no gout, but a very ſcorbutic and rheumatic habit of body, which ſhould be treated in a very different manner from the gout; and, as I pretend to be a very good quack, at leaſt, I would preſcribe to you a ſtrict milk-diet, with the ſeeds, ſuch as rice, ſago, barley, millet, *&c.* for the three ſummer months at leaſt, and without ever taſting wine. If climate ſignifies any thing (in which, by the way I have very little faith) you are in my mind, in the fineſt climate in the world; neither too hot nor too cold, and always clear: you are with the gayeſt people living; be gay with them, and do not wear out your eyes with reading at home. *L'ennui* is the Engliſh diſtemper; and a very bad one it is, as I find by every day's experience; for my deafneſs deprives me of the only rational pleaſure that I can have, at my age, which is ſociety; ſo that I read my eyes out every day, that I may not hang myſelf.

You will not be in this Parliament, at leaſt not at the beginning of it. I relied too much upon Lord C——'s promiſe, above a year ago, at Bath. He deſired, that I would leave it to him; that he would make it his own affair, and gave it in charge to the Duke of G——, whoſe province it was to make the parliamentary arrangement. This I depended upon, and I think with reaſon; but, ſince that, Lord C—— has ſeen nor

ſpoke

ſpoke to nobody, and has been in the oddeſt way in the world. I ſent to the D—— of G——, to know if L—— C—— had either ſpoken or ſent to him about it; but he aſſured me that he had done neither: that all was full, or rather running over, at preſent; but that, if he could crowd you in upon a vacancy, he would do it with great pleaſure. I am extremely ſorry for this accident; for I am of a very different opinion from you, about being in Parliament, as no man can be of conſequence, in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not ſpeak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a ſecond rank. *Locus eſt et pluribus umbris.* I do not pretend to give you any account of the preſent ſtate of this country, or Miniſtry, not knowing nor gueſſing it myſelf.

God bleſs you, and ſend you health, which is the firſt and greateſt of all bleſſings!

LETTER CXCVI.

London, April the 12th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yeſterday, your letter of the 1ſt; in which you do not mention the ſtate of your health, which I deſire you will do for the future.

I believe you have gueſſed the true reaſon of Mr. Keith's miſſion; but, by a whiſper that I have ſince heard, Keith is rather inclined to go to Turin, as *Chargé d'Affaires*. I forgot to tell you, in my laſt, that I was moſt poſitively aſſured, that the inſtant you return to Dreſden, Keith ſhould decamp. I am perſuaded that they will keep their words with me, as there is no one reaſon in the world why they ſhould not. I will ſend your annual to Mr. Larpent in a fortnight, and pay the forty ſhillings a day quarterly, if there ſhould be occaſion; for, in my own private opinion, there will be no *Chargé d'Affaires* ſent. I agree with you, that *point d'Argent point d'Allemand*, as was uſed to be ſaid, and not without more reaſon, of the Swiſs; but, as we have neither the inclination nor (I fear) the power to give ſubſidies, the Court of Vienna can give good things that coſt them nothing, as Archbiſhoprics, Biſhoprics, beſides corrupting their Miniſters and favourites with places.

Elections, here, have been carried to a degree of frenzy hitherto unheard of; that for the town of Northampton has coſt the contending parties at leaſt thirty thouſand pounds a ſide, and —— —— has ſold his borough of ——, to two Members, for nine thouſand pounds. As ſoon as Wilkes had loſt his election for the City, he ſet up for the County of Middleſex, and carried it hollow, as the jockeys ſay. Here were great mobs and riots upon that occaſion, and moſt of the windows in town broke, that had no lights *for Wilkes and Liberty*, who were thought to be inſeparable. He will appear, the 20th of this month, in the Court of King's Bench, to receive his ſentence;

ſentence; and then great riots are again expected, and probably will happen. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXCVII.

Bath, October the 17th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR two laſt letters, to myſelf and Grevenkop, have alarmed me extremely; but I comfort myſelf a little, by hoping, that you, like all people who ſuffer, think yourſelf worſe than they are. A dropſy never comes ſo ſuddenly; and I flatter myſelf, that it is only that gouty or rheumatic humour, which has plagued you ſo long, that has occaſioned the temporary ſwelling of your legs. Above forty years ago, after a violent fever, my legs ſwelled as much as you deſcribe yours to be; I immediately thought that I had a dropſy; but the Faculty aſſured me, that my complaint was only the effect of my fever, and would ſoon be cured; and they ſaid true. Pray let your amanuenſis, whoever he may be, write an account regularly, once a week, either to Grevenkop or myſelf, for that is the ſame thing, of the ſtate of your health.

I ſent you, in four ſucceſſive letters, as much of the Dutcheſs of Somerſet's ſnuff as a letter could well convey to you. Have you received all or any of them? and have they done you any good? Though, in your preſent condition, you cannot go into company, I hope you have ſome acquaintances that come and ſit with you; for if originally it was not good for man to be alone, it is much worſe for a ſick man to be ſo; he thinks too much of his diſtemper, and magnifies it. Some men of learning amongſt the Eccleſiaſtics, I dare ſay, would be glad to ſit with you; and you could give them as good as they brought.

Poor Harte, who is here ſtill, is in a moſt miſerable condition; he has entirely loſt the uſe of his left ſide, and can hardly ſpeak intelligibly. I was with him yeſterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmoſt concern when I ſhowed him your letter.

My own health is as it has been ever ſince I was here laſt year. I am, neither well nor ill, but *unwell*. I have, in a manner, loſt the uſe of my legs; for though I can make a ſhift to crawl upon even ground for a quarter of an hour, I cannot go up or down ſtairs, unleſs ſupported by a ſervant.

God bleſs, and grant you a ſpeedy recovery!

Here end the letters to Mr. Stanhope, as he died the 16th of November following.

LETTER

LETTER CXCVIII.

To Mrs. Stanhope, then at Paris.

London, March the 16th, 1769.

MADAM,

A troubleſome and painful inflammation in my eyes, obliges me to uſe another hand than my own, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Avignon, of the 27th paſt.

I am extremely ſurpriſed that Mrs. du-Bouchet ſhould have any objection to the manner in which your late huſband deſired to be buried, and which you, very properly complied with. All I deſire, for my own burial, is, not to be buried alive; but how or where, I think, muſt be entirely indifferent to every rational creature.

I have no commiſſion to trouble you with, during your ſtay at Paris; from whence, I wiſh you and the boys a good journey home; where I ſhall be very glad to ſee you all, and aſſure you of my being, with great truth.

Your faithful, humble ſervant.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CXCIX.

To the ſame, at London,

MADAM,

THE laſt time that I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I was ſo taken up in playing with the boys, that I forgot their more important affairs. How ſoon would you have them placed at ſchool? When I know your pleaſure as to that, I will ſend to Monſieur Perny, to prepare every thing for their reception. In the mean time, I beg you will equip them thoroughly with clothes, linen, &c. all good, but plain; and give me the account, which I will pay; for I do not intend, that, from this time forwards, the two boys ſhall coſt you one ſhilling. I am, with great truth,

Madam,

Your faithful humble ſervant,

Wedneſday. CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CC.

MADAM,

AS ſome day muſt be fixed for ſending the boys to ſchool, do you approve of the 8th of next month? by which time the weather will probably be warm and ſettled, and you will be able to equip them completely.

I will, upon that day, ſend my coach to you, to carry you and the boys to Loughborough Houſe, with all their immenſe baggage. I muſt recommend to you, when you leave them there, to ſuppreſs, as well as you can, the overflowings of maternal

maternal tenderneſs; which would grieve the poor boys the more, and give them a terror of their new eſtabliſhment.

I am, with great truth, Madam,
Your faithful, humble ſervant,

Thurſday Morning. CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCI.

Bath, October the 11th, 1769.

MADAM,

NOBODY can be more willing or ready to obey orders than I am; but then I muſt like the orders, and the orderer. Your orders and yourſelf come under this deſcription; and therefore I muſt give you an account of my arrival and exiſtence, ſuch as it is, here. I got hither laſt Sunday, the day after I left London, leſs fatigued than I expected to have been; and now crawl about this place upon my three legs, but am kept in countenance by many of my fellow crawlers: the laſt part of the Sphynx's riddle approaches, and I ſhall ſoon end, as I began, upon all fours.

When you happen to ſee either Monſieur or Madame Perny, I beg you will give them this *melancholic* proof of my caducity, and tell them, that the laſt time I went to ſee the boys, I carried the Michaelmas quarteridge in my pocket, and when I was there I totally forgot it; but aſſure them, that I have not the leaſt intention to bilk them, and will pay them faithfully, the two quarters together at Chriſtmas.

I hope our two boys are well; for then I am ſure you are ſo.

I am, with great truth and eſteem,
Your moſt faithful, humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCII.

Bath, October the 28th, 1769.

MADAM,

YOUR kind anxiety for my health and life, is more than, in my opinion, they are both worth: without the former, the latter is a burthen: and, indeed, I am very weary of it. I think I have got ſome benefit by drinking theſe waters, and by bathing, for my old, ſtiff, rheumatic limbs; for I believe I could now out-crawl a ſnail, or, perhaps, even a tortoiſe.

I hope the boys are well. Phil, I dare ſay, has been in ſome ſcrapes; but he will get triumphantly out of them, by dint of ſtrength and reſolution.

I am, with great truth and eſteem,
Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER

LETTER CCIII.

Bath, November the 5th, 1769.

MADAM,

I Remember very well the paragraph which you quote from a letter of mine to Mrs. du-Bouchet: and ſee no reaſon yet to retract that opinion, *in general*, which at leaſt nineteen widows in twenty had authoriſed. I had not then the pleaſure of your acquaintance; I had ſeen you but twice or thrice, and I had no reaſon to think that you would deviate, as you have done, from other widows, ſo much, as to put perpetual ſhackles upon yourſelf, for the ſake of your children; but (if I may uſe a vulgariſm) one ſwallow makes no ſummer: five righteous men were formerly neceſſary to ſave a city, and they could not be found; ſo, till I find four more ſuch righteous widows as yourſelf, I ſhall entertain my former notions of widowhood in general.

I can aſſure you that I drink here very ſoberly and cautiouſly, and, at the ſame time, keep ſo cool a diet, that I do not find the leaſt ſymptom of heat, much leſs of inflammation. By the way, I never had that complaint, in conſequence of having drank theſe waters; for I have had it but four times, and always in the middle of ſummer. Mr. Hawkins is timorous, even to *minuties*, and my ſiſter delights in them.

Charles will be a ſcholar, if you pleaſe; but our little Philip, without being one, will be ſomething or other as good, though I do not yet gueſs what. I am not of the opinion generally entertained in this country, that man lives by Greek and Latin alone; that is, by knowing a great many words of two dead languages, which nobody living knows perfectly, and which are of no uſe in the common intercourſe of life. Uſeful knowledge, in my opinion, conſiſts of modern languages, hiſtory, and geography; ſome Latin may be thrown into the bargain, in compliance with cuſtom, and for cloſet amuſement.

You are, by this time, certainly tired with this long letter, which I could prove to you from Horace's own words (for I am a *ſcholar*) to be a bad one; he ſays, that water-drinkers can write nothing good: ſo I am, with great truth and eſteem,

Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCIV.

Bath, October the 9th, 1770.

MADAM,

I Am extremely obliged to you for the kind part which you take in my health and life: as to the latter, I am as indifferent myſelf, as any other body can be; but as to the former, I confeſs care and anxiety; for, while I am to crawl upon this Planet, I would willingly enjoy the health at leaſt of an inſect. How far theſe waters will reſtore me to that moderate degree

of

of health, which alone I aſpire at, I have not yet given them a fair trial, having drank them but one week; the only difference, I hitherto find, is, that I ſleep better than I did.

I beg that you will neither give yourſelf, nor Mr. Fitzhugh, much trouble about the Pine plants; for, as it is three years before they fruit, I might as well, at my age, plant Oaks, and hope to have the advantage of their Timber; however, ſomebody or other, God knows who, will eat them, as ſomebody or other will fell and ſell the oaks I planted five-and-forty years ago.

I hope our boys are well; my reſpects to them both.

I am, with the greateſt truth,

Your faithful humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCV.

Bath, November the 4th, 1770.

MADAM,

THE poſt has been more favourable to you, than I intended it ſhould; for, upon my word, I anſwered your former letter, the poſt after I had received it. However you have *got a loſs*, as we ſay, ſometimes, in Ireland.

My friends, from time to time, require bills of health from me in theſe ſuſpicious times, when the Plague is buſy in ſome parts of Europe. All I can ſay, in anſwer to their kind enquiries, is, that I have not the diſtemper commonly called the Plague; but that I have all the plagues of old age, and of a ſhattered carcaſe. Theſe waters have done me what little good I expected from them; though by no means what I could have wiſhed, for I wiſhed them to be *les eaux de Jouvence*.

I had a letter, the other day, from our two boys; Charles's was very finely written, and Philip's very prettily: they are perfectly well, and ſay that they want nothing. What grown-up-people will, or can ſay as much?

I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

Madam,

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCVI.

Bath, October the 27th, 1771.

MADAM,

UPON my word, you intereſt yourſelf in the ſtate of my exiſtence, more than I do myſelf; for it is worth the care of neither of us. I ordered my *valet de chambre*, according to your orders, to inform you of my ſafe arrival here; to which I can add nothing, being neither better nor worſe than I was.

I am very glad that our boys are well, pray give them the encloſed.

I am

I am not at all ſurprized at Mr. ——'s converſion; for he was, at ſeventeen, the idol of old women, for his gravity, devotion, and dulneſs.

I am, Madam,
Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCVII.

To Charles and Philip Stanhope.

Bath, October the 27th, 1771.

I Received, a few days ago, two the beſt written letters that ever I ſaw in my life; the one ſigned Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it; for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters: but you, idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write ſo well, that one can almoſt ſay of you two, *et cantare pares et reſpondere parati*? Charles will explain this Latin to you.

I am told, Phil, that you have got a nick-name at ſchool, from your intimacy with Maſter Strangeways; and that they call you Maſter *Strangerways*; for, to be ſure, you are a ſtrange boy. Is this true?

Tell me what you would have me bring you both from hence, and I will bring it you, when I come to town. In the mean time, God bleſs you both!

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END OF THE LETTERS.

Miſcellaneous PIECES.

Some ACCOUNT of the GOVERNMENT of the Republic of the Seven UNITED PROVINCES.

THE Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces, is thought, by many, to be Democratical; but it is merely Ariſtocratical *; the people not having the leaſt ſhare in it, either themſelves, or by repreſentatives of their own chuſing: they have nothing to do but to pay and grumble.

The Sovereign Power is commonly thought to be in the States General, *as they are called*, reſiding at the Hague. It is no ſuch thing; they are only limited Deputies, obliged to conſult their Conſtituents upon every point of any importance that occurs. It is very true, that the Sovereign Power is lodged in the States General; but who are thoſe States General? Not thoſe who are commonly called ſo; but the Senate, Council, or *Vrootſchaps*, call it what you will, of every town, in every Province that ſends Deputies to the Provincial States of the ſaid Province. Theſe *Vrootſchaps* are, in truth, the States General; but, were they to aſſemble, they would amount, for aught I know, to two or three thouſand: it is therefore, for conveniency and diſpatch of buſineſs, that every Province ſends Deputies to the Hague, who are conſtantly aſſembled there; who are commonly called the States General, and in whom, many people falſely imagine, that the Sovereign Power is lodged. Theſe Deputies are choſen by the *Vrootſchaps*; but their powers are extremely circumſcribed; and they can conſent to † nothing, without writing, or returning themſelves

* The Members of the Senate, or *Vrootſchaps*, were originally elected by the burghers, in a general, and often a tumultuous aſſembly: but now, for near two hundred years, the *Vrootſchaps* found means to perſuade the people, that theſe elections were troubleſome and dangerous; and kindly took upon themſelves to elect their own Members, upon vacancies, and to keep their own body full, without troubling the people with an election: it was then that the Ariſtocracy was eſtabliſhed.

† When the Deputies of the States ſigned the Triple Alliance with Sir William Temple, in two or three days time, and without conſulting their Principals (however Sir William Temple

themſelves, to their ſeveral conſtituent towns, for inſtructions in that particular caſe. They are authoriſed to concur in matters of order; that is, to continue things in the common, current, ordinary train; but, for the leaſt innovation, the leaſt ſtep out of the ordinary courſe, new inſtructions muſt be given; either to deliberate or to conclude.

Many people are ignorant enough, to take the Province of Holland, ſingly for the Republic of the Seven United Provinces; and when they mean to ſpeak of the Republic, they ſay, * *Holland* will, or will not, do ſuch a thing: but moſt people are ignorant enough to imagine, that the Province of Holland has a legal,

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values himſelf upon it) in reality, they only ſigned *Sub Spe Rati*. The act was not valid; and had it not been ratified by the ſeveral Conſtituents of the ſeveral Provinces, it had been as *non avenu*. The Deputies, who ſigned that treaty *Sub Spe Rati*, knew well enough that conſidering the nature of the treaty, and the then ſituation of affairs, they ſhould not only be avowed, but approved of by their Maſters, the States.

* When the Province of Holland has once taken an important reſolution, of Peace, or War, or Acceſſion to any treaty, it is very probable that the other Provinces will come into that meaſure, but by no means certain: it is often a great while firſt; and when the little Provinces know that the Province of Holland has their concurrence much at heart, they will often annex conditions to it; as the little towns in Holland frequently do, when the great ones want their concurrence. As for inſtance; when I was ſoliciting the acceſſion of the Republic to the treaty of Vienna, in 1731; which the Penſionary, Comte Sinzendorf, and I, had made ſecretly at the Hague; all the towns in Holland came pretty readily into it, except the little town of Briel; whoſe Deputies frankly declared, that they would not give their conſent, till *Major ſuch-a one*, a very honeſt gentleman of their town, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and that, as ſoon as that was done, they would agree, for they approved of the treaty. This was accordingly done in two or three days, and then they agreed. This is a ſtrong inſtance of the abſurdity of the unanimity required, and of the uſe that is often made of it.

However, ſhould one, or even two, of the leſſer Provinces, who contribute little, and often pay leſs to the public charge, obſtinately and frivolouſly, or perhaps corruptly, perſiſt in oppoſing a meaſure which Holland, and the other more conſiderable Provinces thought neceſſary, and had agreed to, they would ſend a Deputation to thoſe oppoſing Provinces, to reaſon with, and to perſuade them to concur; but if this would not do, they would, as they have done in many inſtances, conclude without them. The ſame thing is done in the Provincial States of the reſpective Provinces; where, if one or two of the leaſt conſiderable

a legal, a conſtitutional power over the other ſix; whereas, by the Act of Union, the little Province of *Groningen* is as much Sovereign as the Province of Holland. The Seven Provinces are Seven diſtinct Sovereignties, confederated together in one Republic; no one having any ſuperiority over, or dependence upon, any other: nay, in point of precedence, Holland is but the ſecond, *Gueldres* being the firſt. It is very natural to ſuppoſe, and it is very true in fact, that Holland, from its ſuperiority of ſtrength and riches, and paying 58 *per cent.* ſhould have great weight and influence in the other ſix Provinces; but power it has none.

The unanimity, which is conſtitutionally requiſite for every act of each Town, and each Province, ſeparately; and then for every act of the Seven collectively; is ſomething ſo abſurd, and ſo impracticable in government, that one is aſtoniſhed, that even the form of it has been tolerated ſo long; for the ſubſtance is not ſtrictly obſerved. And five Provinces will often conclude, though two diſſent, provided that Holland and Zeland are two of the five. As fourteen or fifteen of the principal towns of Holland will conclude an affair, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of four or five of the leſſer. I cannot help conjecturing, that William the firſt Prince of Orange, called the *Taciturne*, the ableſt man, without diſpute, of the age he lived in, not excepting even the Admiral Coligny *, and who had the modelling of the Republic as he pleaſed; I conjecture, I ſay, that the Prince of Orange would never have ſuffered ſuch an abſurdity to have crippled that government, which he was at the head of, if he had not thought it uſeful to himſelf and his family. He covered the greateſt ambition with the greateſt modeſty, and declined the inſignificant, outward ſigns, as much as he deſired the ſolid ſubſtance of power: Might he not therefore think, that this abſurd, though requiſite unanimity, made a Stadthouder abſolutely neceſſary, to render the government practicable? In which caſe he was ſure the Stadthouder would always be taken out of his family; and he minded things, not names. The

conſiderable towns pertinaciouſly oppoſe a neceſſary meaſure, they conclude without them. But as this is abſolutely unconſtitutional, it is avoided as much as poſſible, and a complete unanimity procured, if it can be, by ſuch little conceſſions as that which I have mentioned to the Briel Major.

* I am perſuaded, that had the *Taciturne* been in the place of the Admiral Coligny, he would never have been prevailed upon to have come to Paris, and to have put himſelf into the power of thoſe two monſters of perfidy and cruelty, Catharine of Medicis and Charles the Ninth. His prudent eſcape from Flanders is a proof of it; when he rather choſe to be *Prince ſans terre* than *Prince ſans tête*.

Penſionary * thinks this conjecture probable; and as we were talking the other day, confidentially, upon this ſubject, we both agreed that this monſtrous and impracticable unanimity, required by the conſtitution, was alone ſufficient to bring about a Stadthouder, in ſpite of all the meaſures of the Republican party to prevent it. He confeſſed to me, that upon his being made Penſionary, he entered into ſolemn engagements, not to contribute, directly nor indirectly, to any change of the preſent form of government, and that he would ſcrupulouſly obſerve thoſe engagements; but that he foreſaw that the defects in their form of government, and the abuſes crept into every part of it, would infallibly produce a † Stadthouder, tumultuouſly impoſed upon the Republic, by an inſurrection of the populace, as in the caſe of King William I told him, that, in my opinion, if that were to happen a ſecond time, the Stadthouder ſo made would be their King ‡. He ſaid, he believed ſo too; and that he had urged all this to the moſt conſiderable Members of the Government, and the moſt jealous Republicans. That he had even formed a plan, which he had laid before them, as the only poſſible one to prevent this impending danger. That a Stadthouder was originally the chief ſpring upon which their government turned; and that, if they would have no Stadthouder, they muſt ſubſtitute a *ſuccedaneum*. That one part of that *ſuccedaneum* muſt be to aboliſh the unanimity required by the preſent form of government, and which only a Stadthouder could

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* Monſieur Slingelandt, the ableſt Miniſter, and the honeſteſt man I ever knew. I may juſtly call him my Friend, my Maſter, and my Guide, For I was then quite new in buſineſs; he inſtructed me, he loved, he truſted me.

† It hath ſince appeared that he judged very rightly.

‡ And ſo he ought to be now, even for the ſake and preſervation of the Seven Provinces. The neceſſary principle of a Republic, *Virtue*, ſubſiſts no longer there. The great riches of private people (though the public is poor) have long ago extinguiſhed that principle, and deſtroyed the equality neceſſary to a Commonwealth. A Commonwealth is unqueſtionably, upon paper, the moſt rational and equitable form of government; but it is as unqueſtionably impracticable, in all countries where riches have introduced luxury, and a great inequality of conditions. It will only do in thoſe Countries that poverty keeps virtuous. In England, it would very ſoon grow a tyrannical Ariſtocracy; ſoon afterwards, an Oligarchy; and ſoon after that an abſolute Monarchy: from the ſame cauſes that Denmark, in the laſt century, became ſo: the intolerable oppreſſion of the bulk of the people, from thoſe whom they looked upon as their equals. If the young Stadthouder has abilities, he will, when he grows up, get all the powers of a limited Monarchy, ſuch as England, no matter under what name; and, if he is really wiſe, he will deſire no more: if the people are wiſe, they will give it him.

could render practicable, by his influence. That the abuſes which were crept into the military part of the government, muſt be corrected, or that they alone, if they were ſuffered to go on, would make a Stadthouder: in order that the army and the navy, which the public paid for, might be of ſome uſe, which at preſent they were not. That he had laid theſe and many other conſiderations of the like nature before them; in the hopes of one of theſe two things; either to prevail with them to make a Stadthouder unneceſſary, by a juſt reformation of the abuſes of the government, and ſubſtituting a majority, or at moſt, two thirds, to the abſurd and impracticable unanimity now requiſite. Or, if they would not come into thoſe preventive regulations, that they would treat amicably with the Prince of Orange, and give him the *Stadthouderat*, under ſtrict limitations, and with effectual proviſions for their liberty. But they would liſten to neither of theſe expedients; the firſt affected the private intereſts of moſt of the conſiderable people of the Republic, whoſe power and profit aroſe from thoſe abuſes. And the ſecond was too contrary to the violent paſſions and prejudices of Meſſrs. d'Obdam, Booteſler, Hallewyn, and other Heads of the high Republican party. Upon this, I ſaid to the Penſionary, that he had fully proved to me, not only that there would, but that there ought to be a Stadthouder. He replied, "There will moſt certainly be one, and you are young enough "to live to ſee it. I hope I ſhall be out of the way firſt; but "if I am not out of the world at that time, I will be out of my "place, and paſs the poor remainder of my life in quiet. I "only pray that our new Maſter, whenever we have him, may "be gently given us. My friend, the Greffier *, thinks a "Stadthouder abſolutely neceſſary to ſave the Republic, and "ſo do I, as much as he, if they will not accept of the other "expedient; but we are in very different ſituations; he is un- "no engagements to the contrary, and I am." He then aſked me, in confidence, whether I had any Inſtructions to promote the Prince of Orange's views and intereſt. I told him truly that I had not; but that, however, I would do it, as far as ever I could, quietly and privately. That he himſelf had convinced me that it was for the intereſt of the Republic, which I honoured and wiſhed well to; and alſo that it would be a much more efficient Ally to England, under that form of government. "I muſt own," replied he, "that at preſent we have nei- "ther ſtrength, ſecrecy, nor diſpatch." I ſaid that I knew that but too well, by my own experience; and I added (laughing)

* The Greffier Fagel, who had been *Greffier*, that is Secretary of State, above fifty years. He had the deepeſt knowledge of buſineſs, and the ſoundeſt judgment, of any man I ever knew in my life: but he had not that quick, that intuitive ſagacity, which the Penſionary Slingelandt had. He has often owned to me, that he thought things were gone too for any other remedy but a Stadthouder.

ing) that I looked upon him as the Prince of Orange's greateſt enemy; and upon that Prince's violent and impetuous enemies † to be his beſt friends; for that, if his (the Penſionary's) plan were to take place, the Prince would have very little hopes. He interrupted me here, with ſaying, *Ne craignez rien, Milord, de ce coté la; mon plan bleſſe trop l'interêt particulier, pour etrê reçeu à preſent que l'amour du public n'exiſte plus* ‡. I thought this converſation too remarkable, not to write down the heads of it when I came home.

The Republic has hardly any Navy at all; the ſingle fund for the Marine being the ſmall duties upon exports and imports; which

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* Theſe hot-headed Republicans puſhed things with the unjuſteſt acrimony againſt the Prince of Orange. They denied him his rank in the army; and they kept him out of the poſſeſſion of the Marquiſat of Teryere and Fleſſingen, which were his own patrimony; and, by theſe means gave him the merit with the people of being unjuſtly oppreſſed.

Had he been an abler man himſelf, or better adviſed by others, he might have availed himſelf, much more ſolidly than he did, of the affection, or rather the fury, of the people, in his favour, when they tumultuouſly made him Stadthouder; but he did not know the value and importance of thoſe warm moments, in which he might have fixed and clinched his power. Dazzled with the ſhow and trappings of power, he did not enough attend to the ſubſtance. He attempted a thing impoſſible, which was, to pleaſe every body: he heard every body, begun every thing, and finiſhed nothing. When the people, in their fury, made him Stadthouder, they deſired nothing better than totally to diſſolve the Republican form of government. He ſhould have let them. The tumultuous love of the populace muſt be ſeized and enjoyed in its firſt tranſports; there is no hoarding of it to uſe upon occaſions; it will not keep. The moſt conſiderable people of the former government would gladly have compounded for their lives, and would have thought themſelves very well off in the caſtle of Louveſtein; where one of the Prince of Orange's predeceſſors ſent ſome of their anceſtors, in times much leſs favourable. An affected moderation made him loſe that moment. The government is now in a diſjointed, looſe ſtate. Her R. H. the Gouvernante has not power enough to do much good; and yet ſhe has more power than authority. Peace and œconomy, both public and domeſtic, ſhould, therefore, be the ſole objects of her politics, during the minority of her ſon. The Public is almoſt a bankrupt; and her ſon's private fortune extremely incumbered. She hath ſenſe and ambition; but it is, ſtill, the ſenſe and ambition of a woman; that is *inconſequential*. What remains to be done, requires a firm, manly, and vigorous mind.

‡ *Never fear, my Lord; a plan ſo prejudicial to private intereſt will not be adopted, where Patriotiſm no longer ſubſiſts.*

which duties are not half collected, by the connivance of the Magiſtrates themſelves, who are intereſted in the ſmuggling: ſo that the Republic has now no other title, but courteſy to the name of a Maritime Power. Their trade decreaſes daily, and their national debt increaſes. I have good reaſon to believe, that it amounts to, at leaſt, fifty millions ſterling.

The decreaſe of their Herring fiſhery, from what it appears by Monſieur de Wit's Memoirs of Holland, in his time, is incredible; and will be much greater, now that we are, at laſt, wiſe enough to take our own Herrings upon our own coaſts.

They do not, now get, by freight, one quarter of what they uſed to get: they were the general ſea carriers of all Europe. The act of navigation, paſſed in Cromwell's time, and afterwards confirmed in Charles the IId's gave the firſt blow to that branch of their profit; and now we carry more than they do. Their only profitable remaining branches of commerce, are their trade to the Eaſt-Indies; where they have engroſſed the Spices; and their illicit trade in America, from Surinam, St. Euſtatia, Curaçoa, *&c*

Their woollen and ſilk manufactures bear not the leaſt compariſon with ours, neither in quantity, quality, nor exportation.

Their *police* is ſtill excellent, and is now the only remains of that prudence, vigilance, and good diſcipline, which formerly made them eſteemed, reſpected, and courted.

MAXIMS. By the Earl of CHESTERFIELD*.

A Proper ſecrecy is the only myſtery of able men; myſtery is the only ſecrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A Man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told him.

If a fool knows a ſecret, he tells it becauſe he is a fool: if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his intereſt to tell it. But women, and young men, are very apt to tell what ſecrets they know, from the vanity of having been truſted. Truſt none of theſe, whenever you can help it.

Inattention to the preſent buſineſs, be it what it will; the doing one thing, and thinking at the ſame time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once; are the never-failing ſigns of a little, frivolous mind.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, ſhould not think of being a man of buſineſs, The weakeſt man in the world can avail himſelf of the paſſion of the wiſeſt. The inattentive man cannot know the buſineſs, and conſequently cannot do it. And he who cannot command his

* Theſe Maxims are referred to in Letter LXXV. of this Volume.

his countenance, may e'en as well tell his thoughts as ſhew them.

Diſtruſt all thoſe who love you extremely upon a very ſlight acquaintance, and without any viſible reaſon. Be upon your guard, too, againſt thoſe, who confeſs, as their weakneſſes, all the cardinal virtues.

In your friendſhips, and in your enmities, let your confidence, and your hoſtilities have certain bounds: make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcileable. There are ſtrange viciſſitudes in buſineſs!

Smooth your way to the head, through the heart. The way of reaſon is a good one; but it is commonly ſomething longer, and perhaps not ſo ſure.

Spirit is now a very faſhionable word: to act with Spirit, to ſpeak with Spirit, means only, to act raſhly, and to talk indiſcreetly. An able man ſhoweth his Spirit, by gentle words and reſolute actions: he is neither hot nor timid.

When a man of ſenſe happens to be in that diſagreeable ſituation, in which he is obliged to aſk himſelf, more than once, *What ſhall I do?* He will anſwer himſelf, Nothing. When his reaſon points out to him no good way, or at leaſt no one way leſs bad than another, he will ſtop ſhort, and wait for light. —A little, buſy mind runs on at all events, muſt be doing; and, like a blind horſe, fears no dangers, becauſe he ſees none. *Il faut ſçavoir s'ennuïer.*

Patience is a moſt neceſſary qualification for buſineſs: many a man would rather you heard his ſtory, than granted his requeſt. One muſt ſeem to hear the unreaſonable demands of the petulant, unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull, untired. That is the leaſt price that a man muſt pay for a high ſtation.

It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expoſe either. A man of buſineſs ſhould always have his eyes open; but muſt often ſeem to have them ſhut.

In Courts, nobody ſhould be below your management and attention: the links that form the Court chain are innumerable and inconceiveable. You muſt hear with patience the dull grievances of a Gentleman Uſher, or a Page of the Back-ſtairs; who, very probably, lies with ſome near relation of the favourite maid, of the favourite Miſtreſs, of the favourite Miniſter, or perhaps of the King himſelf; and who, conſequently, may do you more dark and indirect good, or harm, than the firſt man of Quality.

One good patron at Court may be ſufficient, provided you have no perſonal enemies; and, in order to have none, you muſt ſacrifice (as the Indians do to the Devil) moſt of your paſſions, and much of your time, to the numberleſs evil Beings that infeſt it: in order to prevent and avert the miſchiefs they can do you.

A young

A young man, be his merit what it will, can never raiſe himſelf; but muſt, like the ivy round the oak, twine himſelf round ſome man of great power and intereſt. You muſt belong to a Miniſter ſome time, before any body will belong to you. And an inviolable fidelity to that Miniſter, even in his diſgrace, will be meritorious, and recommend you to the next. Miniſters love a perſonal, much more than a party attachment.

As Kings are begotten and born like other men, it is to be preſumed that they are of the human ſpecies; and, perhaps, had they the ſame education, they might prove like other men. But, flattered from their cradles, their hearts are corrupted, and their heads are turned, ſo that they ſeem to be a ſpecies by themſelves. No King ever ſaid to himſelf, *Homo ſum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.*

Flattery cannot be too ſtrong for them; drunk with it from their infancy, like old drinkers, they require drams.

They prefer a perſonal attachment to a public ſervice, and reward it better. They are vain and weak enough to look upon it as a free-will offering to their merit, and not as a burnt ſacrifice to their power.

If you would be a favourite of your King, addreſs yourſelf to his weakneſſes. An application to his reaſon will ſeldom prove very ſucceſsful.

In Courts, baſhfulneſs and timidity are as prejudicial on one hand, as impudence and raſhneſs are on the other. A ſteady aſſurance, and a cool intrepidity, with an exterior modeſty, are the true and neceſſary medium.

Never apply for what you ſee very little probability of obtaining; for you will, by aſking improper and unattainable things, accuſtom the Miniſters to refuſe you ſo often, that they will find it eaſy to refuſe you the propereſt, and moſt reaſonable ones. It is a common, but a moſt miſtaken rule at Court, to aſk for every thing in order to get ſomething: you do get ſomething by it, it is true; but that ſomething is, refuſals and ridicule.

There is a Court jargon, a chit-chat, a ſmall talk, which turns ſingly upon trifles; and which, in a great many words, ſays little or nothing. It ſtands fools in ſtead of what they cannot ſay, and men of ſenſe inſtead of what they ſhould not ſay. It is the proper language of Levées, Drawing-rooms, and Antichambers: it is neceſſary to know it.

Whatever a man is at Court, he muſt be genteel and well bred; that cloak covers as many follies, as that of charity doth ſins. I knew a man of great quality, and in a great ſtation at Court, conſidered and reſpected, whoſe higheſt character was, that he was humbly proud, and genteely dull.

It is hard to ſay, which is the greateſt fool; he who tells the whole truth, or he who tells no truth at all. Character is as neceſſary in buſineſs as in trade. No man can deceive often in either.

At Court, people embrace without acquaintance, ſerve one another without friendſhip, and injure one another without hatred. Intereſt, not ſentiment, is the growth of that ſoil.

A difference of opinion, though in the mereſt trifles, alienates little minds, eſpecially of high rank. It is full as eaſy to commend as to blame a great man's cook, or his taylor; it is ſhorter too; and the objects are no more worth diſputing about, than the people are worth diſputing with. It is impoſſible to inform, but very eaſy to diſpleaſe them.

A chearful, eaſy countenance and behaviour, are very uſeful at Court: they make fools think you a good-natured man; and they make deſigning men think you an undeſigning one.

There are ſome occaſions in which a man muſt tell half his ſecret, in order to conceal the reſt; but there is ſeldom one in which a man ſhould tell it all. Great ſkill is neceſſary to know how far to go, and where to ſtop.

Ceremony is neceſſary in Courts, as the outwork and defence of manners.

Flattery, though a baſe coin, is the neceſſary pocket-money at Court; where, by cuſtom and conſent, it has obtained ſuch a currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent, but a legal payment.

If a Miniſter refuſes you a reaſonable requeſt, and either ſlights or injures you; if you have not the power to gratify your reſentment, have the wiſdom to conceal and diſſemble it. Seeming good-humour on your part may prevent rancour on his, and, perhaps, bring things right again: but if you have the power to hurt, hint modeſtly, that if provoked, you may, poſſibly, have the will too. Fear, when real, and well founded, is perhaps, a more prevailing motive at Courts than love.

At Court, many more people can hurt, than can help you; pleaſe the former, but engage the latter.

Awkwardneſs is a more real diſadvantage, than it is generally thought to be; it often occaſions ridicule, it always leſſens dignity.

A man's own good-breeding is his beſt ſecurity againſt other people's ill manners.

Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity, that is reſpected by the moſt petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the moſt timid. No man ever ſaid a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever ſaid a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole.

When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage in King William's time; to prevent the like for the future, they ſtamped on the edges of the crown pieces, theſe words, *et Decus et Tutamen*. That is exactly the caſe of good-breeding.

Knowledge may give weight, but accompliſhments only give luſtre; and many more people ſee than weigh.

Moſt arts require long ſtudy and application; but the moſt uſeful art of all, that of pleaſing, requires only the deſire.

It

It is to be presumed, that a man of common sense, who does not desire to please, desires nothing at all; since he must know that he cannot obtain any thing without it.

A skilful Negotiator will most carefully distinguish between the little and the great objects of his business, and will be as frank and open in the former, as he will be secret and pertinacious in the latter.

He will, by his manners and address, endeavour, at least, to make his public adversaries his personal friends. He will flatter and engage the Man, while he counterworks the Minister; and he will never alienate people's minds from him, by wrangling for points, either absolutely unattainable, or not worth attaining. He will make even a merit of giving up, what he could not or would not carry, and sell a trifle for a thousand times its value.

A foreign Minister, who is concerned in great affairs, must necessarily have spies in his pay; but he must not too easily credit their informations, which are never exactly true, often very false. His best spies will always be those whom he does not pay, but whom he has engaged in his service by his dexterity and address, and who think themselves nothing less than spies.

There is a certain jargon, which in French, I should call *un Persiflage d' Affaires*, that a foreign Minister ought to be perfectly master of, and may use very advantageously at great entertainments, in mixed companies, and in all occasions where he must speak, and should say nothing. Well turned and well spoken, it seems to mean something, though in truth it means nothing. It is a kind of political *badinage*, which prevents or removes a thousand difficulties, to which a foreign Minister is exposed in mixed conversations.

If ever the *Volto sciolto*, and the *Pensieri stretti* are necessary, they are so in these affairs. A grave, dark, reserved and mysterious air, has *fœnum in cornu*. An even, easy, unembarrassed one invites confidence, and leaves no room for guesses and conjectures.

Both simulation and dissimulation are absolutely necessary for a foreign Minister; and yet they must stop short of falsehood and perfidy: that middle point is the difficult one: there ability consists. He must often seem pleased, when he is vexed; and grave when he is pleased; but he must never say either: that would be falsehood, an indelible stain to character.

A foreign Minister should be a most exact œconomist; an expence proportioned to his appointments and fortune is necessary: but, on the other hand, debt is inevitable ruin to him. It sinks him into disgrace at the Court where he resides, and into the most servile and abject dependance on the Court that sent him. As he cannot resent ill usage, he is sure to have enough of it.

The

The Duc de Sully obſerves very juſtly, in his Memoirs, that nothing contributed more to his riſe, than that prudent œconomy which he had obſerved from his youth; and by which he had always a ſum of money before hand, in caſe of emergencies.

It is very difficult to fix the particular point of œconomy; the beſt error of the two, is on the parſimonious ſide. That may be corrected, the other cannot.

The reputation of generoſity is to be purchaſed pretty cheap; it does not depend ſo much upon a man's general expence, as it does upon his giving handſomely where it is proper to give at all. A man, for inſtance, who ſhould give a ſervant four ſhillings, would paſs for covetous, while he who gave him a crown, would be reckoned generous: ſo that the difference of theſe two oppoſite characters, turns upon one ſhilling. A man's character, in that particular, depends a great deal upon the report of his own ſervants; a mere trifle above common wages, makes their report favourable.

Take care always to form your eſtabliſhment ſo much within your income, as to leave a ſufficient ſum for unexpected contingencies, and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year, in any man's life, in which a ſmall ſum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage. *

POLITICAL MAXIMS of the Cardinal DE RETZ, in his Memoirs; and the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S Remarks.

1. IL y a ſouvent de la folie à conjurer; mais il n'y a rien de pareil pour faire les gens ſages dans la ſuite: au moins pour quelque tems. Comme le péril dans ces ſortes d'affaires dure même aprés les occaſions, l'on eſt prudent et circonſpect dans les momens qui les ſuivent.

2. Un eſprit médiocre, et ſuſceptible par conſequent d'injuſtes défiances, eſt de tous les caractérs; celui qui eſt le plus oppoſé à un bon chef de Parti dont la qualité la plus ſouvent et la plus indiſpenſablement néceſſaire, eſt de ſupprimer en beaucoup d'occaſions, et de cacher en toutes, les ſoupçons même les plus légitimes.

3. Rien n'anime et n' appuïe plus un mouvement, que le ridicule de celui contre lequel on le fait.

4. Le ſecret n'eſt pas ſi rare qu'on le croit, entre des gens qui ſont accoutumés à ſe mêler des grandes affaires.

5. Deſcendre juſqu'aux petits eſt le plus ſur moïen de s' égaler aux grands.

6. La

* Upon the back of the original is written, in Mr. Stanhope's hand, "Excellent Maxims, but more calculated for the "Meridian of France or Spain, than of England."

6. La mode qui a du pouvoir en toutes choſes, ne l'a ſi ſenſiblement en aucune, qu'à être bien ou mal à la Cour: il y a des tems ou la diſgrace eſt une maniére de feu qui purifie toutes les mauvaiſes qualitez, et qui illumine toutes les bonnes ; il y a des tems ou il ne ſied pas bien à un honnête homme d'être diſgracié.

7. La ſouffrance aux perſonnes d'un grand rang, tient lieu d'une grande vertu.

8. Il y a une eſpéce de gallimatias que la pratique fait connoitre quelquefois, mais que la ſpéculation ne fait jamais entendre.

9. Toutes les Puiſſances ne peuvent rien contre la réputation d'un homme qui ſe la conſerve dans ſon Corps.

10. On eſt auſſi ſouvent dupe par la défiance que par la confiance.

11. L'extremité du mal n'eſt jamais à ſon période, que quand ceux qui commandent ont perdu la honte ; parce que c'eſt juſtement le moment dans lequel ceux qui obéiſſent perdent le reſpect ; et c'eſt dans ce même moment que l'on revient de la léthargie : mais par des convulſions.

12. Il y a un voile qui doit toujours couvrir tout ce que l'on peut dire, et tout ce que l'on peut croire du Droit des Peuples et de celui des Rois, qui ne s'accordent jamais ſi bien enſemble que dans le ſilence.

13. Il y a des conjonctures dans leſquelles on ne peut plus faire que des fautes ; mais la fortune ne met jamais les hommes dans cet état, qui eſt de tous le plus malheureux, et perſonne n'y tombe que ceux qui s'y précipitent par leur faute.

14. Il ſied plus mal à un Miniſtre de dire des ſottiſes, que d'en faire.

15. Les avis que l'on donne à un Miniſtre paſſent pour des crimes, toutes les fois qu'on ne lui eſt point agréable.

16. Auprès des Princes, il eſt auſſi dangereux, et preſqu' auſſi criminel, de pouvoir le bien que de vouloir le mal.

17. Il eſt bien plus naturel à la peur de conſulter que de décider.

18. Cette circonſtance paroit ridicule ; mais elle eſt fondée. A Paris, dans les émotions populaires, les plus échauffez ne veulent pas, ce qu'ils appellent, *ſe déſheurer*.

19. La fléxibilité eſt de toutes les qualitez la plus néceſſaire pour le maniement des grandes affaires.

20. On a plus de peine dans les Partis, de vivre avec ceux qui en ſont, qu'à agir contre ceux qui y ſont oppoſez.

21. Les plus grands dangers ont leurs charmes, pour peu que l'on appercoive de gloire dans la perſpective des mauvais ſuccès ; les médiocres dangers n'ont que des horreurs, quand la perte de la reputation eſt attachée à la mauvaiſe fortune.

22. Les extrêmes ſont toujours facheux. Mais ce ſont des moïens ſages quand ils ſont néceſſaires : ce qu'ils ont de conſolant

lant c'eſt qu'ils ne ſont jamais médiocres, et qu'ils ſont déciſifs quand ils ſont bons.

23. Il y a des conjonctures ou la prudence même ordonne de ne conſulter que le chapitre des accidens.

24. Il n'y a rien dans le monde qui n'aïe ſon moment déciſif; et le chef d'œuvre de la bonne conduite, eſt de connoître et de prendre ce moment.

25. L'abomination joint au ridicule fait le plus dangereux et le plus irremediable de tous les compoſez.

26. Les gens foibles ne plient jamais quand ils le doivent.

27. Rien ne touche et n'emeut tant les peuples, et même les Compagnies, qui tiennent beaucoup du peuple, que la varieté des ſpectacles.

28. Les exemples du paſſé touchent ſans comparaiſon plus les hommes, que ceux de leur ſiecle: nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voïons; et peutêtre que le Conſulat du Cheval de Caligula, ne nous auroit pas tant ſurpris, que nous nous l'imaginons.

29. Les hommes foibles ſe laiſſent aller ordinairement au plus rand bruit.

30. Il ne faut jamais conteſter ce qu'on ne croit pas pouvoir obtenir.

31. Le moment ou l'on reçoit les plus heureuſes nouvelles, eſt juſtement celui ou il faut redoubler ſon attention pour les petites.

32. Le pouvoir dans les peuples eſt fâcheux en ce qu'il nous rend reſponſables de ce qu'ils font malgré nous.

33. L'une des plus grandes incommoditez des guerres civiles, eſt, qu'il faut encore plus d'application à ce que l'on ne doit pas dire à ſes amis, qu' à ce que l'on doit faire contre ſes ennemis.

34. Il n'y a point de qualité qui dépare tant un grand homme, que de n'être pas juſte à prendre le moment déciſif de la reputation. L'on ne le manque preſque jamais que pour mieux prendre celui de la fortune; c'eſt en quoi l'on ſe trompe, pour l'ordinaire, doublement.

35. La vue la plus commune dans les imprudences, c'eſt celle que l'on a, de la poſſibilité des reſſources.

36. Toute Compagnie eſt peuple; ainſi tout y dépend des inſtans.

37. Tout ce qui paroit hazardeux, et qui pourtant ne l'eſt pas, eſt preſque toujours ſage.

38. Les gens irréſolus prennent toujours, avec facilité, les ouvertures qui les menent à deux chemins, et qui par conſéquent ne les preſſent pas d'opter.

39. Il n'y a point de petits pas dans les grandes affaires.

40. Il y a des tems ou certaines gens ont toujours raiſon.

41. Rien ne perſuade tant les gens qui ont peu de ſens que ce qu'ils n'entendent pas.

42. Il

42. Il n'eſt pas ſage de faire, dans les factions, ou l'on n'eſt que ſur la défenſive, ce qui n'eſt pas preſſé. Mais l'inquiétude des ſubalternes, eſt la choſe la plus incommode dans ces rencontres ; ils croïent que, dès qu'on n'agit pas, on eſt perdu.

43. Les chefs dans les factions n'en ſont les maîtres, qu'autant qu'ils ſçavent prévenir ou appaiſer les murmures.

44. Quand la traïeur eſt venue à un certain point, elle produit les mêmes effets que la témérité.

45. Il eſt auſſi néceſſaire de choiſir les mots dans les grandes affaires, qu'il eſt ſuperflu de les choiſir dans les petites.

46. Rien n'eſt plus rare ni plus difficile aux Miniſtres qu'un certain ménagement dans le calme qui ſuit immédiatement les grandes tempêtes, parce que la flatterie y redouble, et que la défiance n'y eſt pas éteinte.

47. Il ne faut pas nous choquer ſi fort des fautes de ceux qui ſont nos amis, que nous en donnions de l'avantage à ceux contre leſquels nous agiſſons.

48. Le talent d'inſinuer eſt plus utile que celui de perſuader, parce que l'on peut inſinuer à tout le monde, et que l'on ne perſuade preſque jamais perſonne.

49. Dans les matiéres qui ne ſont pas favorables par elles-mêmes, tout changement qui n'eſt pas néceſſaire eſt pernicieux, parce qu'il eſt odieux.

50. Il faute faire voir à ceux qui ſont naturellement foibles toutes ſortes d'abîmes : parce que c'eſt le vrai moïen de les obliger de ſe jetter dans le premier chemin qu'on leur ouvre.

51. L'on doit hazarder le poſſible toutes les fois que l'on ſe ſent en état de profiter même du manquement de ſuccès.

52 Les hommes irréſolus ſe déterminent difficilement pour les moïens, quoique même ils ſoïent déterminés pour la fin.

53. C'eſt preſque jeu ſur avec les hommes fourbes, de leur faire croire que l'on veut tromper ceux que l'on veut ſervir.

54. L'un des plus grands embarras que l'on ait avec les Princes, c'eſt que l'on eſt ſouvent obligé, par la conſidération de leur propre ſervice, de leur donner des conſeils dont on ne peut pas leur dire les véritables raiſons.

55. Quand on ſe trouve obligé de faire un diſcours que l'on prévoit ne devoir pas agréer, l'on ne peut lui donner trop d'apparence de ſincerité : parce que c'eſt l'unique moïen de l'adoucir.

56. On ne doit jamais ſe jouer avec la faveur, on ne la peut trop embraſſer quand elle eſt véritable ; on ne la peut trop éloigner quand elle eſt fauſſe.

57. Il y a de l'inconvenient à s'engager ſur des ſuppoſitions de ce que l'on croit impoſſible ; et pourtant il n'y a rien de ſi commun.

58. La plûpart des hommes examinent moins les raiſons de ce qu'on leur propoſe contre leur ſentiment, que celles qui peuvent obliger, celui qui les propoſe, de s'en ſervir.

59. Tout

59. Tout ce qui eſt vuide dans les tems de faction et d'intrigue, paſſe pour myſtérieux dans les eſprits de ceux qui ne ſont pas accoutumez aux grandes affaires.

60. Il n'eſt jamais permis à un inférieur de s'égaler en paroles à celui à qui il doit du reſpect, quoi qu'il s'y égale dans l'action.

61. Tout homme que la fortune ſeule, par quelque accident, a fait homme public, devient preſque toujours avec un peu de tems un particulier ridicule.

62. La plus grande imperfection des hommes eſt la complaiſance, qu'ils trouvent, à ſe perſuader que les autres ne ſont point éxemts des défaults qu'ils ſe reconnoiſſent à eux mêmes.

63. Il n'y a que l'expérience qui puiſſe apprendre aux hommes à ne pas préférer ce qui les pique dans le preſent, à ce qui les doit toucher bien plus eſſentiellement dans l'avenir.

64. Il faut s'appliquer, avec ſoin, dans les grandes affaires encore plus que dans les autres, à ſe défendre du goût qu'on trouve pour la plaiſanterie.

65. On ne peut aſſez peſer les moindres mots, dans les grandes affaires.

66. Il n'y a que la continuation du bonheur qui fixe la plupart des amitiez.

67. Quiconque aſſemble le peuple, l'émeut.

TRANSLATION of Cardinal DE RETZ's Political MAXIMS.

1. IT is often madneſs to engage in a conſpiracy; but nothing is ſo effectual to bring people afterwards to their ſenſes, at leaſt for a time. As in ſuch undertakings, the danger ſubſiſts, even after the buſineſs is over; this obliges to be prudent and circumſpect in the ſucceeding moments.

2. A middling underſtanding, being ſuſceptible of unjuſt ſuſpicions, is, conſequently, of all characters, the leaſt fit to head a faction. As the moſt indiſpenſable qualification in ſuch a Chief, is, to ſuppreſs, in many occaſions, and to conceal in all, even the beſt-grounded ſuſpicions.

3. Nothing animates and gives ſtrength to a commotion, ſo much as the ridicule of him againſt whom it is raiſed.

4. Among people uſed to affairs of moment, ſecreſy is much leſs uncommon than is generally believed.

5. Deſcending to the Little, is the ſureſt way of attaining to an equality with the Great.

6. Faſhion, though powerful in all things, is not more ſo in any, than in being well or ill at Court. There are times, when diſgrace is a kind of fire, that purifies all bad qualities, and illuminates every good one. There are others, in which the being out of favour is unbecoming a man of character.

7. Sufferings, in people of the firſt rank, ſupply the want of virtue.

8. There

8. There is a confuſed kind of jumble, which practice ſometimes teaches; but never to be underſtood by ſpeculation.

9. The greateſt Powers cannot injure a man's character, whoſe reputation is unblemiſhed among his party.

10. We are as often duped by diffidence, as by confidence.

11. The greateſt evils are not arrived at their utmoſt period, until thoſe who are in power have loſt all ſenſe of ſhame. At ſuch a time, thoſe who ſhould obey, ſhake off all reſpect and ſubordination. Then is lethargic indolence rouſed; but rouſed by convulſions.

12. A veil ought always to be drawn over whatever may be ſaid or thought concerning the rights of the People, or of Kings; which agree beſt when leaſt mentioned *.

13. There are, at times, ſituations ſo very unfortunate, that whatever is undertaken muſt be wrong. Chance, alone, never throws people into ſuch dilemmas; and they happen only to thoſe who bring them upon themſelves.

14. It is more unbecoming a Miniſter to ſay, than to do ſilly things.

15. The advice given to a Miniſter by an obnoxious perſon, is always thought bad.

16. It is as dangerous, and almoſt as criminal, with Princes, to have the power of doing good, as the will of doing evil.

17. Timorous minds are much more inclined to deliberate than to reſolve.

18. It appears ridiculous to aſſert, but it is not the leſs true, that at Paris, during popular commotions, the moſt violent will not quit their homes paſt a ſtated hour.

19. Flexibility is the moſt requiſite qualification for the management of great affairs.

20. It is more difficult for the member of a faction to live with thoſe of his own party, than to act againſt thoſe who oppoſe it.

21. The greateſt dangers have their allurements, if the want of ſucceſs is likely to be attended with a degree of glory. Middling dangers are horrid, when the loſs of reputation is the inevitable conſequence of ill ſucceſs.

22. Violent meaſures are always dangerous, but when neceſſary, may then be looked upon as wiſe. They have, however, the advantage of never being matter of indifferency; and, when well concerted, muſt be deciſive.

23. There may be circumſtances, in which even prudence directs us to truſt entirely to chance.

24. Every thing in this world has its critical moment; and the height of good conduct conſiſts in knowing, and ſeizing it.

25. Profligacy, joined to ridicule, form the moſt abominable and moſt dangerous of all characters.

* This Maxim, as well as ſeveral others, evidently prove they were written by a man ſubject to deſpotic government.

26. Weak minds never yield when they ought.

27. Variety of ſights have the greateſt effect upon the mob, and alſo upon numerous aſſemblies, who, in many reſpects, reſemble mob.

28. Examples taken from paſt times have infinitely more power over the minds of men, than any of the age in which they live. Whatever we ſee, grows familiar; and perhaps the Conſulſhip of Caligula's Horſe might not have aſtoniſhed us ſo much as we are apt to imagine.

29 Weak minds are commonly overpowered by clamour.

30. We ought never to contend for what we are not likely to obtain.

31 The inſtant in which we receive the moſt favourable accounts, is juſt that wherein we ought to redouble our vigilance, even in regard to the moſt trifling circumſtances.

32. It is dangerous to have a known influence over the people; as thereby we become reſponſible even for what is done againſt our will.

33. One of the greateſt difficulties in civil war is, that more art is required to know what ſhould be concealed from our friends, than what ought to be done againſt our enemies.

34. Nothing lowers a great man ſo much, as not ſeizing the deciſive moment of raiſing his reputation. This is ſeldom neglected, but with a view to fortune: by which miſtake, it is not unuſual to miſs both.

35. The poſſibility of remedying imprudent actions, is commonly an inducement to commit them.

36. Every numerous aſſembly is mob; conſequently every thing there depends upon inſtantaneous turns.

37. Whatever meaſure ſeems hazardous, and is in reality not ſo, is generally a wiſe one.

38. Irreſolute minds always adopt with facility, whatever meaſures can admit of different iſſues, and conſequently do not require an abſolute deciſion.

39. In momentous affairs, no ſtep is indifferent.

40. There are times in which certain people are always in the right.

41 Nothing convinces perſons of a weak underſtanding ſo effectually, as what they do not comprehend.

42. When Factions are only upon the defenſive, they ought never to do that which may be delayed. Upon ſuch occaſions, nothing is ſo troubleſome as the reſtleſſneſs of ſubalterns; who think a ſtate of inaction, total deſtruction.

43. Thoſe who head Factions have no way of maintaining their authority, but by preventing, or quieting diſcontent.

44. A certain degree of fear, produces the ſame effects as raſhneſs.

45. In affairs of importance, the choice of words is of as much conſequence, as it would be ſuperfluous in thoſe of little moment.

46. During

46. During thoſe calms which immediately ſucceed violent ſtorms, nothing is more difficult for Miniſters, than to act properly; becauſe, while flattery increaſes, ſuſpicions are not yet ſubſided.

47. The faults of our friends ought never to anger us ſo far, as to give an advantage to our enemies.

48. The talent of inſinuation is more uſeful than that of perſuaſion; as every body is open to inſinuation, but ſcarce any to perſuaſion.

49. In matters of a delicate nature, all unneceſſary alterations are dangerous; becauſe odious.

50. The beſt way to compel weak-minded people to adopt our opinion, is to terrify them from all others, by magnifying their danger.

51. We muſt run all hazards, where we think ourſelves in a ſituation to reap ſome advantage, even, from the want of ſucceſs.

52. Irreſolute men are diffident in reſolving upen the Means, even when they are determined upon the End.

53. It is almoſt a ſure game, with crafty men. to make them believe we intend to deceive thoſe whom we mean to ſerve.

54. One of the greateſt difficulties with Princes, is the being often obliged, in order to ſerve them, to give advice, the true reaſons of which we dare not mention.

55. The ſaying things which we foreſee will not be pleaſing, can only be ſoftened by the greateſt appearance of ſincerity.

56. We ought never to trifle with favour. If real, we ſhould haſtily ſeize the advantage; if pretended, avoid the allurement.

57. It is very inconſequent to enter into engagements upon ſuppoſitions we think impoſſible, and yet it is very uſual.

58. The generality of mankind pay leſs attention to arguments urged againſt their opinion, than to ſuch as may engage the diſputant to adopt their own.

59. In times of faction and intrigue, whatever appears inert, is reckoned myſterious, by thoſe who are not accuſtomed to affairs of moment.

60. It is never allowable, in an inferior, to equal himſelf in words to a ſuperior, although he may rival him in actions.

61. Every man whom chance alone has, by ſome accident, made a public character, hardly ever fails of becoming, in a ſhort time, a ridiculous private one.

62. The greateſt imperfection of men is, the complacency with which they are willing to think others not free from faults, of which they are themſelves conſcious.

63. Experience, only, can teach men not to prefer, what ſtrikes them for the preſent moment, to what will have much greater weight with them hereafter.

64. In the management of important buſineſs, all turn to raillery muſt be more carefully avoided than in any other.

65. In momentous tranſactions, words cannot be ſufficiently weighed.

66. The permanency of moſt friendſhips, depends upon the continuity of good fortune.

67. Whoever aſſembles the multitude, will raiſe commotions.

Lord CHESTERFIELD'S REMARKS upon the foregoing MAXIMS.

I HAVE taken the trouble of extracting and collecting, for your uſe, the foregoing Political Maxims of the Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs. They are not aphoriſms of his invention, but the true and juſt obſervations of his own experience, in the courſe of great buſineſs. My own experience atteſts the truth of them all. Read them over with attention as here above, and then read, with the ſame attention, and *tout de ſuite*, the Memoirs; where you will find the facts and characters from whence thoſe obſervations are drawn, or to which they are applied; and they will reciprocally help to fix each other in your mind. I hardly know any book ſo neceſſary for a young man to read and remember. You will there find, how great buſineſs is really carried on; very differently from what people, who have never been concerned in it, imagine. You will there ſee what Courts and Courtiers really are, and obſerve that they are neither ſo good as they ſhould be, nor ſo bad as they are thought by moſt people. The Court Poet, and the ſullen, cloyſtered Pedant, are equally miſtaken in their notions, or at leaſt in the accounts they give us of them. You will obſerve the coolneſs, in general, the perfidy in ſome caſes, and the truth in a very few, of Court friendſhips. This will teach you the prudence of a general diſtruſt; and the imprudence of making no exception to that rule, upon good and tried grounds. You will ſee the utility of good-breeding towards one's greateſt enemies; and the high imprudence and folly, of either inſulting or injurious expreſſions. You will find, in the Cardinal's own character, a ſtrange, but by no means an uncommon mixture, of high and low, good and bad, parts and indiſcretion. In the character of Monſieur le Duc d'Orleans, you may obſerve the model of weakneſs, irreſolution, and fear, though with very good parts. In ſhort, you will, in every page of that book, ſee that ſtrange, inconſiſtent creature, Man, juſt as he is. If you would know that period of hiſtory (and it is well worth knowing) correctly, after you have read the Cardinal's Memoirs, you ſhould read thoſe of Jolly, and of Madame de Motteville; both which throw great light upon the firſt. By all thoſe accounts put together it appears, that Anne of Auſtria (with great ſubmiſſion to a Crowned Head do I ſay it) was a B——. She had ſpirit and courage without parts, devotion without

without common morality, and lewdneſs without tenderneſs, either to juſtify or to dignify it. Her two ſons were no more Lewis the Thirteenth's than they were mine; and if Buckingham had ſtaid a little longer, ſhe would probably have had another by him.

Cardinal Mazarin was a great knave, but no great man; much more cunning than able; ſcandalouſly falſe, and dirtily greedy. As for his enemy, Cardinal de Retz, I can truly call him a man of great parts, but I cannot call him a great man. He never was ſo much ſo as in his retirement. The Ladies had then a great, and have always had ſome ſhare in State affairs in France; the ſpring and the ſtreams of their politics have always been, and always will be, the intereſt of their preſent Lover, or their reſentment againſt a diſcarded and perfidious one. Money is their great object; of which they are extremely greedy, if it coincides with their arrangement with the Lover for the time being: but true glory, and public good, never enter into their heads. They are always governed by the man they love, and they always govern the man who loves them. He or ſhe, who loves the moſt, is always governed by him or her who loves the leaſt. Madame de Montbazon governed Monſieur de Beaufort, who was fond of her; whereas ſhe was only proud of his rank and popularity. The *Drudos* for the time being, always governed Madame and Mademoiſelle de Chevreuſe, and ſteered their politics. Madame de Longueville governed her brother, the Prince de Conti, who was in love with her; but Marſillac, with whom ſhe was in love, governed her. In all female politics, the head is certainly not the part that takes the lead: the true and ſecret ſpring lies lower and deeper. La Palatine, whom the Cardinal celebrates as the ableſt and moſt ſenſible woman he ever met with, and who ſeems to have acted more ſyſtematically and conſequentially than any of them, ſtarts aſide however, and deviates from her plan, whenever the intereſts or the inclinations of La Vieuville, her Lover, require it. I will add (though with great ſubmiſſion to a late friend of yours at Paris) that no woman ever yet, either reaſoned or acted, long together, conſequentially; but ſome little thing, ſome love, ſome reſentment, ſome preſent momentary intereſt, ſome ſuppoſed ſlight, or ſome humour, always breaks in upon, and overſets, their moſt prudent reſolutions and ſchemes.

CONSIDERATIONS upon the REPEAL OF THE LIMITATION, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement.

THE particular Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement, and now to be repealed, was marked out as peculiarly ſacred, by the firſt Parliament, and that no uncomplaiſant one, of the late King, by enacting, that that Limitation

Limitation ſhould be inſerted in all future acts of Naturalization; and it was ſo, even in the act for naturalizing the Prince of Orange, the King's ſon-in-law.

But, it ſeems, Meſſieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and others, are now to receive a mark of diſtinction, which the King's ſon-in law could not then obtain: But, can the ſame indulgence, hereafter, ever be refuſed to foreign Proteſtant Princes, of the higheſt birth, and greateſt merit, and, many of them, nearly related to his Majeſty and the Royal Family; who may, very probably, prefer the Britiſh ſervice to any other?

The poor military arguments, urged in juſtification of the Repeal of this moſt ſacred Law, are too trifling to be the true ones, and too wretched to be ſeriouſly anſwered, unleſs by the unfortunate Britiſh Officers; who are hereby, in a manner, declared and enacted to be incapable of doing the duty of Captains, Majors, &c.

Some other reaſon, therefore, muſt be ſought for; and, perhaps, it is but too eaſily found.

May it not be *periculum faciamus in anima vili?* If this goes down, it ſhall be followed; ſome foreign Prince, of allowed merit, ſhall make the firſt application to the Crown, and to the Parliament, for the ſame favour which was ſhewn to Meſſieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and Company. Can either of them, in common decency, refuſe it? Beſides that, perhaps a time may come, when Generals, and ſuperior Officers, may be as much wanted in England, as great Captains and Majors are now wanted in America.

Great evils have always ſuch trifling beginnings, to ſmooth the way for them inſenſibly; as Cardinal de Retz moſt juſtly obſerves, when he ſays, that he is perſuaded, that the Romans were carried on by ſuch ſhades and gradations of miſchief and extravagancy, as not to have been much ſurpriſed or alarmed, when Caligula declared his intention of making his horſe Conſul. So that, by the natural progreſſion of precedents, the next generation may probably ſee, and even without ſurpriſe or abhorrence, Foreigners commanding your troops, and voting the ſupplies for them in both Houſes of Parliament.

As to the pretended utility of theſe foreign Heroes, it is impoſſible to anſwer ſuch arguments ſeriouſly. What experience evinces the neceſſity? Cape Breton, the ſtrongeſt place in America, was very irregularly taken, in the laſt war, by our irregular American troops. Sir William Johnſon lately beat; and took, moſt irregularly, the regular General Dieſkau, at the head of his regular forces: and General Braddock, who was moſt judiciouſly ſelected out of the whole Britiſh army, to be our *Scipio Americanus*, was very irregularly deſtroyed, by unſeen, and to this day unknown enemies.

How will theſe foreign Heroes agree with the Engliſh Officers of the ſame corps, who are, in a manner, by act of Parliament, declared unfit for their buſineſs, till inſtructed in it by the

the great foreign maſters of Homicide. Will they not even be more inclined to adviſe, than to obey their Colonel; to interpret, than to execute his orders? Will they cooperate ptoperly with our American troops and Officers, whom they will certainly look upon, and treat as an inexperienced and undiſciplined rabble? Can it poſſibly be otherwiſe? or, can it be wondered at, when thoſe gentlemen know, that they are appointed Officers by one act of Parliament, and at the expence of another, the moſt ſacred of the ſtatute-book.

O! but there is to be but one half of the Officers, of this thundering Legion, who are to be Foreigners: ſo much the worſe; for then, according to the principle laid down, it can be but half diſciplined. Beſides, the leſs the object, to which a very great object is ſacrificed, the more abſurd, and the more ſuſpicious, ſuch a ſacrifice becomes. At firſt, this whole legion was to conſiſt of all Foreigners, Field-officers and all; which, upon the principle of the abſolute utility and neceſſity of foreign Officers, was much more rational; but, thus mitigated, as it is called, is a thouſand times more abſurd. And, how does it ſtand now? Why, truly, the ſacred Act of Settlement is to be repealed, and in the tendereſt part, for the ſake of ſome foreign Captains and Majors, who are to be commanded by Britiſh ſuperior Officers, who, by this act of Parliament, are ſuppoſed not to know their trade.

One has heard, (but one hears a thouſand falſe reports) that this abſurd ſcheme was, ſome time ago, quaſhed by his Majeſty's own Prudence and goodneſs: and, from the rightneſs of the thing, I am inclined to believe that it is true: and, I am ſure, I will not, ſuppoſe, that ever that might be among the reaſons, for reſuming it in this ſhape, and forcing it down the throats of the reluctant Nation: but this is certain, that it was once dropped, and at ſome expence too. The foreign Heroes were contented with Money inſtead of Laurels, and were going away about their own buſineſs; but, perhaps, a condeſcenſion to the unanimous wiſhes of the whole *people of England, at leaſt*, was looked upon as a dangerous precedent, and the repeal of the Act of Settlement as an uſeful one. But, however, I will have candour enough to believe, that this was merely an abſurd, wrong-headed meaſure; for, if I did not, I muſt think it the wickedeſt that ever was puſhed.

AXIOMS IN TRADE.

TO ſell, upon the whole, more than you buy.

To buy your materials as cheap, and to ſell your manufactures as dear as you can.

To eaſe the manufactures, as much as poſſible, of all taxes and burthens.

To

To lay ſmall or no duties upon your own manufactures exported, and to lay high duties upon all foreign manufactures imported.

To lay ſmall or no duties upon foreign materials, that are neceſſary for your own manufactures; but to lay very high duties upon, or rather totally prohibit, the exportation of ſuch of your own materials as are neceſſary for the manufactures of other countries; as Wool, Fuller's earth, *&c.*

To keep the intereſt of money low, that people may place their money in trade.

Not to imagine (as people commonly do) that it is either prudent or poſſible to prohibit the exportation of your gold and ſilver, whether coined or uncoined. For, if the balance of trade be againſt you, that is, if you buy more than you ſell, you muſt neceſſarily make up that difference in money; and your Bullion or your Coin, which are in effect the ſame thing, muſt and will be exported, in ſpight of all laws. But if you ſell more than you buy, then foreigners muſt do the ſame by you, and make up their deficiency in Bullion or Coin. Gold and ſilver are but merchandize, as well as Cloth or Linen: and that nation that buys the leaſt, and ſells the moſt, muſt always have the moſt money.

A free trade is always carried on with more advantage to the public, than an excluſive one, by a company. But the particular circumſtances of ſome trades may ſometimes require a joint ſtock and excluſives privileges.

All monopolies are deſtructive to trade.

To get, as much as poſſible, the advantages of manufacturing and freight.

To contrive to underſell other nations, in foreign markets.

To the KING's moſt Excellent MAJESTY.

The humble PETITION of PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD, Knight of the moſt noble Order of the Garter.

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, being rendered, by deafneſs, as uſeleſs and inſignificant as moſt of his equals and contemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to ſhare your Majeſty's Royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled, either to ſave or ſpend, as he ſhall think proper, more than he can do at preſent.

That your Petitioner, having had the honour of ſerving your Majeſty in ſeveral very lucrative employments, ſeems thereby intitled to a lucrative retreat from buſineſs, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; that is, leiſure and a large penſion.

Your Petitioner humbly preſumes, that he has, at leaſt, a common claim to ſuch a penſion; he has a vote in the moſt auguſt

auguſt aſſembly in the world; he has an eſtate that puts him above wanting it; but he has, at the ſame time (though he ſays it) an elevation of ſentiment, that makes him not only deſire, but (pardon, dread Sir, an expreſſion you are uſed to) *inſiſt* upon it.

That your petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to ſpeak advantageouſly of himſelf; but as, after all, ſome juſtice is due to one's-ſelf, as well as to others, he begs leave to repreſent, That his loyalty to your Majeſty has always been unſhaken, even in the worſt of times; That, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of, at leaſt, three thouſand undiſciplined men, the flower of the Scotiſh nobility and gentry, your Petitioner did not join him, as, unqueſtionably, he might have done, had he been ſo inclined; but, on the contrary, raiſed ſixteen companies, of one hundred men each, at the public expence, in ſupport of your Majeſty's undoubted right to the Imperial Crown of theſe Realms; which diſtinguiſhed proof of his loyalty, is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your Majeſty's Petitioner is well aware, that your Civil Liſt, muſt, neceſſarily, be in a low and languid ſtate, after the various, frequent, and profuſe evacuations, which it has of late years undergone; but, at the ſame time, he preſumes to hope, that this argument, which ſeems not to have been made uſe of againſt any other perſon whatſoever, ſhall not, in this ſingle caſe, be urged againſt him; and the leſs ſo, as he has good reaſons to believe, that the deficiencies of the Penſion-fund are, by no means, the laſt that will be made good by Parliament.

Your Petitioner begs leave to obſerve, That a ſmall penſion is diſgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a ſhameful neceſſity on one part, and a degrading ſort of charity on the other: but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one ſide; on the other, regard and eſteem; which, doubtleſs, your Majeſty muſt entertain, in the higheſt degree, for thoſe great perſonages, whoſe reſpectable names ſtand upon your Eleemoſynary liſt. Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly perſuades himſelf, upon this principle, that leſs than three thouſand pounds a year will not be propoſed to him: if made up gold, the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your Petitioner perſuades himſelf, that your Majeſty will not ſuſpect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, intereſted motive, of which he has always had the utmoſt abhorrence. No, Sir, he confeſſeth his own weakneſs; Honour alone is his object; Honour is his paſſion; Honour is dearer to him than life. To Honour he has always ſacrificed all other conſiderations; and upon this generous principle, ſingly, he now ſollicits that Honour, which, in the moſt ſhining times, diſtinguiſhed the greateſt men of Greece; who were fed at the expence of the public.

Upon

Upon this Honour, ſo ſacred to him as a Peer, ſo tender to him as a Man, he moſt ſolemnly aſſures your Majeſty, that, in caſe you ſhall be pleaſed to grant him this his humbly requeſt, he will gratefully and honourably ſupport, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worſt meaſure that the worſt Miniſter can ever ſuggeſt to your Majeſty: but; on the other hand, ſhould he be ſingled out, marked, and branded by a refuſal, he thinks himſelf obliged in Honour to declare, that he will, to the utmoſt of his power, oppoſe the beſt and wiſeſt meaſures, that your Majeſty yourſelf can ever dictate.

And your Majeſty's Petitioner ſhall ever pray.

A FRAGMENT.

A CHAPTER of the Garter is to be held at St. James's next Friday; in which Prince Edward, the Prince of Orange, the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelſea, and Cardigan, are to be elected Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter. Though ſolely nominated by the Crown, they are ſaid to be elected; becauſe there is a pretended election. All the Knights are ſummoned to attend the Sovereign at a Chapter, to be held on ſuch a day, in order to elect ſo many new Knights, into the vacant Stalls of the deceaſed ones; accordingly they meet in the Council Chamber, where they all ſit down according to their ſeniority, at a long table, where the Sovereign preſides. There every Knight pretends to write a liſt of thoſe whom he intends to vote for; and, in effect, writes down nine names, ſuch as he thinks proper, taking care, however, to inſert the names of thoſe who are really to be elected; then the Biſhop of Saliſbury, who is always the Chancellor of the Order, goes round the table, and takes the paper of each Knight, pretends to look into them, and then declares the majority of votes to be for thoſe perſons, who were nominated by the Crown. Upon this declaration, two of the old Knights go into the outward room, where the new ones are attending, and introduce them, one after another, according to their ranks. The new Knight kneels down before the King, who puts the ribband about his neck; then he turns to the Prince of Wales, or, in his abſence, to the oldeſt Knight, who puts the Garter about his leg. This is the ceremony of the Chapter: that of the Inſtallation, which is always performed in St. George's Chapel at Windſor, compleats the whole thing; for till then the new Knights cannot wear the Star, unleſs by a particular diſpenſation from the Sovereign, which is very ſeldom granted. All ceremonies are themſelves very ſilly things; but yet, a man of the world ſhould know them. They are the outworks of Manners and Decency, which would be too often broke in upon, if it were not for that defence, which keeps the enemy at a proper diſtance. It is for that reaſon, that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good-breeding not being a ſufficient barrier againſt them. The knowledge of the world

teaches

teaches one to deal with different people differently, and according as characters and ſituations require. The *verſatile ingenium* is a moſt eſſential point; and a man muſt be broke to it while he is young. Have it always in your thoughts, as I have you in mine. Adieu.

P. S. This moment I receive your letter of the 15th N. S. with which I am very well pleaeſd: it informs me, and, what I like ſtill better, it ſhows me that you are informed.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUR riding, fencing, and dancing, conſtantly, at the Academy, will, I hope, lengthen you out a little; therefore, pray take a great deal of thoſe exerciſes: for I would very fain have you be, at leaſt, five feet eight inches high, as Mr Harte once wrote me word, that he hoped you would be. Mr. Pelham likewiſe told me, that you ſpeak German and French as fluently and correctly as a Saxon or a Pariſian. I am very glad of both: take care not to forget the former; there is no danger of your forgetting the latter. As I both thank and applaud you for having, hitherto, employed yourſelf ſo well abroad, I muſt again repeat to you, that the manner in which you ſhall now employ it, at Paris, will be finally deciſive of your fortune, figure, and character in the world, and, conſequently, of my eſteem and kindneſs. Eight or nine months determine the whole; which whole is very near compleat. It conſiſts in this only: to retain and increaſe the learning you have already acquired; to add to it the ſtill more uſeful knowledge of the World; and to adorn both, with the Manners, the Addreſs, the Air, and the Graces of a Man of Faſhion. Without the laſt, I will ſay of your youth and your knowledge, what Horace ſays to Venus;

Parum comis ſine te Juventas, Mercuriuſque.

The two great ſubjects of converſation now at Paris are, the diſpute between the Crown and the Clergy, and between the Crown and the States of Brittany: inform yourſelf thoroughly of both; which will let you into the moſt material parts of the French hiſtory and conſtitution. There are four letters printed, and very well written, againſt the pretended rights and *immunities* of the Clergy; to which there is an Anſwer, very well written too, in defence of thoſe *immunities*. Read them both with attention; and alſo, all repreſentations, memorials, and whatever ſhall appear, for, or againſt the claims of the States of Brittany. I dare ſay, that ninety-nine in a hundred, of the Engliſh at Paris, do not give themſelves the trouble of inquiring into thoſe diſputes; but content themſelves with ſaying, that there is a confounded buſtle and rout between the King and the Prieſts, and between the King and the States of Brittany; but that, for their parts, they do not trouble

trouble their heads about them; fight Dog, fight Bear: but, with ſubmiſſion to them, theſe are objects worthy the attention and inquiries of a man of ſenſe and buſineſs.

Adieu, my dear child! Yours tenderly.

We have been favoured with the following letters, written by the late EARL *of* CHESTERFIELD *to different perſons.*

LETTRE de recommandation, en faveur de Madame Cleland, addreſſée à Madame de Tencin.

Londres, ce 20 Aouſt, V. S.

COMBATTU par des mouvemens bien différents, j'ai long tems ballancé, avant que d'oſer me déterminer, à vous envoïer cette lettre. Je ſentois toute l'indiſcrétion d'une telle démarche, et à quel point c'étoit abuſer de la bonté que vous avez eu pour moi, pendant mon ſéjour à Paris, que de vous la redemander pour un autre: mais ſollicité vivement par une Dame que ſon mérite met à l'abri des refus et porté, d'ailleurs, à profiter du moindre prétexte pour rappeller un ſouvenir qui m'eſt ſi précieux, que le vôtre; le penchant (comme il arrive preſque toujours) a triomphé de la diſcretion; et je ſatisfais en même tems à mes propres inclinations et aux inſtances de Madame Cleland, qui aura l'honneur des vous rendre cette lettre.

Je ſçais par expérience, Madame (car j'en ſuis moimême un exemple) que ce n'eſt pas la premiere affaire de la ſorte, à laquelle vôtre réputation, qui ne ſe renferme point dans les bornes de la France, vous a expoſée; mais je me flatte, auſſi que vous ne la trouverez pas la plus déſagréable. Un mérite ſupérieur, un eſprit juſte, délicat, orné par la lecture de tout ce qu'il y a de bon dans toutes les langues, et un grand uſage du monde, qui ont acquis à Madame Cleland l'eſtime et la conſideration de tout ce qu'il y a d'honnêtes gens icy, me raſſurent ſur la liberté, que je prends, de vous la recommander; et me perſuadent même que vous ne m'en ſçaurez pas mauvais grê.

Si vous me demandez, par haſard, pourquoi elle m'a choiſi pour ſon introducteur chez vous, et pourquoi elle a crû, que je m'étois acquis ce droit là; je vous dirai naturellement, que c'eſt moi, qui en ſuis cauſe. En cela j'ai ſuivi l'exemple de la plupart des voïageurs, qui, à leur retour, ſe font valoir chez eux, par leurs prétendues liaiſons avec ce qu'il y a de plus diſtingué, chez les autres. Les Rois, les Princes et les Miniſtres les ont toujours comblé de leurs grâces. Et moïennant ce faux étalage d'honneurs qu'ils n'ont point recû, ils acquiérrent une conſidération qu'ils ne méritent point.

J'ai vanté vous bontez pour moi; je les ai exagérées même, s'il étoit poſſible; et enfin, pour ne vous rien cacher, ma vanité a pouſſé l'effronterie au point meme de me donner pour vôtre ami favori, et enfant de la maiſon. Quand Madame Cleland m'a pris au mot, et m'a dit; " Je vais bien tot en France; je " n'y ambitionne rien tant, que l'honneur de connoitre Ma-

" dame

" dame de Tencin ; vous qui êtes ſi bien là, il ne vous coutera " rien de me donner une lettre pour elle."

Le cas étoit embaraſſant : car, après ce que j'avois dit, un refus auroit été trop choquant à Madame Cleland, et l'aveu, que je n'étois pas en droit de la faire, trop humiliant pour mon amour propre. Si bien que je me ſuis trouvé réduit à riſquer le pacquet, et crois même que je l'aurois fait, ſi je n'avois pas eu l'honneur de vous connoitre du tout, plûtot que de me donner le démenti ſur un article ſi ſenſible.

Aïant donc franchi le pas ; je voudrois bien en profiter, pour vous exprimer les ſentimens de reconnoiſſance que j'ai, et que j'aurai toujours des bontez que vous m'avez temoigné à Paris ; je voudrois auſſi vous exprimer toute ce que je penſe des qualitez qui diſtinquent votre cœur et votre eſprit, de tous les autres : mais cela me meneroit également au delà des bornes d'une lettre, et au deſſus de mes forces.

Je ſouhaitterois que Monſieur de Fontenelle voulut bien s'en charger pour moi. Sur cet article, je puis dire, ſans vanité, que nous penſons de même ; avec cette différence, qu'il vous le diroit avec cet eſprit, cette délicateſſe, et cette élégance, qui lui ſont propres et ſeules convenables au ſujêt.

Permettez donc, Madame, que deſtitué de tous ces advantages de l'eſprit, je vous aſſure ſimplement des ſentimens de mon cœur, de l'eſtime, de la vénération, et de l'attachment reſpectueux, avec lequel je ſerai toute ma vie, Madame,

Vôtre, *&c.*

Je crois que vous me pardonnerez bien, ſi je vous ſupplie de faire mes complimens à Monſieur de Fontinelle.

TRANSLATION.

LETTER of Recommendation, in favour of Mrs. Cleland, to Madame de Tencin.

London, Auguſt the 20th, O. S.

AGITATED by various thoughts, I have long been in ſuſpence, before I durſt reſolve to ſend this letter. I felt all the indiſcretion of ſuch a ſtep, and how much it would be treſpaſſing upon the goodneſs I had experienced from you, during my ſtay at Paris, to require the ſame for another. A Lady, whoſe merit ſecures from a refuſal, has entreated me in the moſt preſſing manner, and my own inclinations have concurred, to make uſe of the firſt opportunity, to recall a remembrance which will always be pleaſing to me ; ſo that, inclination having (as it generally happens) overpowered diſcretion, my own wiſhes, and Mrs. Cleland's deſires, will both be gratified, by her having the honour of preſenting this letter to you.

I know, Madam, by experience ; and, am myſelf, a proof, that this is not the firſt affair of that kind, which your reputation, not confined within the limits of France, hath brought upon you ; but I flatter myſelf that you will not look upon this as the moſt diſagreeable. Superior merit, exquiſite and refined ſenſe, adorned by the knowledge of the beſt authors in every

every language, and a thorough knowledge of the world, have acquired Mrs. Cleland the eſteem and conſideration of all people of moſt merit here. Theſe motives encourage me to take the liberty of recommending her to you, and even perſuade me that you will not take it ill.

If, by chance, you ſhould aſk why this Lady has made choice of me to be her introductor towards you, and how ſhe came to believe that I had any ſuch right; I will candidly own, that I myſelf have been the cauſe of it; and, in this reſpect, I have followed the example of moſt travellers; who, at their return to their own Country, endeavour to raiſe their reputation, by boaſting of imaginary connections with the moſt diſtinguiſhed people abroad. Kings, Princes, and Miniſters, have always loaded them with favours: in conſequence of thoſe boaſted honours, which they never received, they often acquire a degree of conſideration which they do not deſerve.

I have boaſted of your goodneſs to me; I have even, if poſſible, exaggerated it; and, in ſhort, (not to conceal any thing from you) Vanity has even drove me to declare that I was your favourite friend, and domeſticated in your houſe. Mrs. Cleland immediately ſeized this opportunity, to ſay; "I am go-
"ing to France ſoon; I wiſh for nothing ſo much, as to have
"the honour of knowing Madame de Tencin; ſince you are
"ſo much connected, you can eaſily give me a letter for her."

This was an intricate affair; for after what I had ſaid, Mrs. Cleland might have been ſhocked by a refuſal, and my ſelf-love would have been too cruelly hurt, if I had owned that I had no right to do any ſuch thing. So that I find myſelf under a neceſſity of running all hazards; and I really believe, that even if I had not been known to you at all, I ſhould ſtill have done it, rather than have confeſſed ſo mortifying a thing.

As the firſt ſtep is now taken; I wiſh to make the beſt uſe of it, by expreſſing to you the ſentiments of gratitude which I have and ever ſhall retain, for your goodneſs to me, during my ſtay at Paris. I wiſh it was in my power to tell you alſo, what I think of thoſe perfections, which diſtinguiſh your heart and your mind ſo eminently from all others; but this would carry me beyond the bounds of a letter, and is, indeed, more than I know how to expreſs. Mr. de Fontenelle might undertake this for me; for, to ſay the truth, I know that our opinions upon that ſubject coincide; with this difference only, that he would expreſs thoſe ſentiments, with all that energy, delicacy, and elegancy, ſo peculiar to him, and ſo very proper for the ſubject.

Permit me then, Madam, though deſtitute of all thoſe advantages of mind, to aſſure you ſimply of the ſentiments of my heart; and of the eſteem, veneration, and reſpectful attachment, with which I ſhall always remain Yours, &c.

P. S. I am perſuaded that you will forgive my troubling you to make my compliments to Mr. de Fontenelle.

LETTER

LETTER.

Londres, ce 1 Janvier, V. S.

MADAME,

Je ne ſuis pas diſeur de bonne avanture, ains au contraire; car je vous annonce que ces quatre billets, que j'ai choiſi avec tant d'attention, et que j'eſtimois, l'un portant l'autre, à vingt mille piéces au moins, ſe ſont aviſez d'être tous blancs.

Je ne me conſole de vôtre malheur que par les belles reflexions qu'il me fait faire, et par la morale utile que j'en tire, pour le reſte de mes jours. —— Oui! Je vois bien, à preſent, que toute la prudence humaine, les meſures les plus ſages, et les projêts les mieux concertez ſont frivoles, ſi la fortune, cette Divinité inconſtante, biſarre et *feminine*, n'eſt pas d'humeur à les favoriſer. Car que pouvoit-on faire de plus que je n'ai fait, et qu'en pouvoit-il arriver de moins?

Se donnera-t'on, apres cela, du mouvement, formera-t'on des plans, et s'inquiétera-t'on; pour les choſes de ce monde? J'oſe dire, que ſi ces reflexions, auſſi judicieuſes que nouvelles, font la méme impreſſion ſur vôtre eſprit qu'elles ont fait ſur le mien, elles vous vaudront plus, que tout ce que vous auriez pû gagner dans la lotterie.

Vous êtes bien querelleuſe, Madame; juſqu'à m'accorder un talent, que je n'ai pas, pour pouvoir, après, me reprocher de ne le pas emploïer avec vous; et je m'épuiſe, dites vous, en *bon ton*, avec Madame de Monconſeil. Quelle accuſation injuſte, et denuée de toute vraiſemblance! Un Milord Anglois avec le bon ton! Ce ſont deux choſes abſolument contradictoires; ou pour m'expliquer plus clairement, et ſimplifier mon idée; ce ſont deux Etres hétérogenes, dont l'exiſtence de l'un implique, néceſſairement, la privation de l'autre.

Me voicy donc juſtifié dans toutes les formes de la logique; et ſi vous n'en êtes pas contente, Madame de Monconſeil, qui a en main mes pieces juſtificatives, pourra vous en convaincre. Au reſte; ſi jen poſſédois tant ſoit peu, ce nouvel en me fourniroit unebelle occaſion de l'étaler. Et quoique depuis plus de cinq mille ans, toute la terre ait traitté ce ſujet; je vous dirois quelque choſe de nouveau, de galant, et d'obſcur, dont on ne s'eſt jamas aviſé auparavant: vôtre mérite, et les ſentimens de mon cœur, y ſeroient alembiquez, juſqu'à la plus fine quinteſſence.

TRANSLATION.

London, January the 1ſt, O. S.

MADAM

I Have no ſkill in fortune-telling; for, I muſt acquaint you, that the four lottery tickets I had choſen with ſo much care, and valued one with another at the rate of (at leaſt) twenty thouſand pounds, are all come out blanks.

My

My only conſolation in this misfurtune is, the fine reflections which it occaſions, and the moſt uſeful Moral drawn from it, for the reſt of my days. Now, I plainly ſee that all human prudence, the wiſeſt projects, and the beſt concerted ſchemes, are vain and frivolous; if Fortune, that capricious, inconſtant, and *feminine* Deity, is not diſpoſed to favour them: for what more could have been done, than I did, and what leſs could have happened?

After ſuch a reverſe; ſhall we ever take pains, form projects, or be uneaſy concerning worldly events? I will venture to ſay, that if ſuch reflections, equally judicious as new, make the ſame impreſſion upon your mind, that they do upon mine, they will be more valuable, than all you could have won in the Lottery.

Surely, Madam, you muſt have a great inclination to quarrel, ſince you allow me to be in poſſeſſion of a talent which I really have not; in order to reproach me with not availing myſelf of it towards you, while, ſay you, "I exhauſt that talent of ſaying agreeable things in favour of Madame de Monconſeil." What an unjuſt acquſation, and how void of all probability! An Engliſh Lord, and ſay things in faſhionable French phraſes! This is quite contradictory; or to explain myſelf more clearly, and to ſimplify my idea; I muſt anſwer, that they are two heterogeneous Beings; the exiſtence of the one neceſſarily implying the non-exiſtence of the other.

Now I think my juſtification complete, according to all the rules of logic; but if that does not ſuffice, Madame de Monconſeil has it in her power to convince you, by producing my letters.

Was I poſſeſſed of the talent you ſuppoſe, the New-year would be a proper occaſion to diſplay it; and, although that ſubject has been treated by the whole world for above five thouſand years, yet I ſhould then ſay ſomething new, gallant, and unintelligible, which never before was thought of. Your merit, and the ſentiments of my heart, would then be diſtilled to the moſt refined quinteſſence.

LETTER.

A Londres, ce 9me Fevrier, O. S.

ADIEU donc toute coquetterie, de part et d'autre, et vive la vraie et ſolide amitié! Heureux ceux qui peuvent s'y attendre: c'eſt le gros lot, dans la lotterie du monde, contre lequel il y a des millinons de billets blancs.

S'il pouvoit y avoir quelque choſe de flatteur dans mon amitié; je dirois, que nous pourrions nous flatter que la nôtre ſeroit également vraie et durable; puiſqu'elle eſt à l'abri de tous ces petits incidens, qui brouillent la plûpart des autres. D'abord nous ſommes de différent ſexe, article aſſez important; et qui nous garantit de ces défiances et de ces rivaltez, ſur les objèts

les

les plus ſenſibles, et contre leſquels la plus belle amitié du monde ne tient point. En ſecond lieu; il n'entre point d'amour dans nôtre fait; qui, quoique, à la verité, il donne un grand feu à l'amitié, pendant un certain tems, la flamme de l'un venant à s'éteindre, on voit bientôt les cendres de l'autre. Et enfin (ce qui me regarde uniquement) nous ne nous voïons pas trop. Vous ne me connoiſſez que par mon bon côte; et pous ne voïez pas ces moments de langueur, d'humeur, et de chagrin, qui cauſent, ſi ſouvent, le dégout ou le repentir des liaiſons, qu'on a formé, et qui font, qu'on ſe dit à ſoi-même; L'auroit on crû? Qui l'auroit dit? Comme on peut ſe tromper aux dehors? Et la perſpective, dans laquelle vous me voïez, m'eſt ſi favorable, qu'elle me conſole un peu *della lontananza*, ou je ſuis obligé de vous chercher.

Une caillette, a beau ſentimens, critiqueroit impitoïablemen ceux-ci comme tres *indélicats*; mais en ſont-ils moins naturel pour cela? Et ne ſommes nous pas, pour la plûpart, redevables de nos vertus à des ſituations et des circonſtances, un peu fortuites? Au moïns j'ai aſſez d'humilité pour le croire; et (ſi je voulois dire toute la verité) aſſez d'expérience, de moi-même, pour le ſçavoir. En tous cas; tel que je ſuis, je vous ſuis acquis, et vous voïez que je ſuis de trop bonne foi pour vous ſurfaire dans le prix de l'acquiſition, que vous avez faite.

Vous avez beau faire les honneurs de vôtre païs, et déſavouer vôtre propriété excluſive des Graces; il faut convenir, pourtant, que la France eſt leur ſéjour, ou plûtot leur païs natal. Si elles pouvoient ſe facher contre vous, dont il y a peu d'apparence; elles ſeroient piquées, au pont de vous quitter, de ce que vous les envoïez promener dans un païs, ou elles ne connoiſſent, ni ne ſont connues de perſonne: et ſi par haſard je les connoiſſois, ce ne ſeroit que pour les avoir vûes ſi ſouvent, chez vous.

Il eſt bien ſur que les Graces ſont un don de la nature, qu'on ne peut pas acquérir; l'art en peut relever l'éclat, mais il faut que la nature aïe donné la fond. On voit cela en tout. Combien de gens ne danſent-ils pas parfaitement bien, mais ſans grace; comme il y en a qui danſent très mal avec beaucoup: combien trouve-t'-on d'eſprits vigoureux et délicats, qui inſtruits et ornés par tout ce que l'art et l'étude peuvent faire, ne plaiſent pourtant guére, faute de ces graces naturelles, qui ne s'acquiérent point: chaque païs a ſes talens, auſſi bien que ſes fruits et ſes denrées particulieres. Nous penſons *creux*, et nous approfondiſſons; les Italiens penſent *haut*, et ſe perdent dans les nües: vous tenez le milieu; on vous voit, on vous ſuit, on vous aime.

Servez vous, Madame, de tout ce que cet eſprit et ces graces, que je vous connois, peuvent faire en ma faveur, et dites, je vous en ſupplie, tout ce quelles vous ſuggéreront, à Monſieur de Matignon, de ma part. Mon cœur ne vous déſavouera pas ſur tout ce que vous pourrez lui dire de plus fort, à propos du

mariage de Mademoiſelle ſa fille : mais ne vous bornez pas à ce ſeul article, car il n'y en a pas un, au monde qui peut le regarder, auquel je ne prendrois pas également part. Ce ſeroit abuſer de ſa bonté que de lui écrire moi-même : une meſſagére comme vous me ſera bien plus d'honneur, et à lui plus de plaiſir.

Adieu, Madame. Je rougis de la longueur de ma lettre.

TRANSLATION.

London, February the 9th, O. S.

ADIEU then to all coquetry, on both ſides, and proſperity to real and ſolid friendſhip! In this lottery of the world, happy are thoſe who can obtain that greateſt prize, to which there are millions of blanks. If any thing could be pleaſing in my friendſhip, I would urge that we have reaſon to flatter ourſelves, that with us, friendſhip may be equally true and permanent, ſince ours will be unattended by all thoſe little incidents, which are the bane of others. We are of different ſexes; an important article, and ſuch a one as prevents thoſe ſuſpicions, and ſentiments of rivalſhip, which the fineſt friendſhips that ever were formed, cannot withſtand. Secondly, we are free from love, which, although it may, during a time, add warmth to friendſhip; yet, when the flames of the one begin to extinguiſh, you ſoon perceive the aſhes of the other. And laſtly (but this relates only to myſelf) we do not ſee one another too frequently. You view me in the beſt light, and do not perceive thoſe moments of languor, caprice, or ill-humour, which are ſo generally the occaſion of diſlike, cauſe us to repent of the connections we have formed, and are the motives that occaſion our ſaying, Who would have thought it? Who could have imagined it? How one may be deceived by outward appearances! The diſtant point from which you view me, is ſo very favourable, that it affords me ſome conſolation for being under the neceſſity of remaining ſo far from you.

A trifling woman, with pretenſions to refined ſentiments, would criticiſe theſe unmercifully, as very indelicate, but are they the leſs natural? And are not moſt of us beholden, for our virtue, to particular circumſtances, or to accidental cauſes? As for me, I have humility to own, and (were I to tell the whole truth) ſelf-experience to confirm it. At all events, ſuch as I am, you may diſpoſe of me; and you ſee I am too ingenuous to deceive you, by enhancing the merits of the perſon who is entirely yours.

It is in vain you ſtrive to do the honours of your country, by diſavowing your excluſive right to the Graces; for it muſt be confeſſed that France is their abode, or rather their native country. It is highly improbable that they can be angry with you; but were that poſſible, they would be provoked to leave you, as a puniſhment for ſending them a rambling, into a country where they neither know, nor are known by any mortal.

If

If, by chance, I had any knowledge of thoſe Goddeſſes, it could only be from having ſeen them ſo frequently with you. It is true that the Graces cannot be acquired; art may add to their luſtre, but nature muſt have given them. It is the ſame in every thing. How many people are there who dance exceedingly well, but ungracefully; and what numbers who dance very ill, and yet gracefully! Do we not ſee frequently, people with great and good ſenſe; who, though inſtructed and adorned by knowledge and ſtudy, yet never can pleaſe, for want of thoſe natural Graces, not to be acquired?

Every country has talents peculiar to it, as well as fruits, or other natural productions. We here think deeply, and fathom to the very bottom. Italian thoughts are ſublime, to a degree beyond all comprehenſion. You keep the middle path, and are conſequently ſeen, followed, and beloved.

I beg of you, Madam, make uſe of all that ſenſe, and thoſe Graces, which I know you to be poſſeſſed of, in my favour, by telling Mr. de Matignon, whatever they may inſpire you, from me. The moſt friendly things you can ſay to him upon the marriage of his daughter, will beſt explain the ſentiments of my heart. But do not confine yourſelf to that circumſtance alone, for there is no event whatever, that concerns him, in which I ſhould not take an equal ſhare. To write myſelf to Mr. de Matignon would be incroaching upon his goodneſs; ſuch a meſſenger as you, muſt be more honourable to me, and more pleaſing to him.

Adieu, Madam: I am aſhamed of the length of this letter.

Theſe Lines are inſerted, in order to introduce the following Letter with greater propriety.

To the EARL of CHESTERFIELD, Auguſt the 7th, 1763.

REclined beneath thy ſhade, Blackheath!
From politics and ſtrife apart,
His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath;
And virtues ſmiling at his heart:

Will CHESTERFIELD the Muſe allow
To break upon his ſtill-retreat?
To view, if Health ſtill ſmooths his brow,
And prints his grove with willing feet?

'Twas this awak'd the preſent theme,
And bade it reach thy diſtant ear,
Where, if no rays of genius beam,
Sincerity at leaſt is there

May pale Diſeaſe fly far aloof
O'er venal domes his flag diſplay,
And Health beneath thy peaceful roof,
Add luſtre to thine evening ray.

If this my fervent wiſh be crown'd,
I'll dreſs with flow'rs Hygeia's ſhrine;
Nor thou with Wiſdom's chaplet bound,
At any abſent gift repine.

What tho' thou doſt not grace a throne,
While ſubjects bend the ſupple knee;
No other King the Muſes own,
And Science lifts her eye to thee.

Tho' Deafneſs, by a doom ſevere,
Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air;
Ev'n deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was ſtrung,
Awake to ev'ry voice around,
Thy praiſes by the many ſung,
Wou'd ſtun thee with the choral ſound.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

LETTER

To EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Eſquire.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 12th, 1763.

SIR,

I Do not know whether I can, with decency acknowledge the favour of your poetical letter of the 7th. But Men, as well as Women, are very apt to break through decency, when deſire is very ſtrong, as mine, I aſſure you, is, to thank you for it. Could I give you as good as you bring, my thanks ſhould be conveyed to you in rhyme and metre: but the Muſes, who never were very propitious to me when I was young, would now laugh at, and be as deaf as I am, to the invocation of a *ſeptuagenary* invalid. Accept then my humbleſt thanks, in humble proſe, for your very good verſes, upon a very indifferent ſubject; which, ſhould you be reproached with, you may very juſtly make the ſame anſwer that your predeceſſor, Waller, did to King Charles after the Reſtoration: the King accuſed him of making finer verſes in praiſe of Oliver Cromwell, than of himſelf; to which he agreed, ſaying that Fiction was the ſoul of Poetry. Am I not generous to help you out of this ſcrape, at my own expence? I am ſenſible, that, before I end this letter, I ought to ſhew ſome common-place modeſty at leaſt; and proteſt to you that I am aſhamed, confounded, and in a manner annihilated, by the praiſes you moſt undeſervedly beſtow upon me; but I will not, becauſe, if I did, I ſhould lie confoundedly; for every human creature has vanity, and perhaps I have full as much as another. The only difference is, that ſome people diſown any, and others avow it; whereas I have truth and impudence enough to ſay, *tu m'aduli, ma tu mi placi.*

What

What am I to ſuppoſe that you are now doing in Norfolk?

Scribere quod caſsî Parmenſis opuſcula vincat,
An ſylvas inter et montes reptare ſalubres.

If you ſtray among the hills, vales, and purling ſtreams it is to make your court to ths Muſes, who have long had ſuch an affection for you, that (I will anſwer for it) they will meet you wherever you pleaſe to appoint them. If to thoſe nine ideal Ladies you add a tenth, of real good country fleſh and blood, I cannot help it; but God forbid that I ſhould adviſe it. In all events, I believe you would be equal to the ten.

I am, with equal truth and eſteem,
SIR,
Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,
CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I deſire my reſpects to Lady Jerningham. But not one word of the tenth Muſe.

LETTER.

To DOCTOR MONSEY.

Bath, December the 23d, 1767.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR friend and my Governor, Mr. W——, told me that he had received a letter from you, with your kind inquiries after my health; but at the ſame time, ſaid that I might e'en anſwer it myſelf; for how the devil ſhould he know how I did, ſo well as I myſelf did? I thought there was reaſon in what he ſaid; ſo take the account of myſelf from myſelf as follows. When I firſt came here, which was juſt ſix weeks ago, I was very weak of my legs, and am ſo ſtill. A fortnight ago I had a little return of my fever, which Doctor Moiſy called only a *Febricula*; for which he preſcribed phlebotomy, and, of courſe, the ſaline draughts. The Phlebotomy did me good, and the ſaline draughts did me no harm, which is all I aſk of any medicine, or any *medicus*. My general ſtate of health, has, ever ſince that, been as good as, at my age, I can hope for; that is, I have a good appetite, a good digeſtion, and good ſleep. You will, perhaps, aſk me what more I would have? I anſwer, that I would have a great deal more, if I could; I would have the free uſe of my legs, and of all my *members*. But that, I know is paſt praying for. Perhaps you may be in the ſame caſe. Who have you quarrelled with, orwho have you been reconciled to lately? The houſe of G——, or the houſe of M——? And where are you now; in Norfolk or Monmouthſhire? Wherever you are, I hope you are *vaſtly* well; for I am, very ſincerely,

Your moſt faithful friend and ſervant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER.

LETTER.

To Doctor Monsey.

PRAY, dear Doctor, why must I not write to you? Do you gentlemen of the faculty, pretend to monopolize writing in your prescriptions or proscriptions? I will write, and thank you for your kind letters; and my writing shall do no hurt to any person living or dying: let the Faculty say as much of theirs, if they can. I am very sorry to find that you have not been *vastly* well of late; but it is *vastly* to the honour of your skill to have encountered and subdued almost all the ills of Pandora's Box. As you are now got to the bottom of it, I trust that you have found Hope; which is what we all live upon, much more than upon Enjoyment; and without which we should be, from our boasted Reason, the most miserable animals of the Creation. I do not think that a Physician should be admitted into the College, till he could bring proofs of his having cured, in his own person, at least four *incurable* distempers. In the old days of laudable and rational Chivalry, a Knight could not even present himself to the adorable object of his affections, till he had been unhorsed, knocked down, and had two or three spears or lances in his body; but, indeed, he must be conqueror at last, as you have been. I do not know your Goddess Venus or *Vana*, nor ever heard of her; but if she is really a Goddess, I must know her as soon as ever I see her walk into the rooms; for, *vera incessu patuit Dea*. It is for her sake, I presume, that you now make yourself a year younger than you are; for last year you and I were exactly of an age, and now I am turned of seventy-three. As to my body natural, it is as you saw it last; it labours under no particular distemper but one, which may very properly be called Chronical, for it is Χρονος itself, that daily steals away some part of myself. But, I bear with philosophy, these gradual depredations upon myself; and well know, that *levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas*. And so good night, dear Doctor.

Bath, November 26th, 1766.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER.

From the Earl of Chesterfield, to * Sir Thomas Robinson of Chelsea.

Bath, November 17th, 1757.

SIR,

YOUR letters always give me pleasure and information; but your last gave me something more, for it shewed me that

* Eldest Brother of that most excellent Prelate, Dr. Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate and Metropolitan of

that you were recovered from that illneſs, which the fears of Mr. Walſh, junior, had magnified into a dangerous one. I did not like your being ſent to Hampſtead for the air; that ſounded very like Kenſington Gravel-pits. I am ſure I need not tell you the part I take in your recovery.

As to General ——'s affairs, my opinion is fixed; and I am very ſure that nothing will appear upon this examination to make me alter it. There is a myſtery in it; and wherever there is a myſtery, I have done; I reſpect, but never reaſon. The Ode upon that expedition is written by a maſter, whoever it is: the author of the verſes upon the ſcull, is certainly a Poet, though he hath ſpun out his matter too fine; half the length would have been much better. I cannot imagine why the Grub upon the Comet was laid at my door: but people have long thrown out their wit and humour under my name, by way of trial; if it takes, the true father owns his child; if it does not, the foundling is mine.

I take it for granted, that the King of Pruſſia's victory engroſſes the thoughts of all your great politicians in town, and gives you what you what call ſpirits: he has ſhewn his abilities in it, which I never doubted of; but then ——— nothing, only that there are now ſeven or eight thouſand of the human ſpecies leſs than there were a month ago. France will ſend double that number immediately, and the match will be as unequal as it was before; ſince all Europe is ſtill combined againſt him; I will not ſay, *and us*, becauſe I think it would be impudent *for us*, now, to reckon ourſelves among the Powers of Europe; I might as well reckon myſelf among the living, who only crawl upon the earth from day to day, exhibiting a ſhattered carcaſe, and a weakened mind.

Though theſe waters always do me ſome good, it is merely temporary; but they do by no means regenerate me. I grow deafer and deafer, conſequently, duller and duller; and therefore, for your ſake, I will put an end to this dull letter; and aſſure you, with all the truth of a man who has no invention, that I am,

Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER.

From Lord CHESTERFIELD to Sir T. ROBINSON.

Bath, December 3d, 1765.

SIR,

I Always thought myſelf much obliged to you for your letters from Yorkſhire, while you were in the hurry both of buſineſs

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of all Ireland, whoſe Charities, Endowments, Building of new Churches, repairing and beautifying of Old, all over his Dioceſe, which, with Infirmaries, Hoſpitals and Libraries for public and private uſe, far exceed all thoſe of his Predeceſſors, ever ſince the Reformation in the Reign of Henry VIII.

buſineſs and pleaſure; your land-ſteward, your tenants, and your agreeable country neighbours, employing your whole day in pleaſure and profit: but I think myſelf ſtill more obliged to you for your laſt letter, from your monaſtic retreat in the midſt of Ranelagh garden; the place in the world the beſt calculated for ſerious reflections upon the vanities of this world, and the hopes of a better. There you may enjoy a philoſophical and religious ſolitude, uninterrupted; except, now and then, by the rolling of coaches, and the ſound of forty inſtruments of muſic, and the much ſhriller ſound of the tongues of about two thouſand women. This is being a *Chartreux* indeed; and, in addreſſing myſelf to you, I will take care to mix no levity in my letter; but confine myſelf to grave and moral reflections. For inſtance; ſee the dire effects of paſſion, or brandy, or both, in the caſe of Mr. ——, whoſe uſual tranquillity and immobility have been tranſported to the moſt violent exceſſes, of aſſault and battery, even upon the wife of his body; whom, I really believe, he never aſſaulted with ſo much ſpirit before; and, if he gets the reputation of madneſs, he will rather be a gainer by it; for nobody ever thought it could have happened to him. We have here a great many great folks, and a great many fine folks: the former met in Council, to conſider how they ſhould beſt ſerve their country in the approaching ſeſſion: that being their only view: and the latter, I mean the Ladies, in the intention of ſerving themſelves, or of being ſerved right enough by others. But all theſe are diſperſed, or diſperſing, now; and, I believe, I ſhall follow their example ſoon, and take myſelf away from hence to London; where I am too material a part of the buſy, as well as of the gallant world, to be longer abſent. But, whatever I am, and wherever I am, I am, very truly,

Sir,

Your very faithful, humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END.